H.P. LOVECRAFT'S

THE CALL OF CTHULHU

Adaptation and
Artwork by
Gou TANABE

田辺剛

クトゥルフの呼び声

ラヴクラフト傑作集

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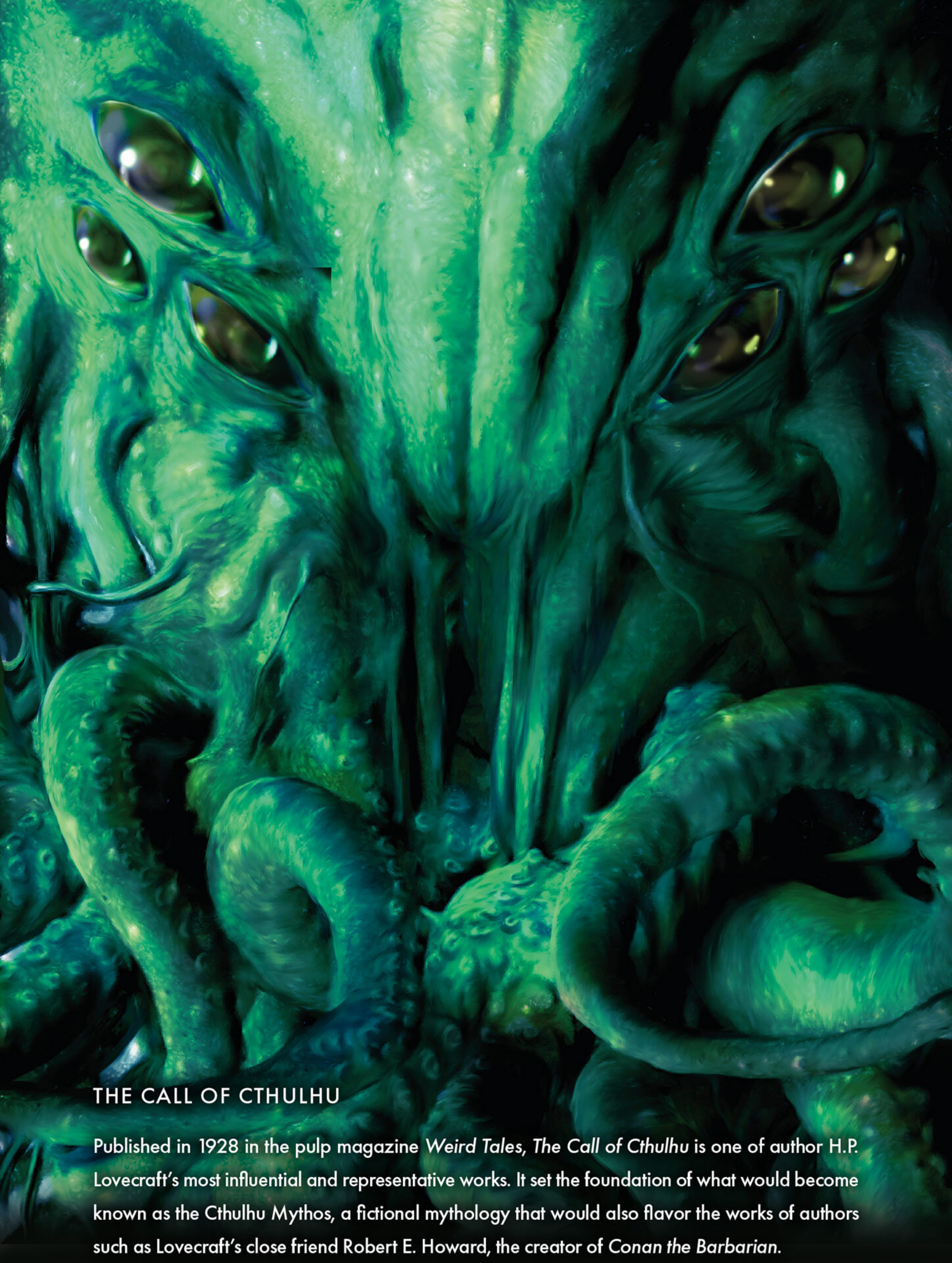
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.

("In his house at R'lyeh dead
Cthulhu waits dreaming.")

(Found Among the Papers of the Late
Francis Wayland Thurston, of Boston)

> Of such great powers or beings there may be conceivably a survival . . . a survival of a hugely remote period when . . . consciousness was manifested, perhaps, in shapes and forms long since withdrawn before the tide of advancing humanity . . . forms of which poetry and legend alone have caught a flying memory and called them gods, monsters, mythical beings of all sorts and kinds. . .
>
> —*Algernon Blackwood,*
> *The Centaur, 1911*



THE CALL OF CTHULHU

Published in 1928 in the pulp magazine *Weird Tales, The Call of Cthulhu* is one of author H.P. Lovecraft's most influential and representative works. It set the foundation of what would become known as the Cthulhu Mythos, a fictional mythology that would also flavor the works of authors such as Lovecraft's close friend Robert E. Howard, the creator of *Conan the Barbarian*.

TRANSLATED BY
Zack Davisson

LETTERING AND TOUCHUP BY
Steve Dutro

EDITOR
Carl Gustav Horn

This graphic novel is
based on the story by
Howard Phillips "H. P." Lovecraft

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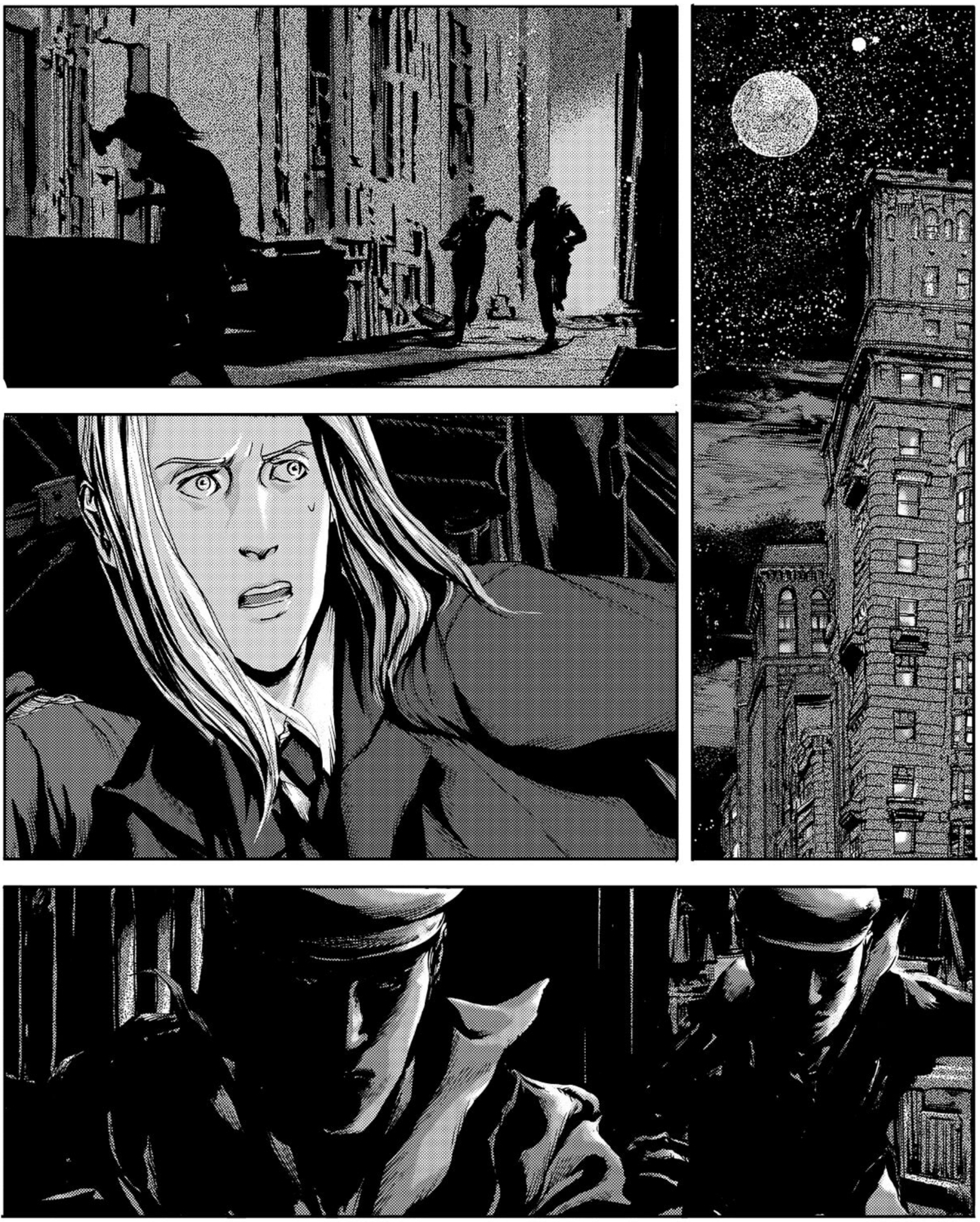
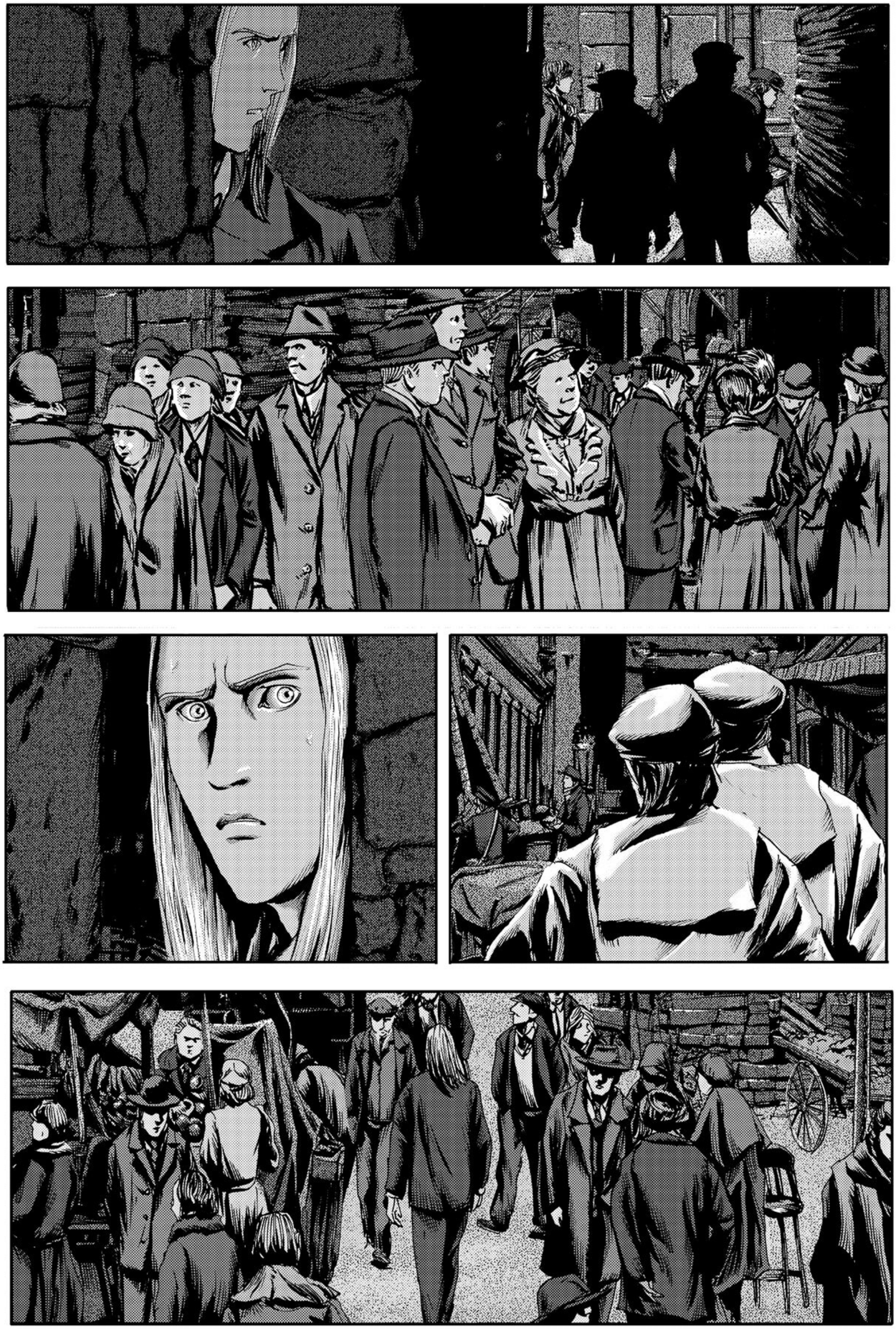
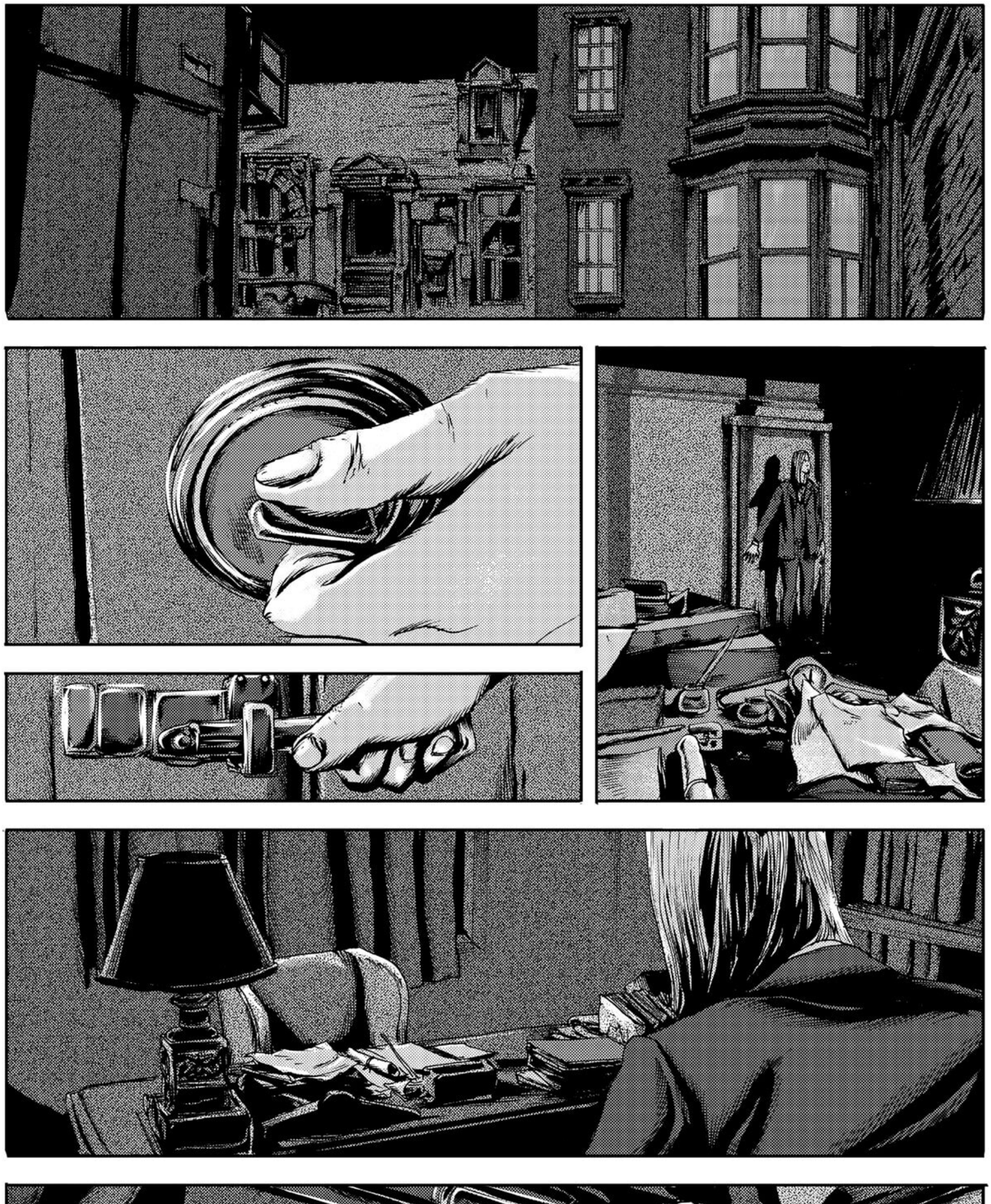
Chapter One

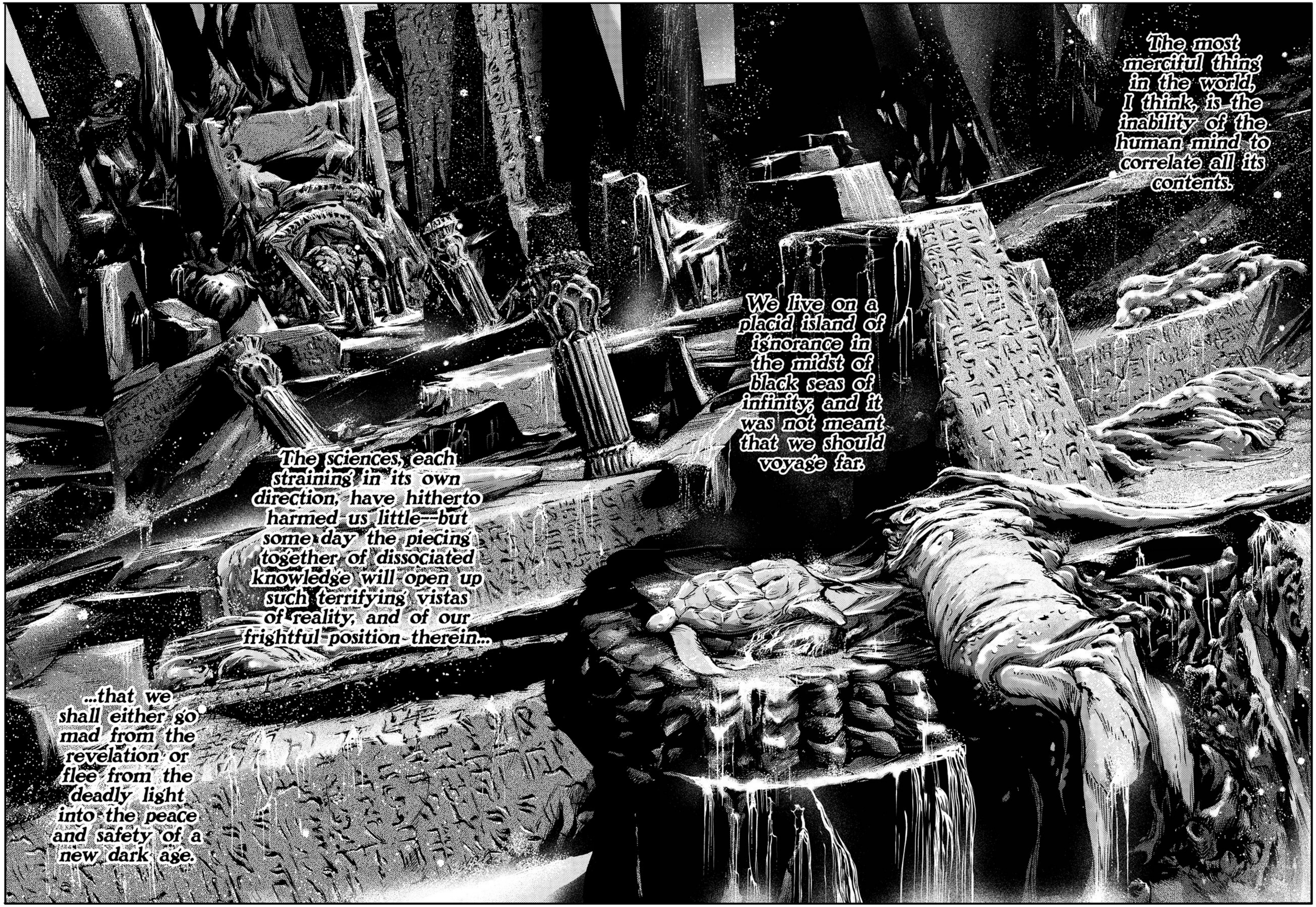
THE HORROR IN CLAY

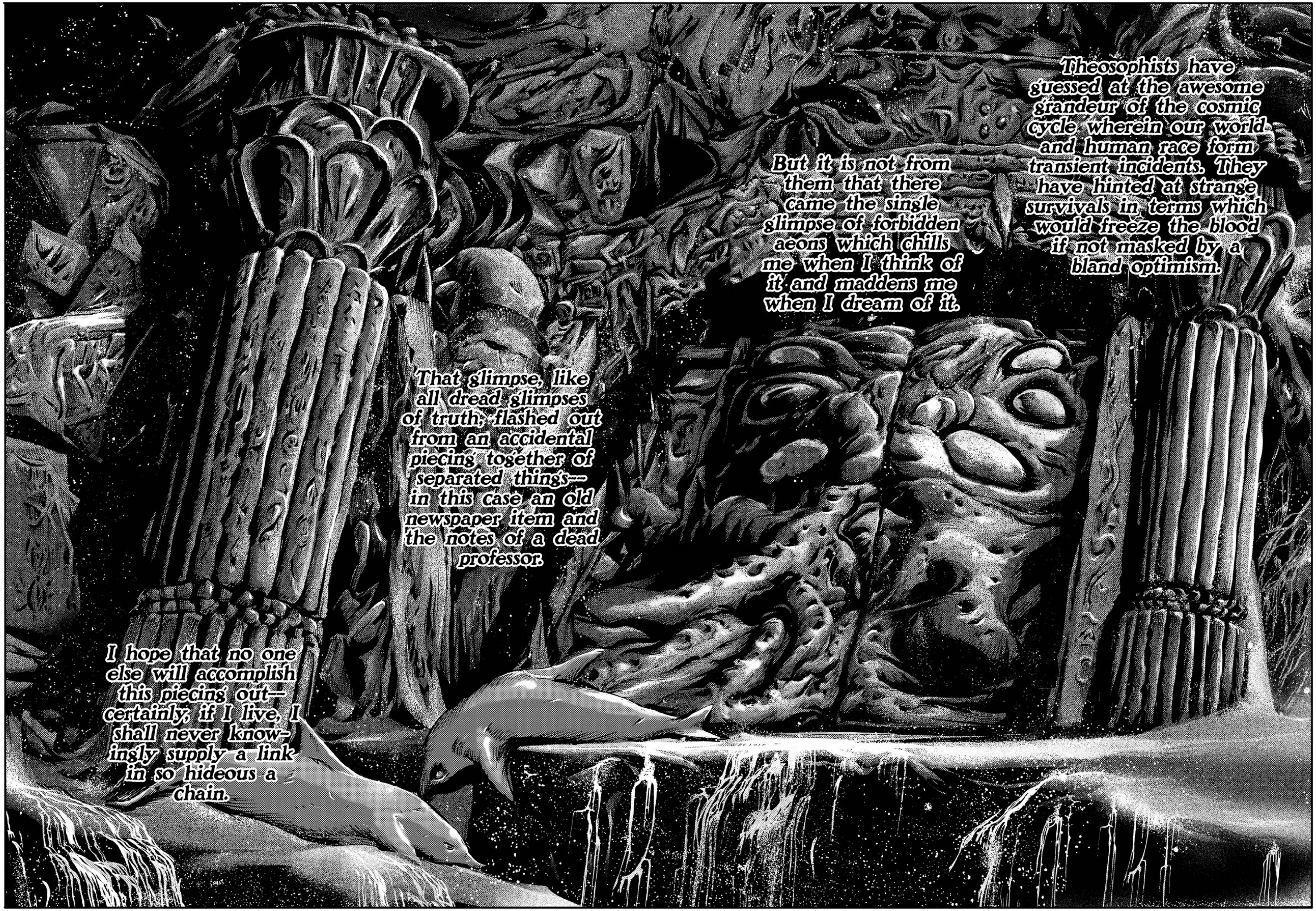
粘土板の恐怖

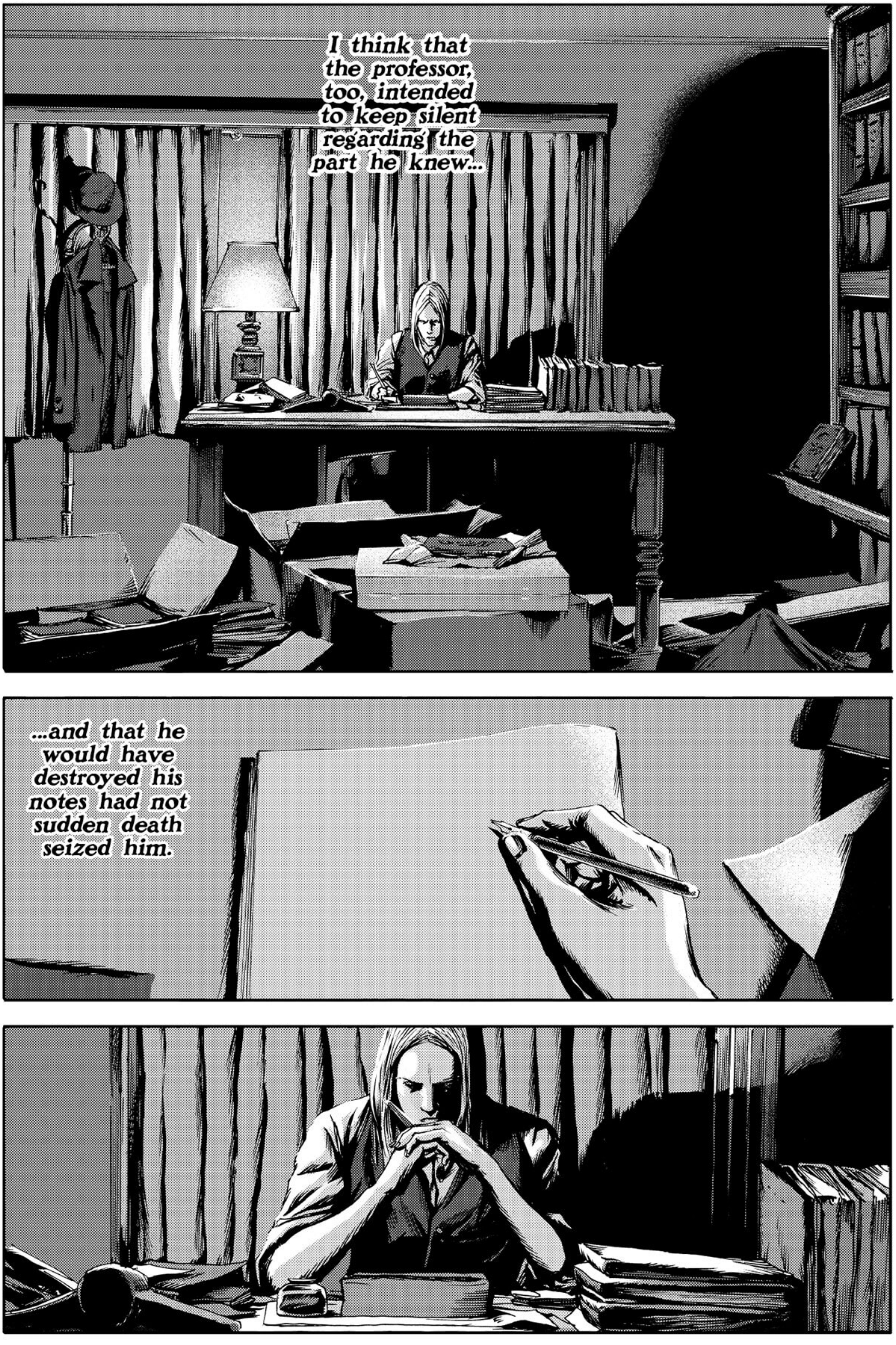


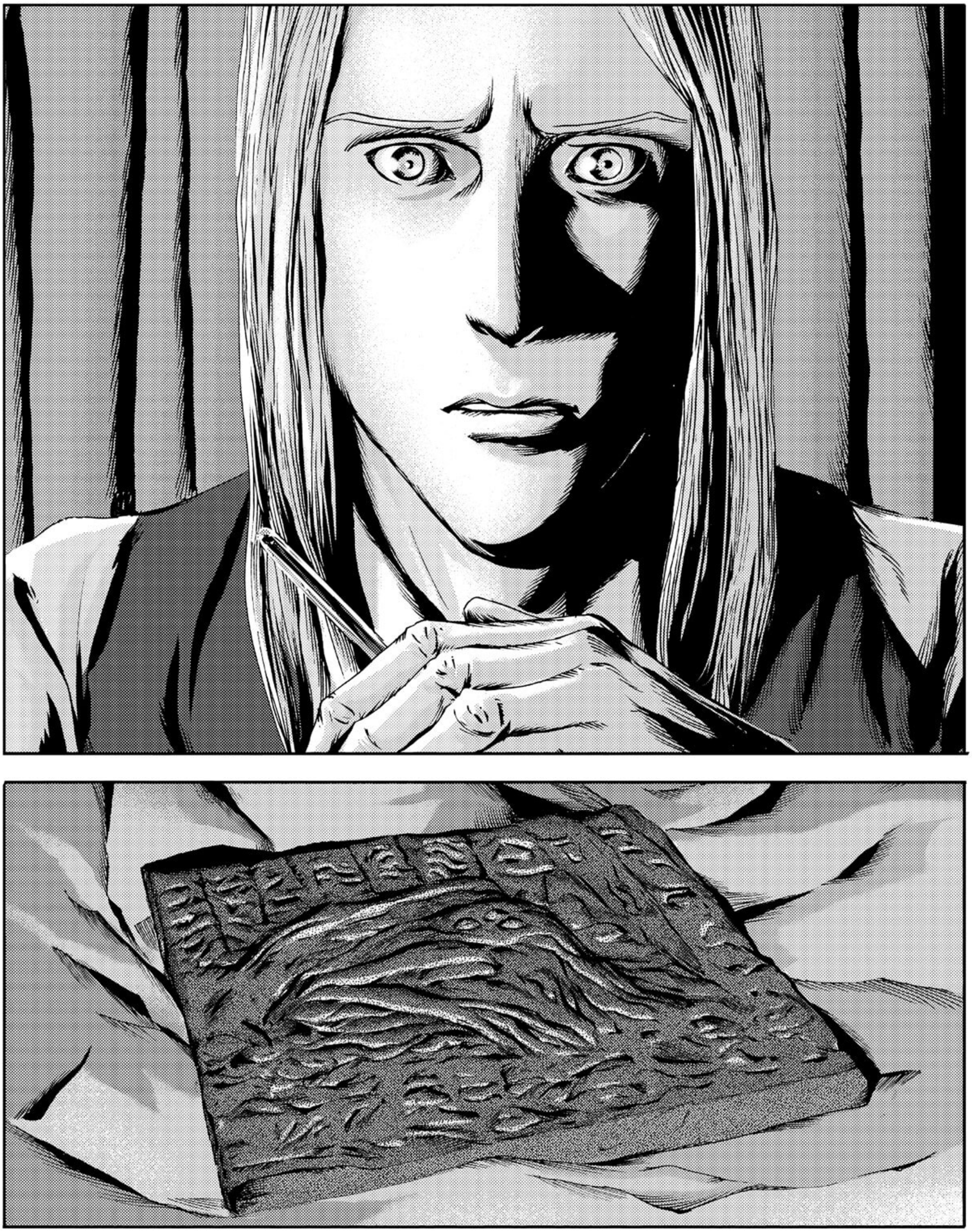




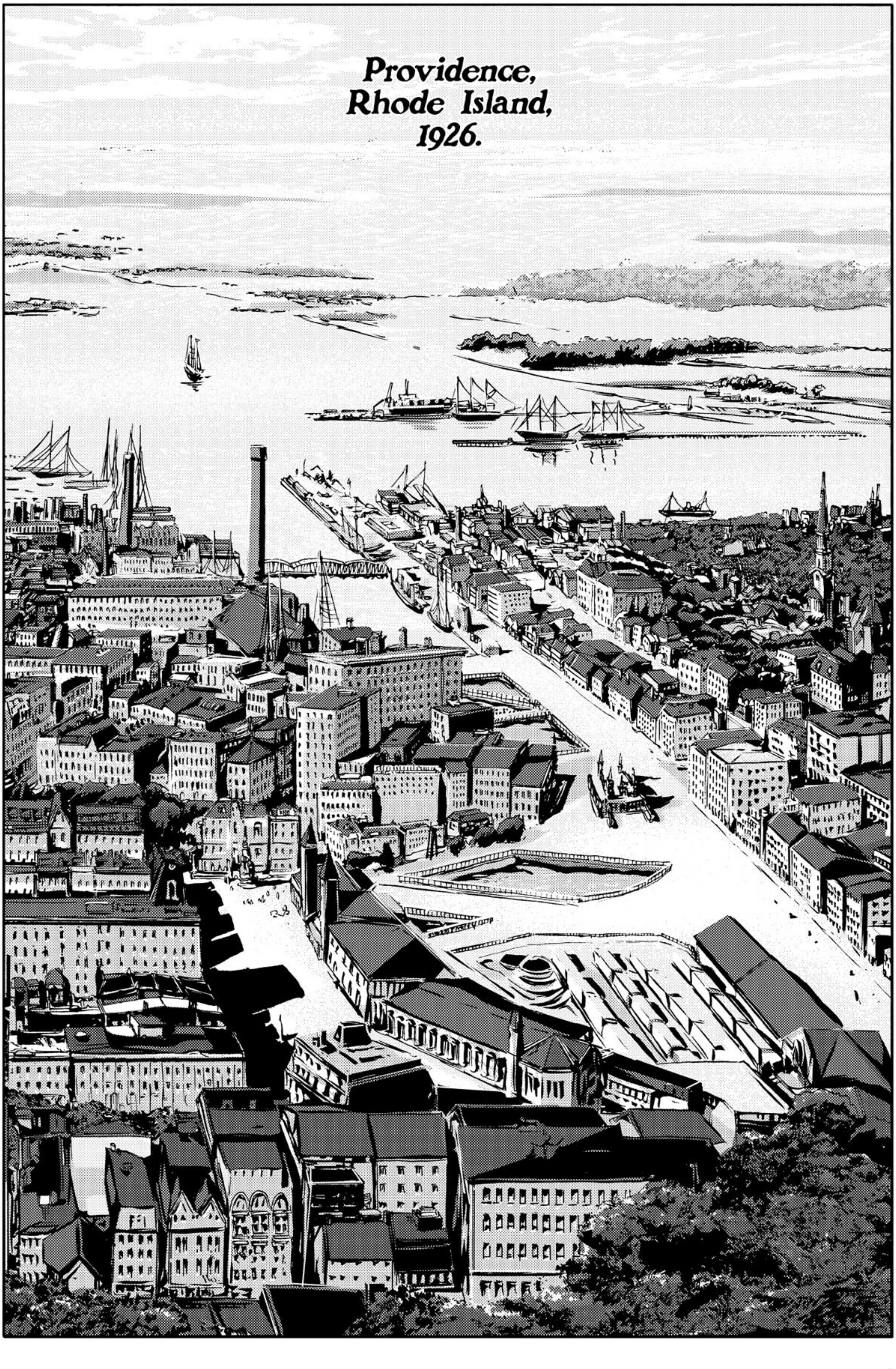

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents.
We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far.
The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little--but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein...
...that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.

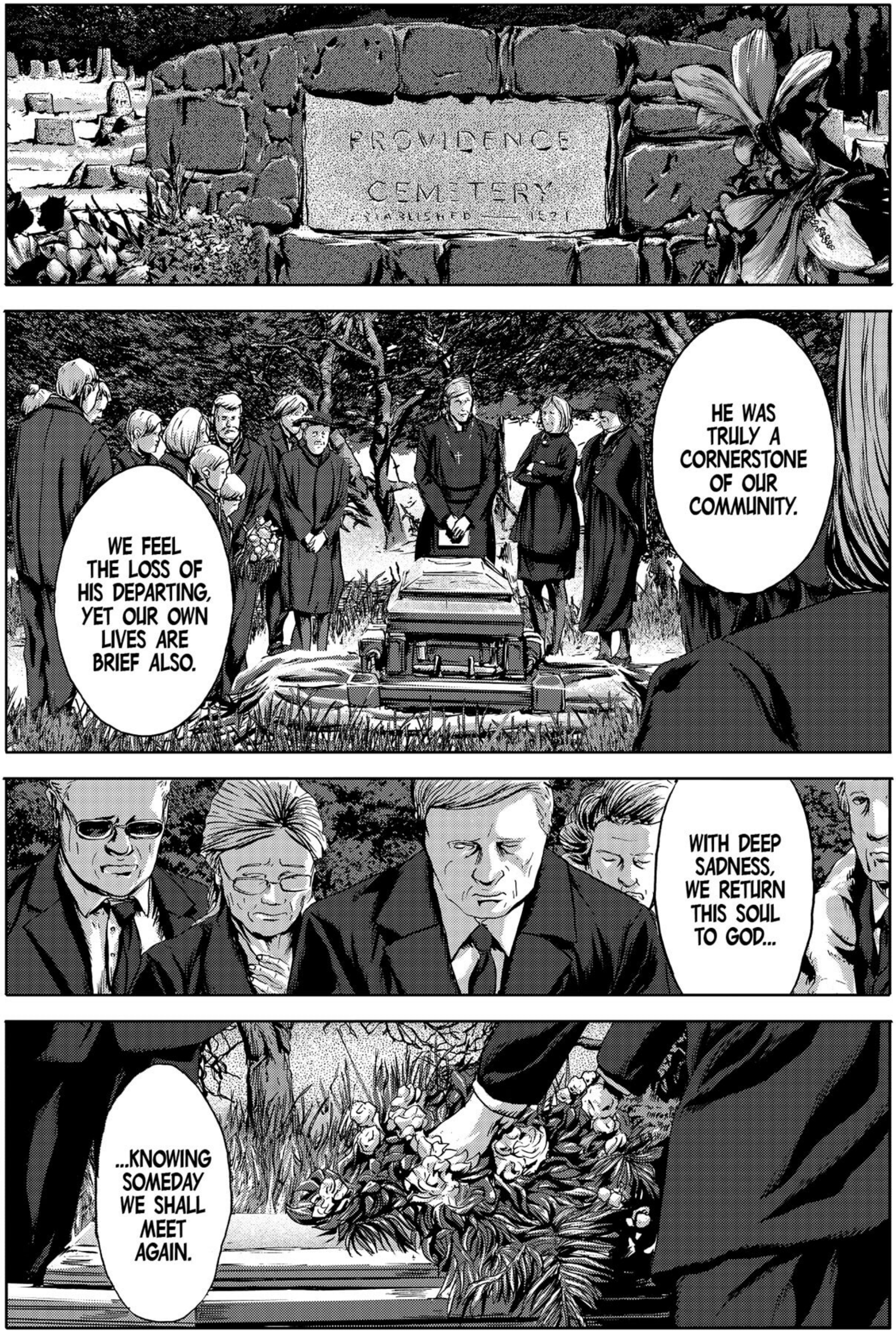

Theosophists have guessed at the awesome grandeur of the cosmic cycle wherein our world and human race form transient incidents. They have hinted at strange survivals in terms which would freeze the blood if not masked by a bland optimism.
But it is not from them that there came the single glimpse of forbidden aeons which chills me when I think of it and maddens me when I dream of it.
That glimpse, like all dread glimpses of truth, flashed out from an accidental piecing together of separated things-- in this case an old newspaper item and the notes of a dead professor.
I hope that no one else will accomplish this piecing out-- certainly, if I live, I shall never knowingly supply a link in so hideous a chain.

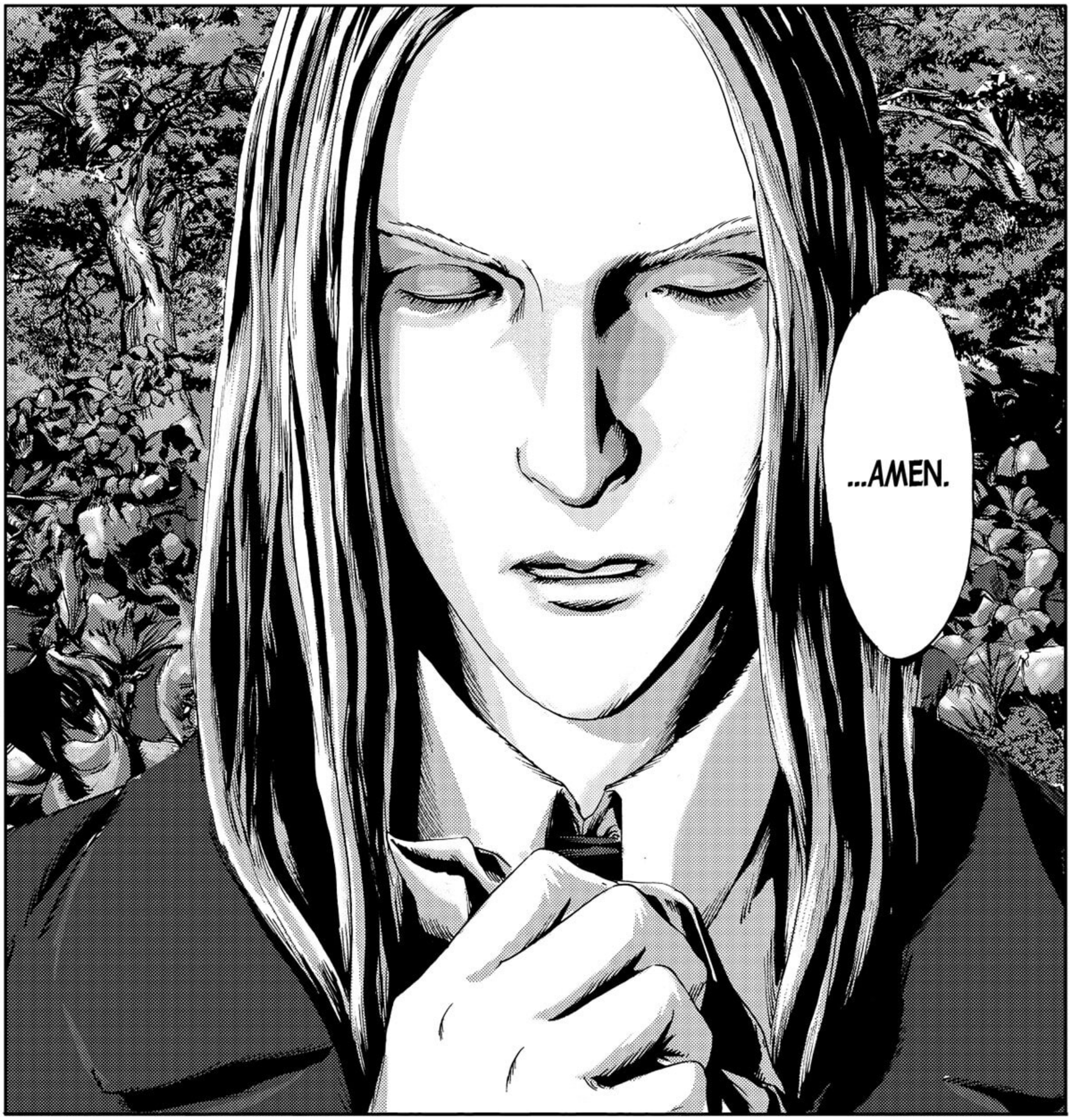

I think that the professor, too, intended to keep silent regarding the part he knew...
...and that he would have destroyed his notes had not sudden death seized him.

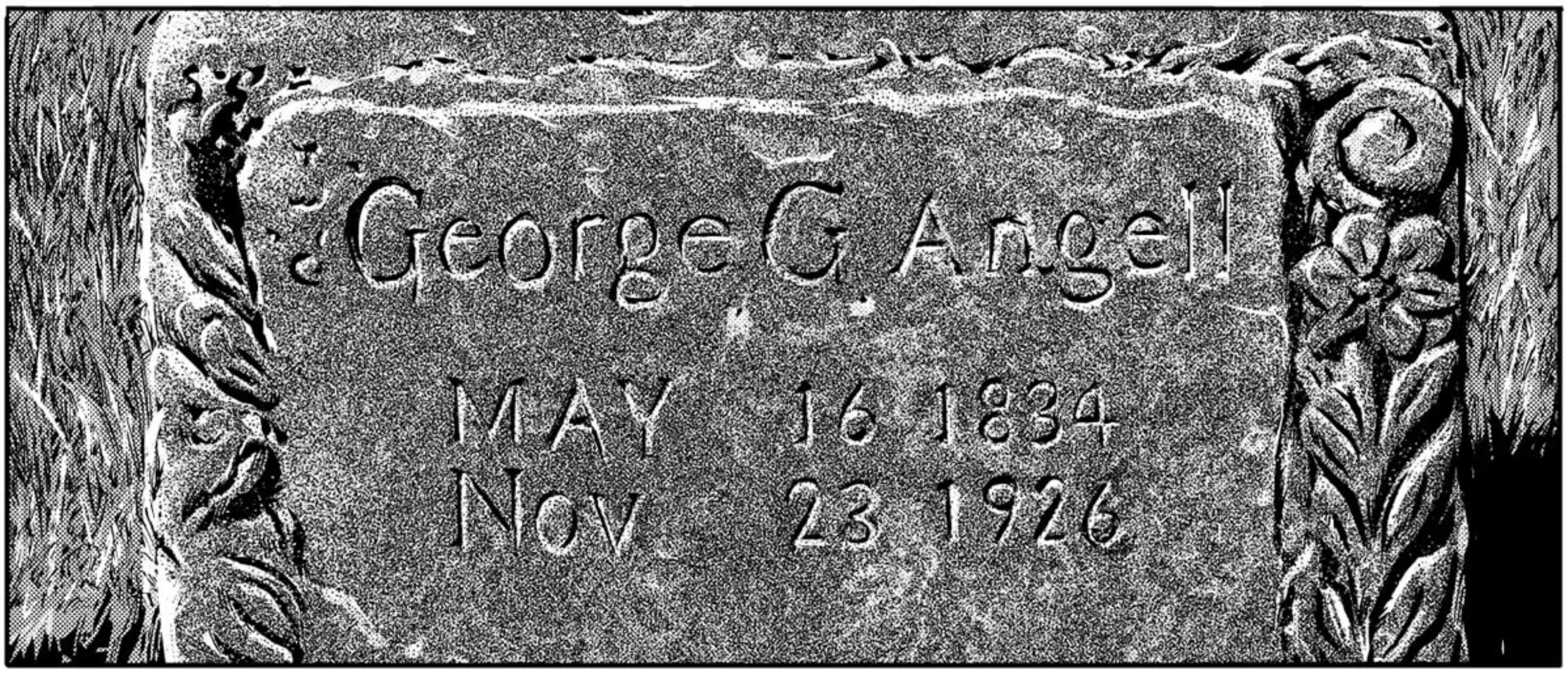


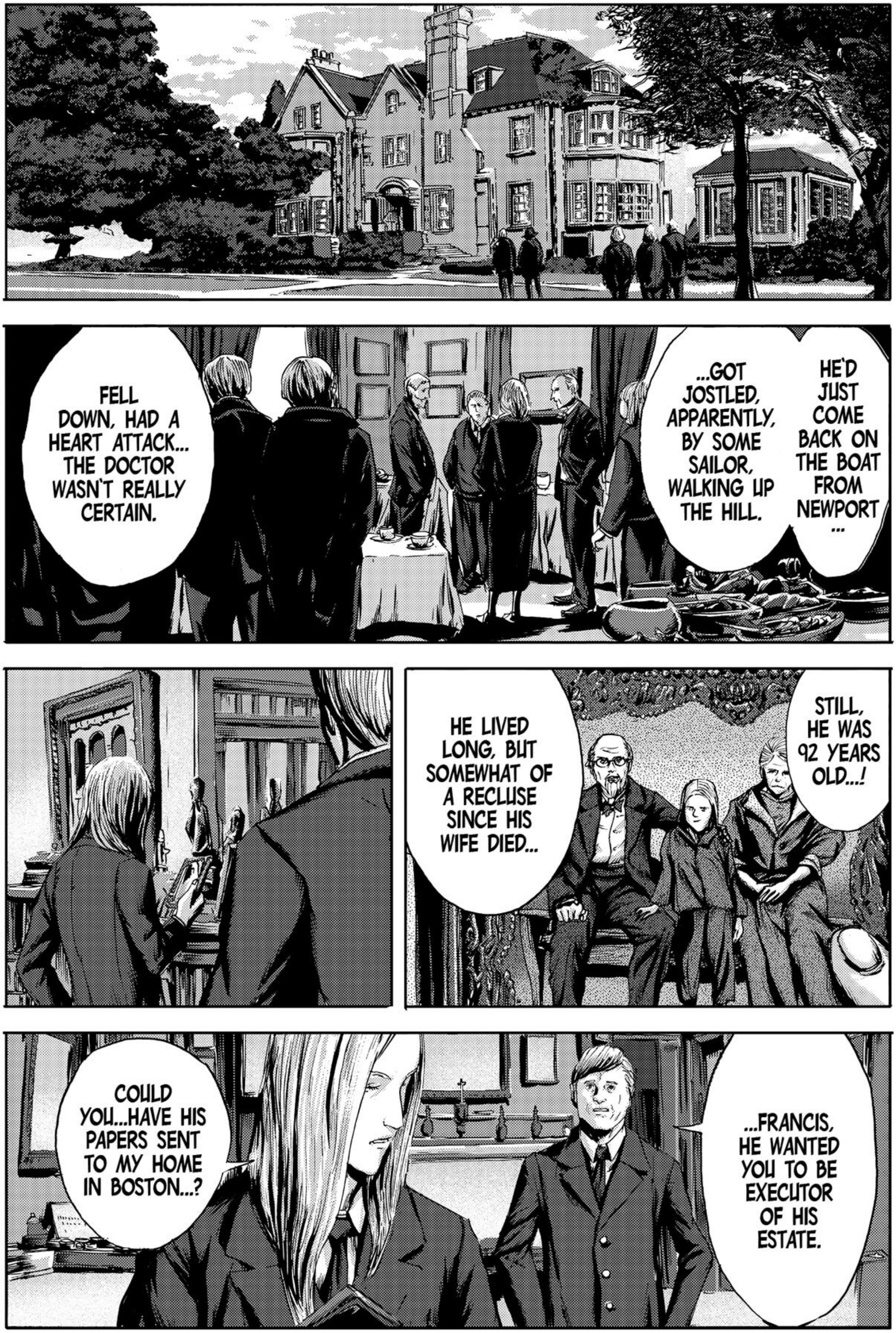
The Call of Cthulhu

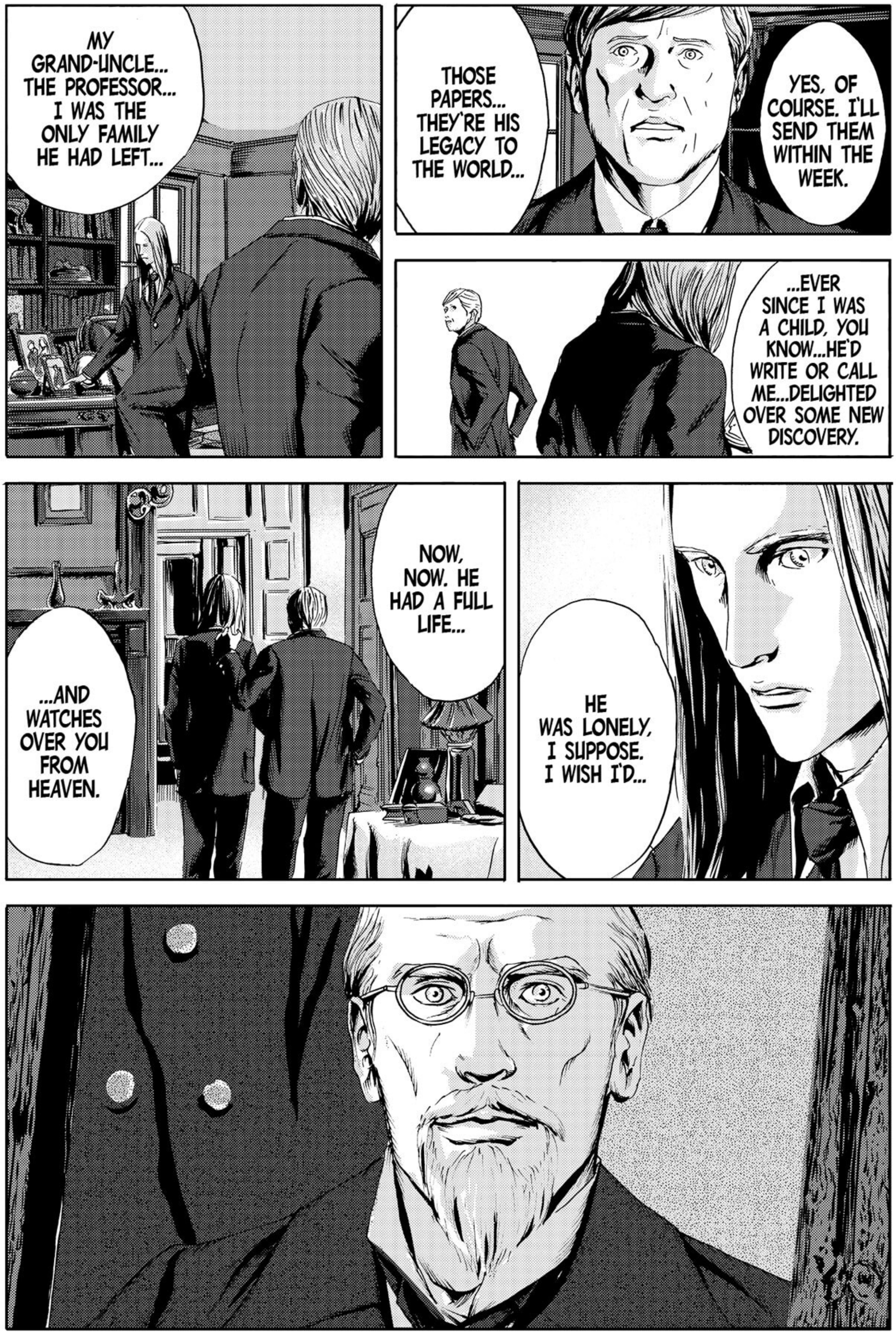

Providence,
Rhode Island,
1926.

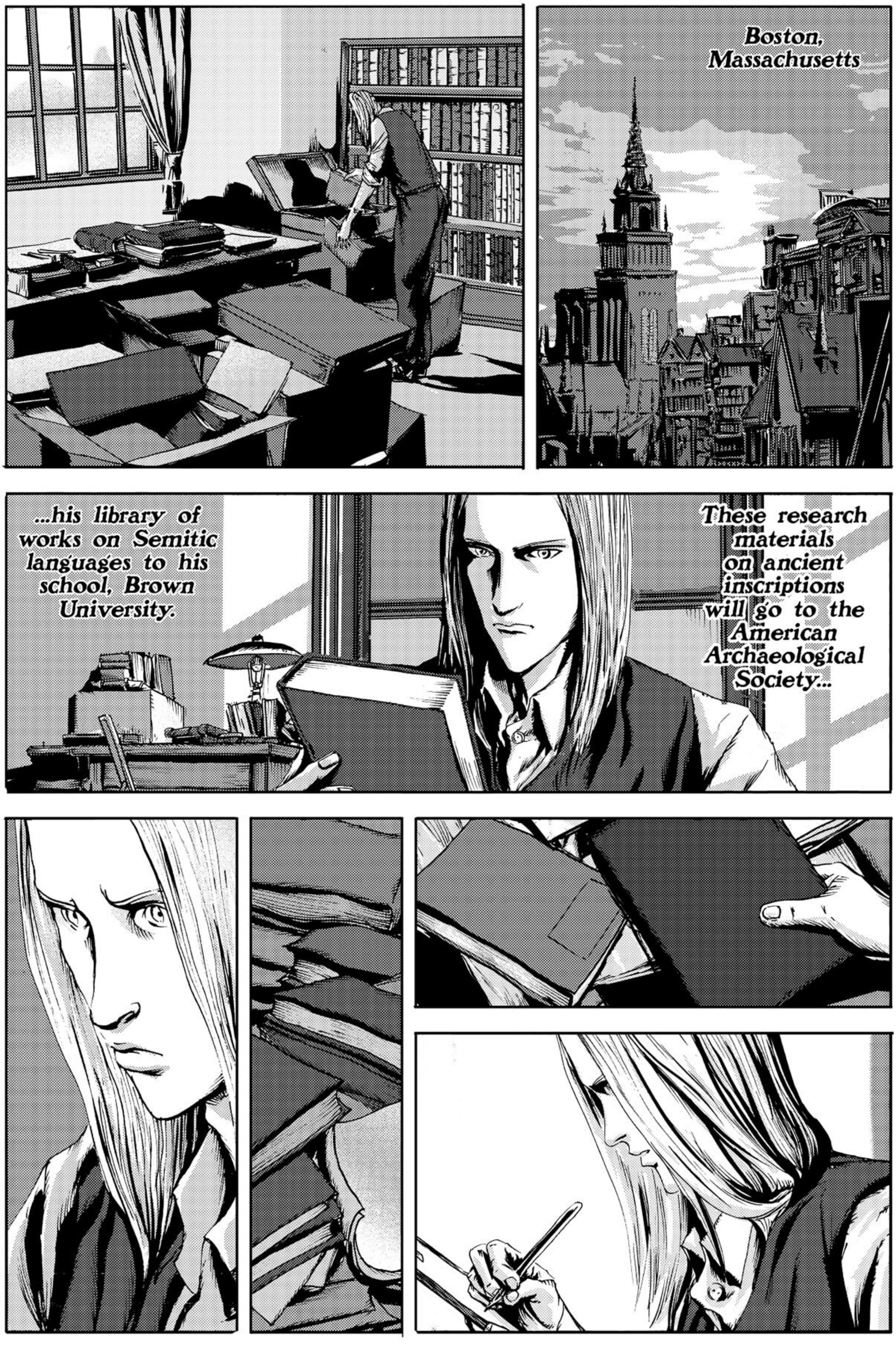

PROVIDENCE
CEMETERY
ESTABLISHED 1821
HE WAS TRULY A CORNERSTONE OF OUR COMMUNITY.
WE FEEL THE LOSS OF HIS DEPARTING, YET OUR OWN LIVES ARE BRIEF ALSO.
WITH DEEP SADNESS, WE RETURN THIS SOUL TO GOD...
...KNOWING SOMEDAY WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

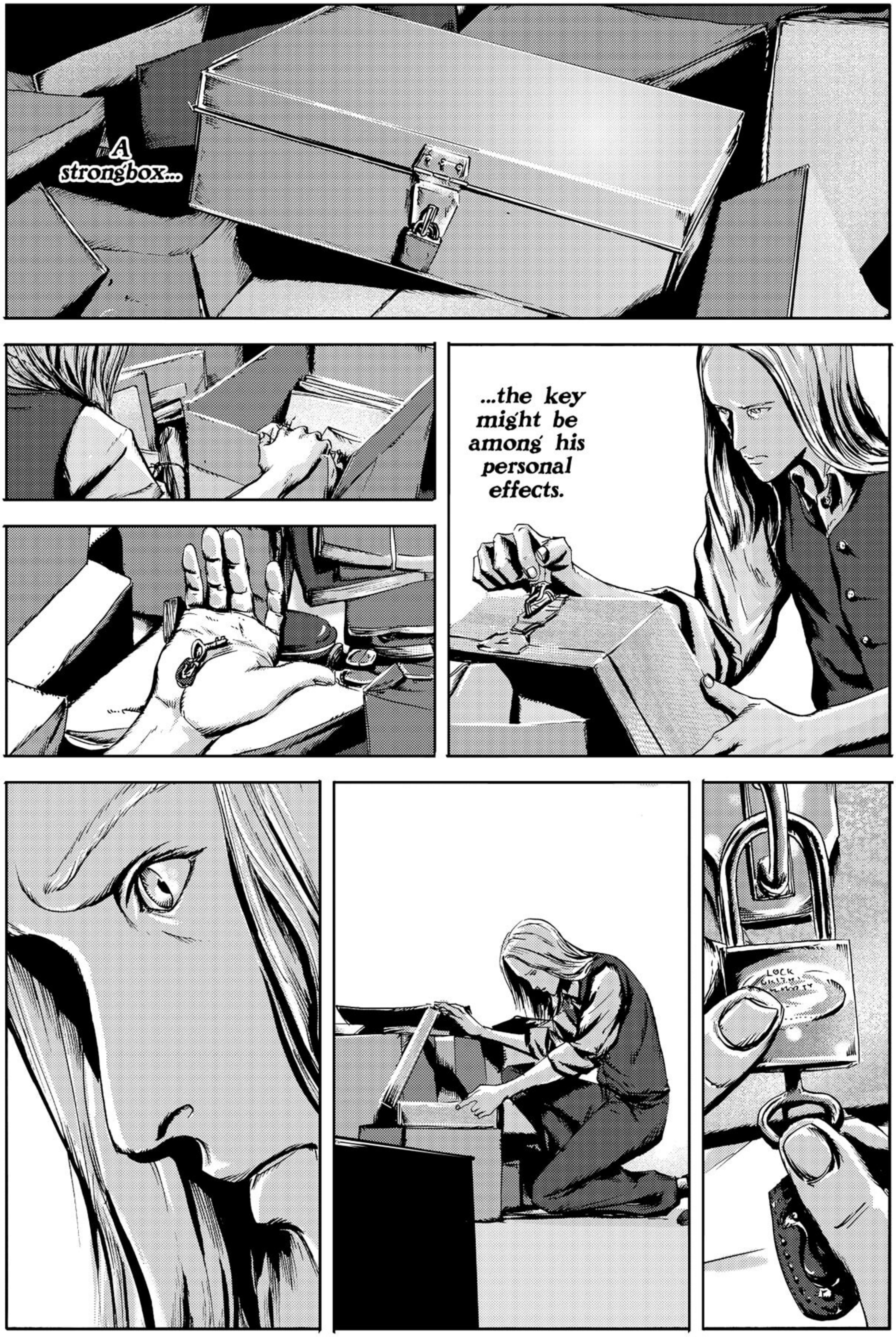

...AMEN.

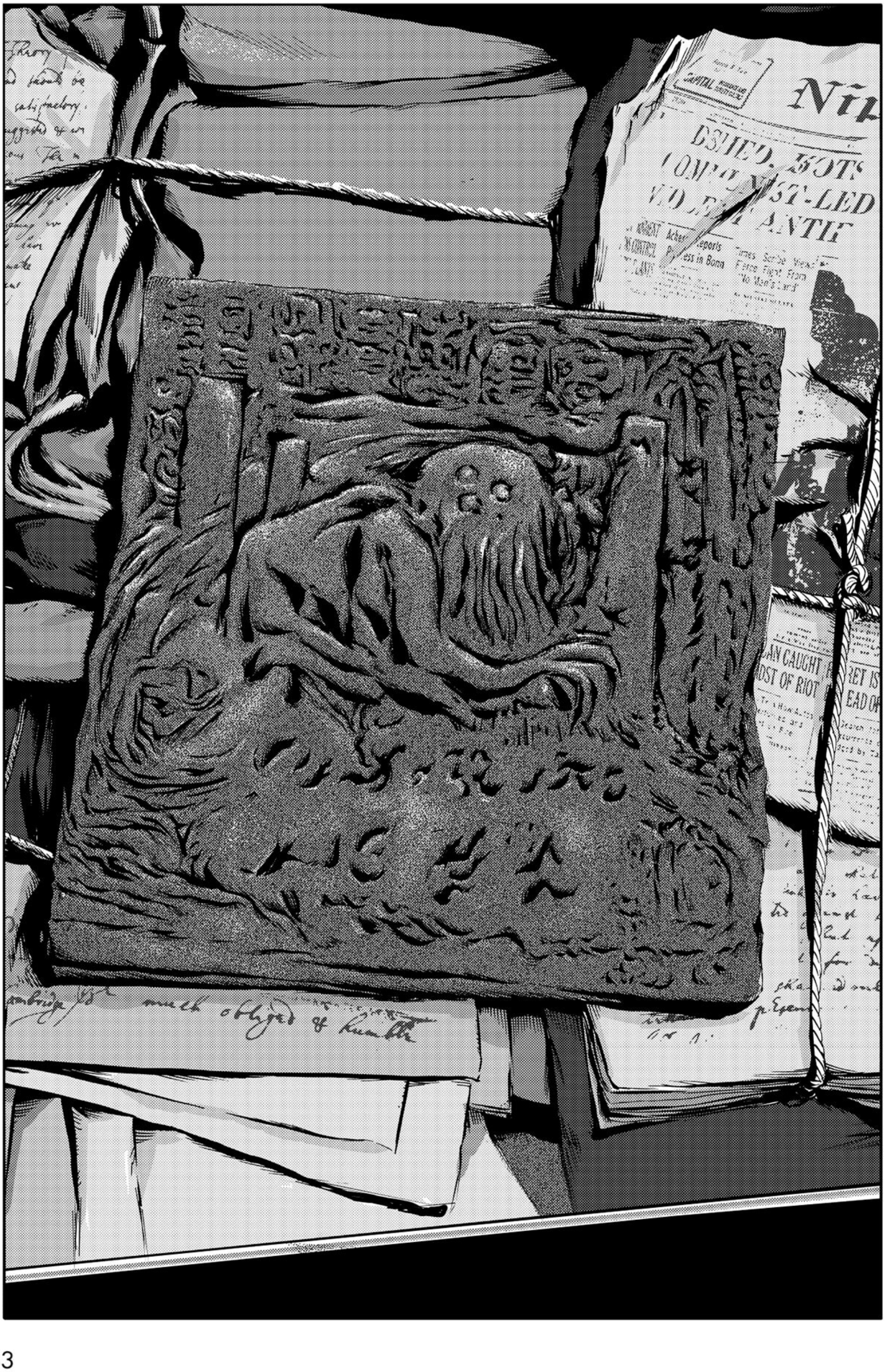

George G. Angell
MAY 16 1834
Nov 23 1926

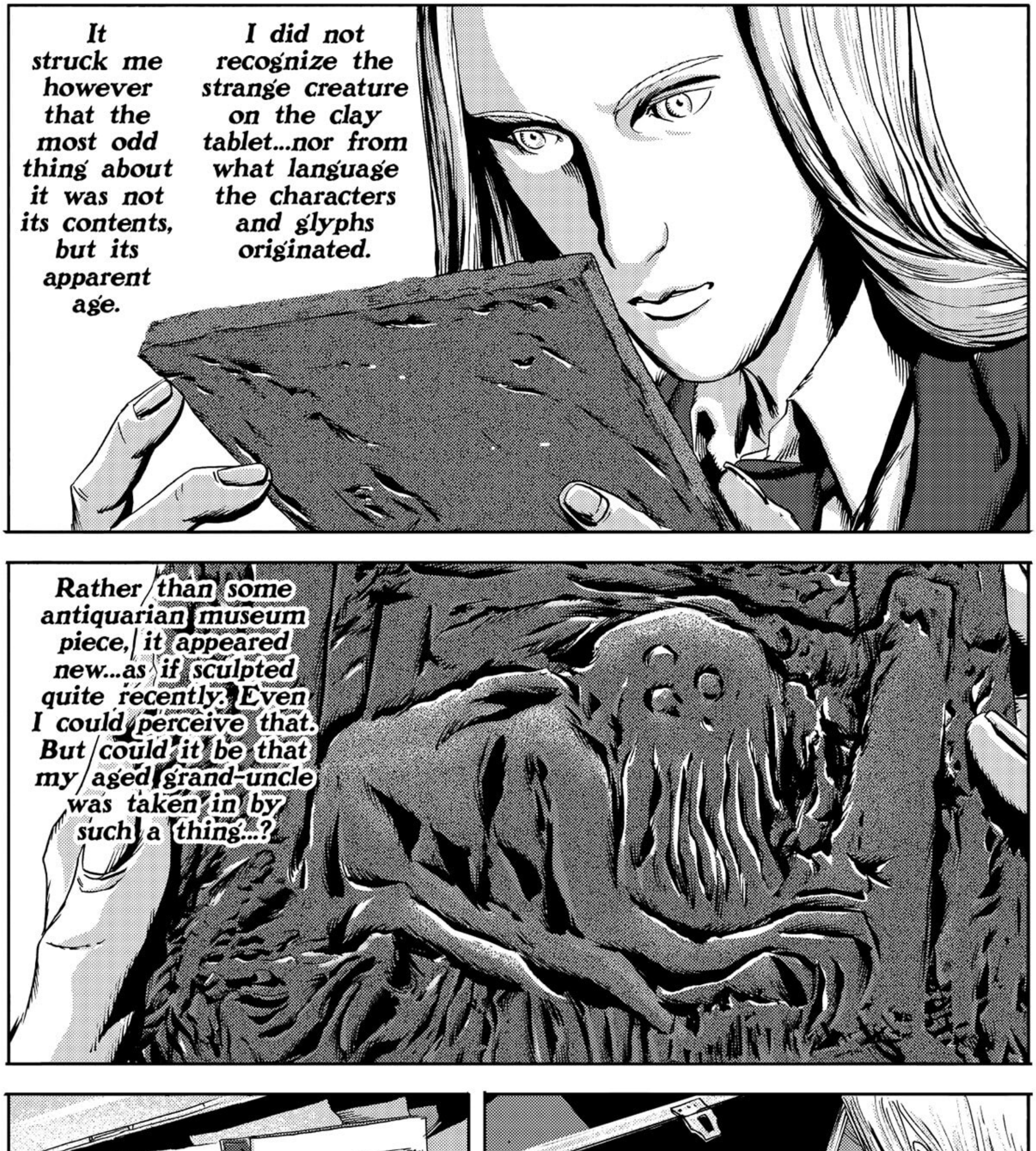

HE'D JUST COME BACK ON THE BOAT FROM NEWPORT ...
...GOT JOSTLED, APPARENTLY, BY SOME SAILOR, WALKING UP THE HILL.
FELL DOWN, HAD A HEART ATTACK... THE DOCTOR WASN'T REALLY CERTAIN.
STILL, HE WAS 92 YEARS OLD...!
HE LIVED LONG, BUT SOMEWHAT OF A RECLUSE SINCE HIS WIFE DIED...
...FRANCIS, HE WANTED YOU TO BE EXECUTOR OF HIS ESTATE.
COULD YOU...HAVE HIS PAPERS SENT TO MY HOME IN BOSTON...?

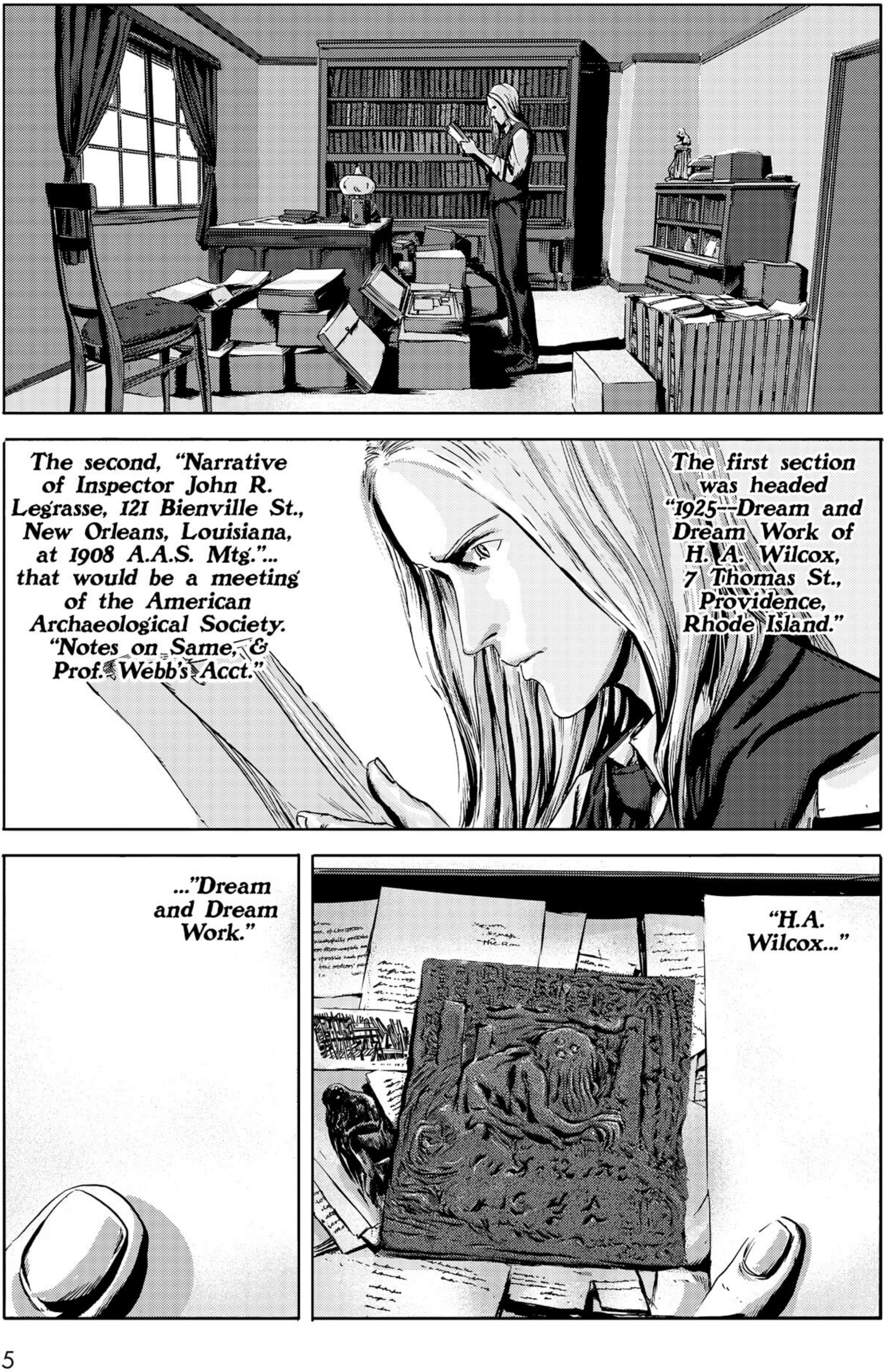

YES, OF COURSE. I'LL SEND THEM WITHIN THE WEEK.
THOSE PAPERS... THEY'RE HIS LEGACY TO THE WORLD...
...EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, YOU KNOW...HE'D WRITE OR CALL ME...DELIGHTED OVER SOME NEW DISCOVERY.
MY GRAND-UNCLE... THE PROFESSOR... I WAS THE ONLY FAMILY HE HAD LEFT...
HE WAS LONELY, I SUPPOSE. I WISH I'D...
NOW, NOW. HE HAD A FULL LIFE...
...AND WATCHES OVER YOU FROM HEAVEN.

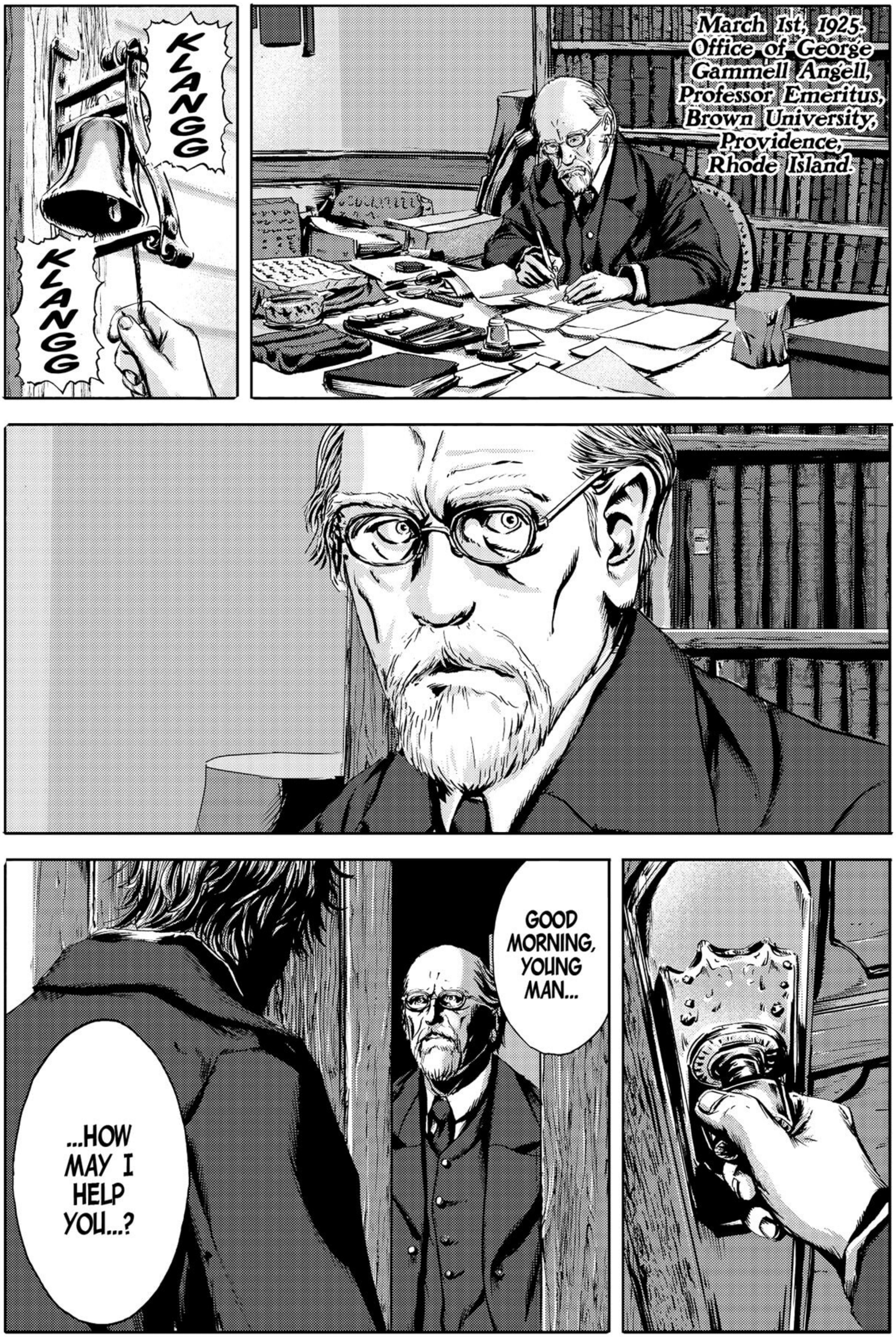

Boston, Massachusetts
These research materials on ancient inscriptions will go to the American Archaeological Society...
...his library of works on Semitic languages to his school, Brown University.

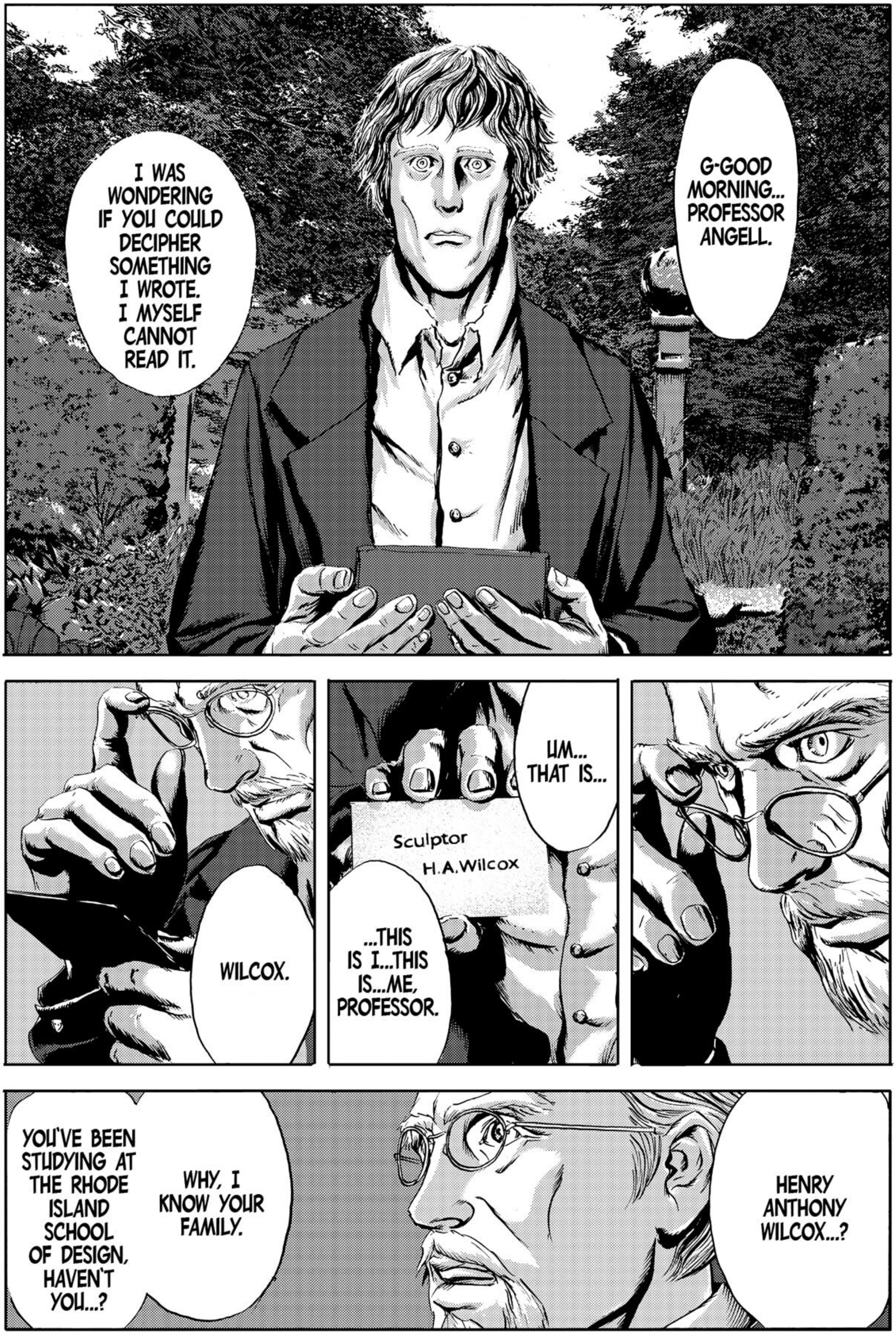

A strongbox...
...the key might be among his personal effects.
LOCK

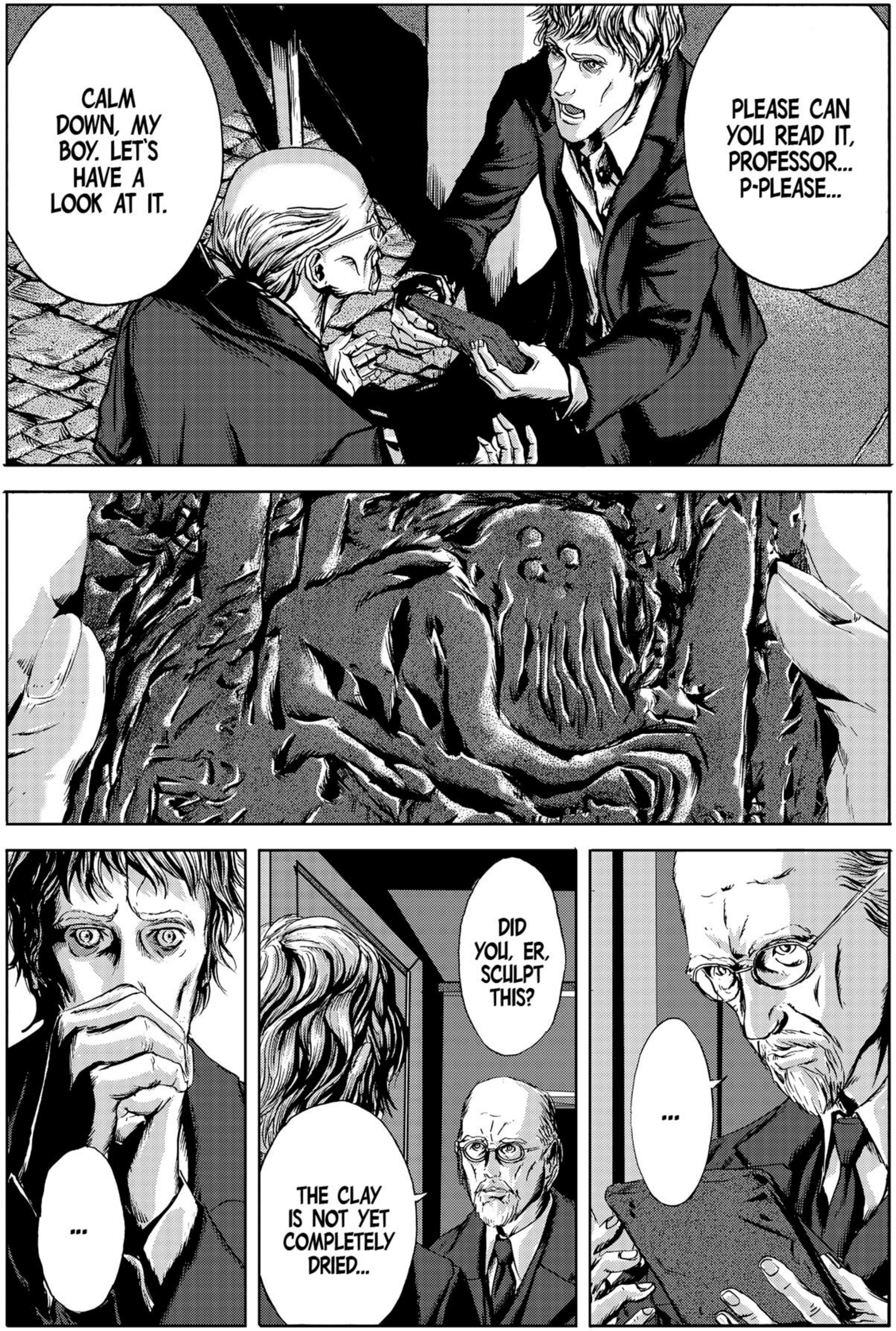

Nit
CAPITAL
-ST-LED
ANTIF
Reports
ess in Bonn
Times Scribe
Fierce Fight From
"No Man's Land"
AN CAUGHT
OST OF RIOT
ET IS
EAD OF
satisfactory;
suggested &
much obliged & humble

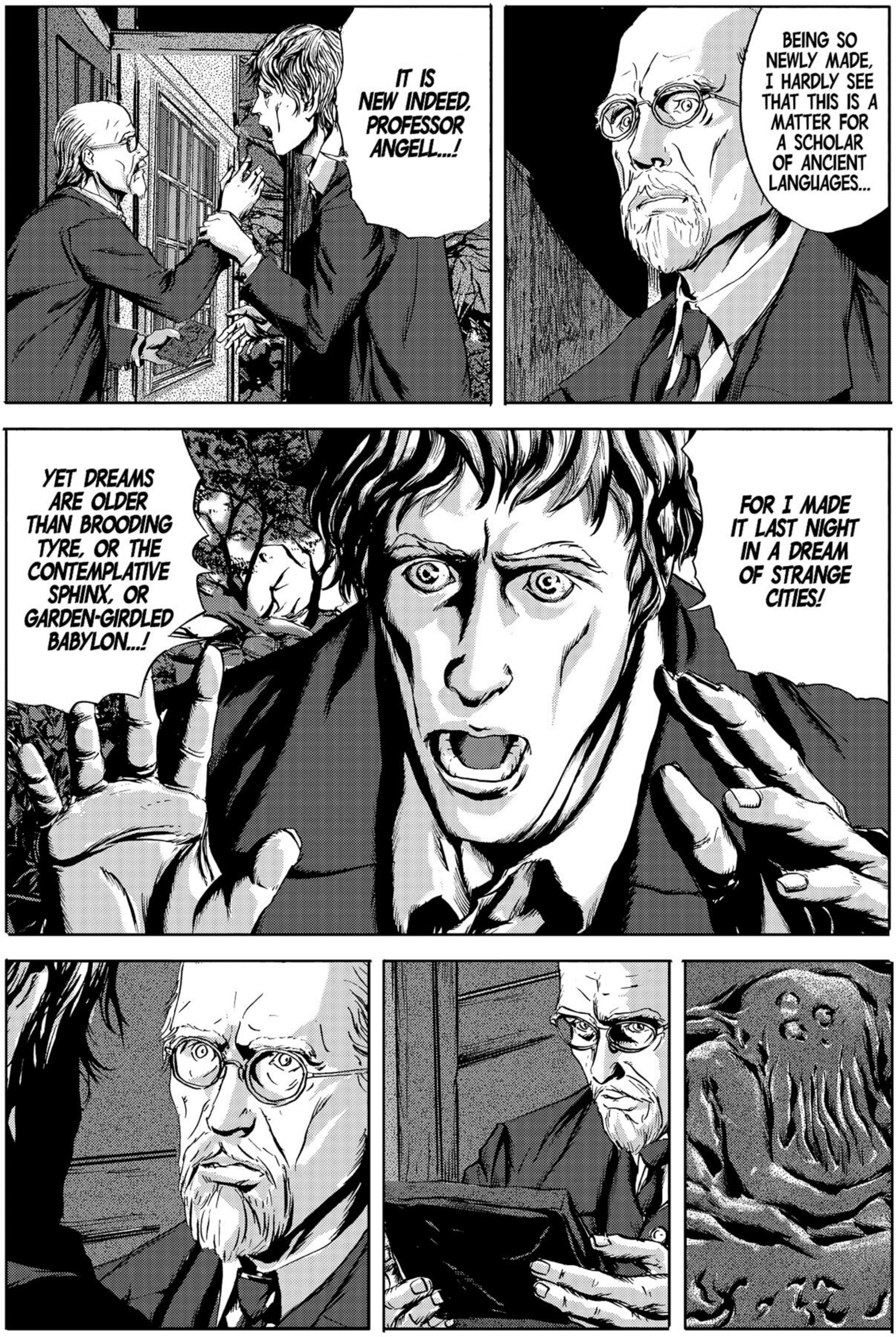

I did not recognize the strange creature on the clay tablet...nor from what language the characters and glyphs originated.
It struck me however that the most odd thing about it was not its contents, but its apparent age.
Rather than some antiquarian museum piece, it appeared new...as if sculpted quite recently. Even I could perceive that. But could it be that my aged grand-uncle was taken in by such a thing...?
CTHULHU CULT
CTHULHU CULT

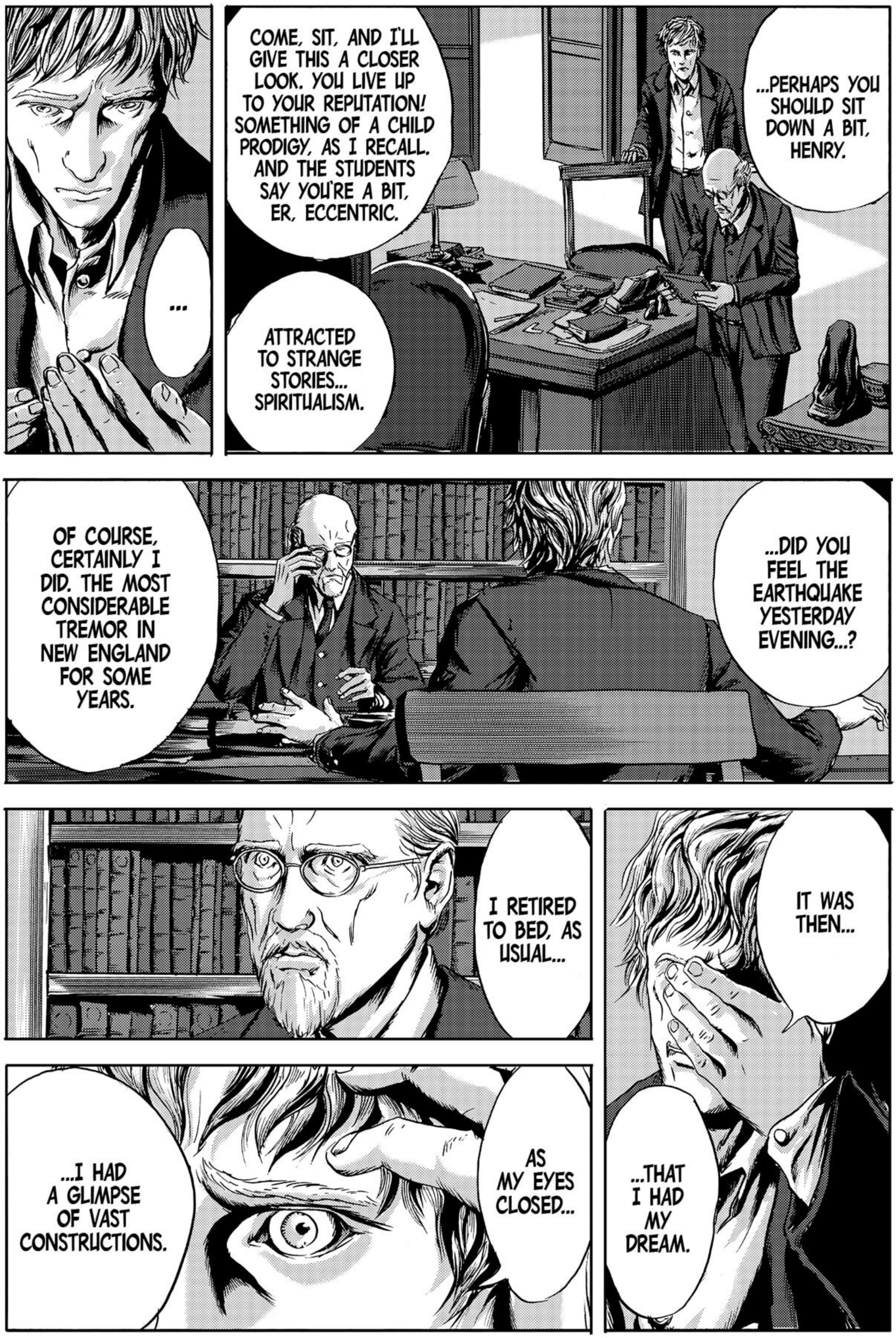

The first section was headed "1925--Dream and Dream Work of H. A. Wilcox, 7 Thomas St., Providence, Rhode Island."
The second, "Narrative of Inspector John R. Legrasse, 121 Bienville St., New Orleans, Louisiana, at 1908 A.A.S. Mtg."... that would be a meeting of the American Archaeological Society. "Notes on Same, & Prof. Webb's Acct."
"H.A. Wilcox..."
..."Dream and Dream Work."

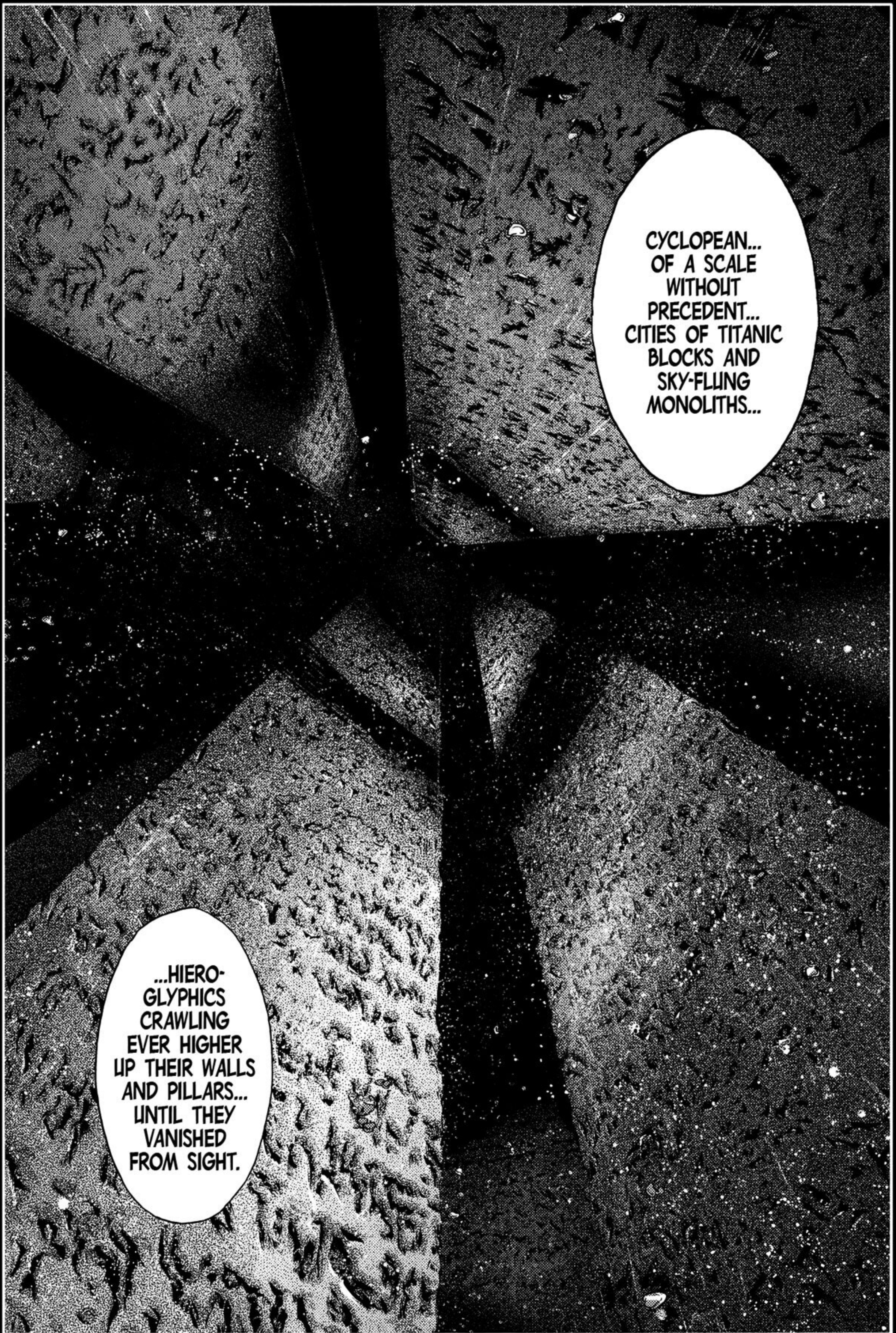

KLANGG
KLANGG
March 1st, 1925. Office of George Gammell Angell, Professor Emeritus, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.
GOOD MORNING, YOUNG MAN...
...HOW MAY I HELP YOU...?

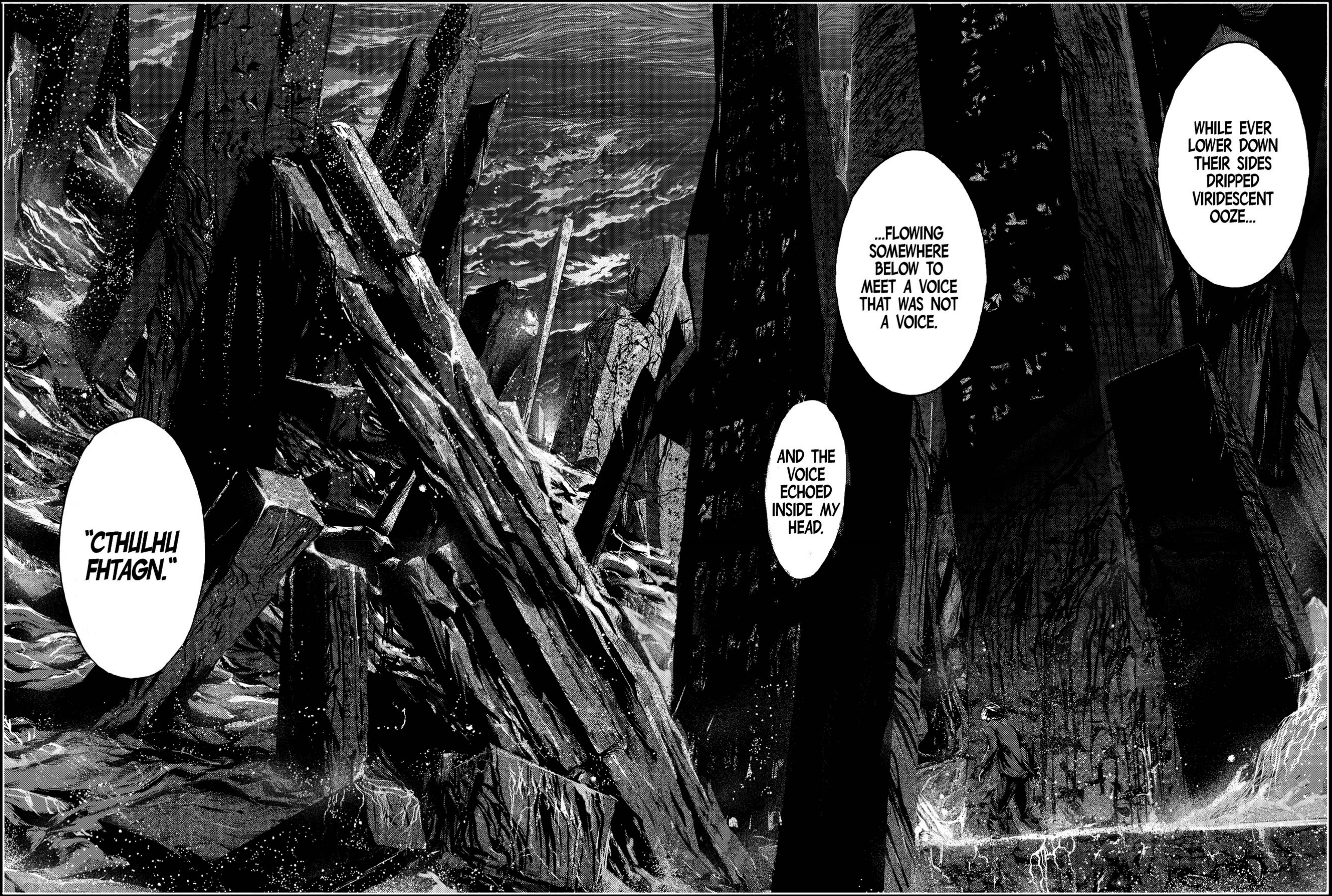

G-GOOD MORNING... PROFESSOR ANGELL.
I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD DECIPHER SOMETHING I WROTE. I MYSELF CANNOT READ IT.
UM... THAT IS...
Sculptor
H.A.Wilcox
...THIS IS I...THIS IS...ME, PROFESSOR.
WILCOX.
HENRY ANTHONY WILCOX...?
WHY, I KNOW YOUR FAMILY.
YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING AT THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, HAVEN'T YOU...?

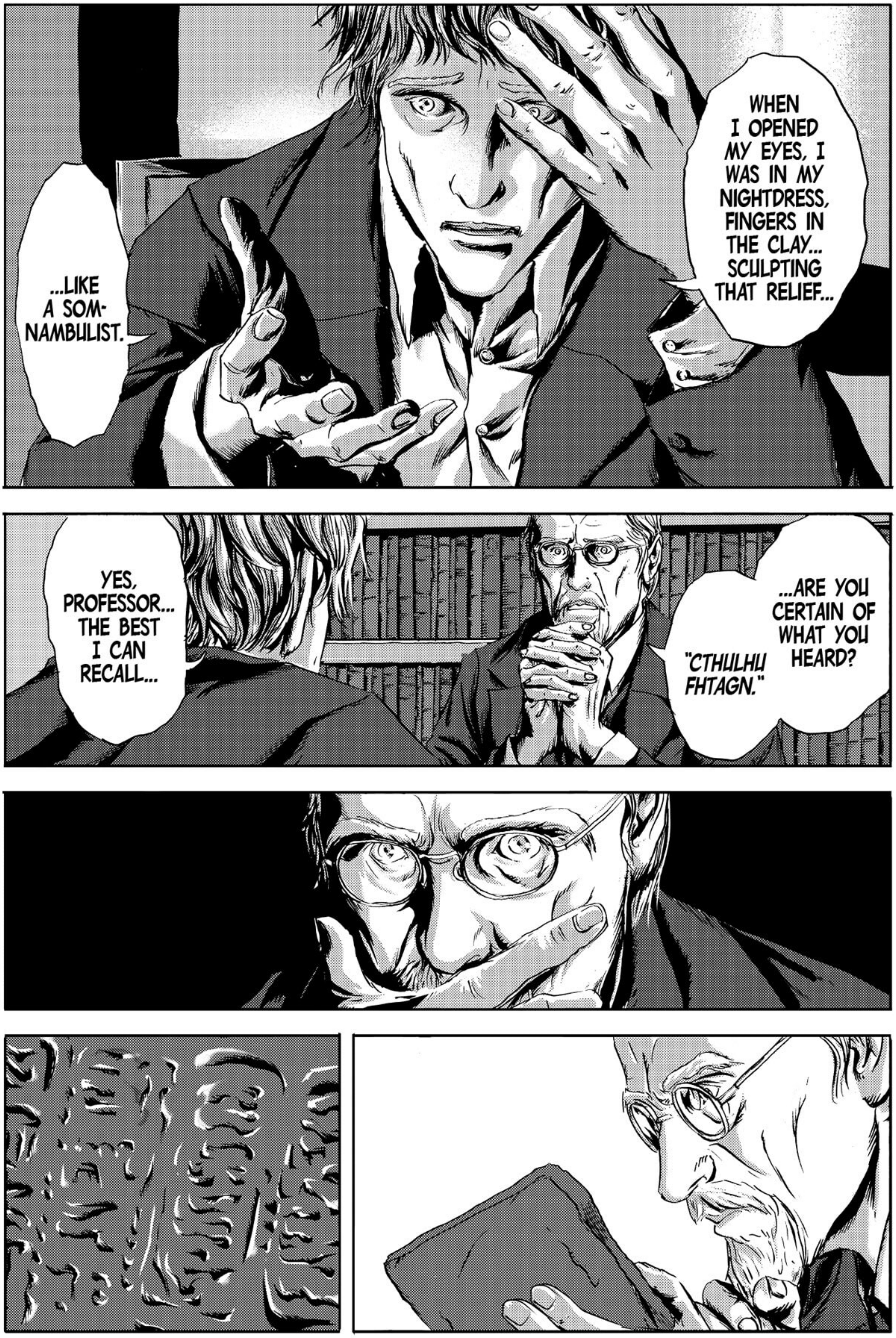

PLEASE CAN YOU READ IT, PROFESSOR... P-PLEASE...
CALM DOWN, MY BOY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT.
...
DID YOU, ER, SCULPT THIS?
THE CLAY IS NOT YET COMPLETELY DRIED...
...

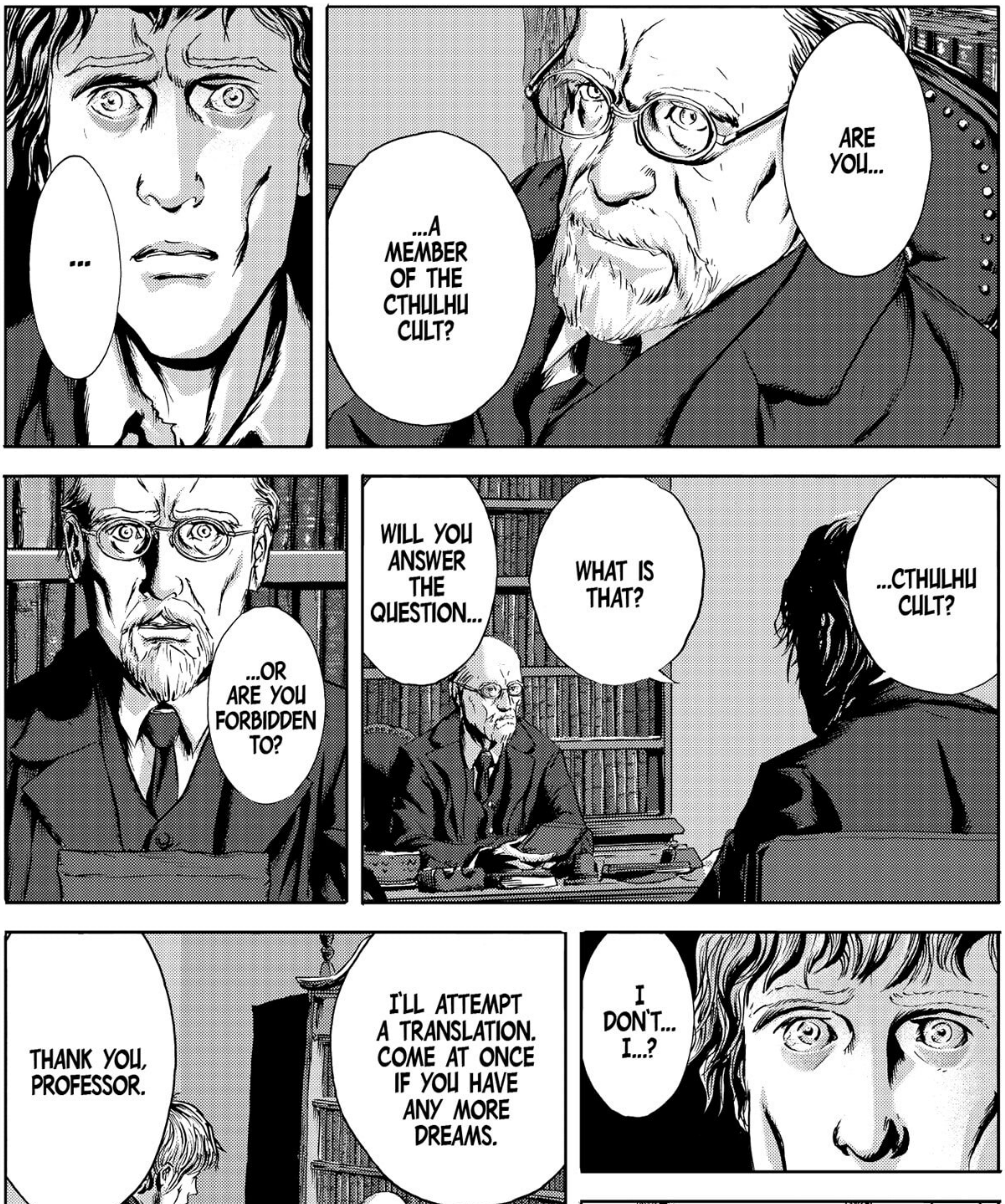

BEING SO NEWLY MADE, I HARDLY SEE THAT THIS IS A MATTER FOR A SCHOLAR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES...
IT IS NEW INDEED, PROFESSOR ANGELL...!
FOR I MADE IT LAST NIGHT IN A DREAM OF STRANGE CITIES!
YET DREAMS ARE OLDER THAN BROODING TYRE, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE SPHINX, OR GARDEN-GIRDLED BABYLON...!

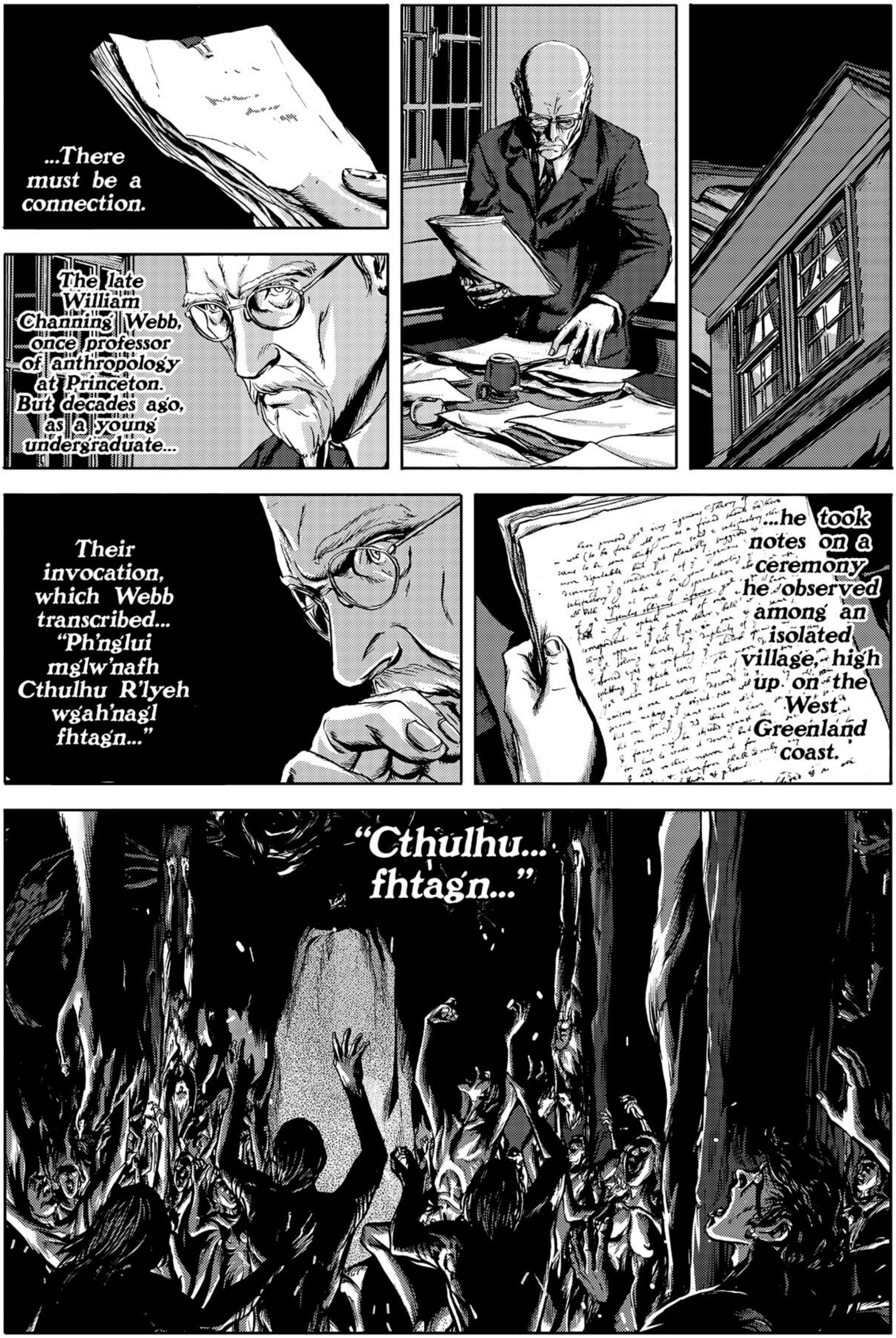

...PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN A BIT, HENRY.
COME, SIT, AND I'LL GIVE THIS A CLOSER LOOK. YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION! SOMETHING OF A CHILD PRODIGY, AS I RECALL. AND THE STUDENTS SAY YOU'RE A BIT, ER, ECCENTRIC.
ATTRACTED TO STRANGE STORIES... SPIRITUALISM.
...
...DID YOU FEEL THE EARTHQUAKE YESTERDAY EVENING...?
OF COURSE, CERTAINLY I DID. THE MOST CONSIDERABLE TREMOR IN NEW ENGLAND FOR SOME YEARS.
I RETIRED TO BED, AS USUAL...
IT WAS THEN...
...THAT I HAD MY DREAM.
AS MY EYES CLOSED...
...I HAD A GLIMPSE OF VAST CONSTRUCTIONS.

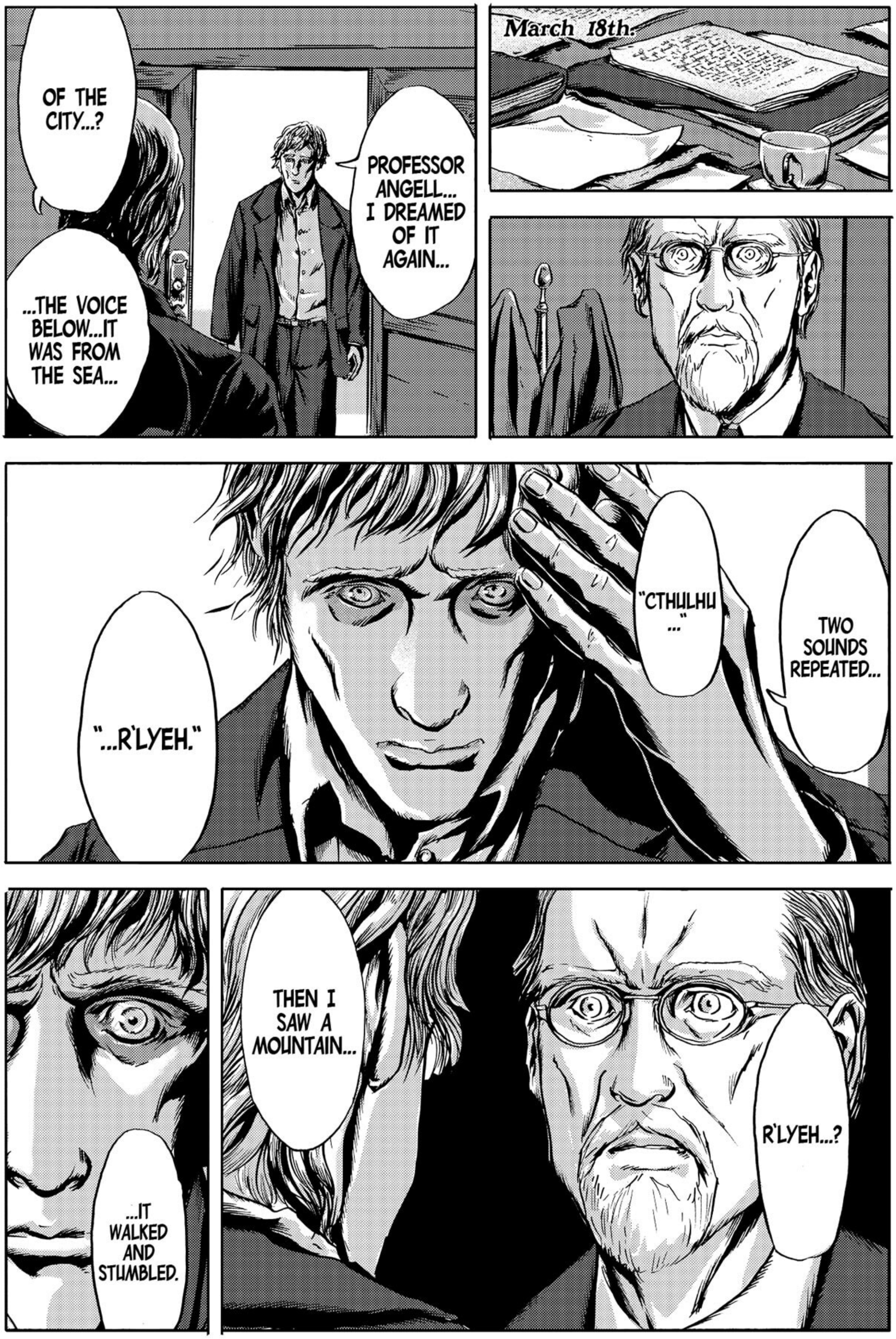

CYCLOPEAN... OF A SCALE WITHOUT PRECEDENT... CITIES OF TITANIC BLOCKS AND SKY-FLUNG MONOLITHS...
...HIEROGLYPHICS CRAWLING EVER HIGHER UP THEIR WALLS AND PILLARS... UNTIL THEY VANISHED FROM SIGHT.

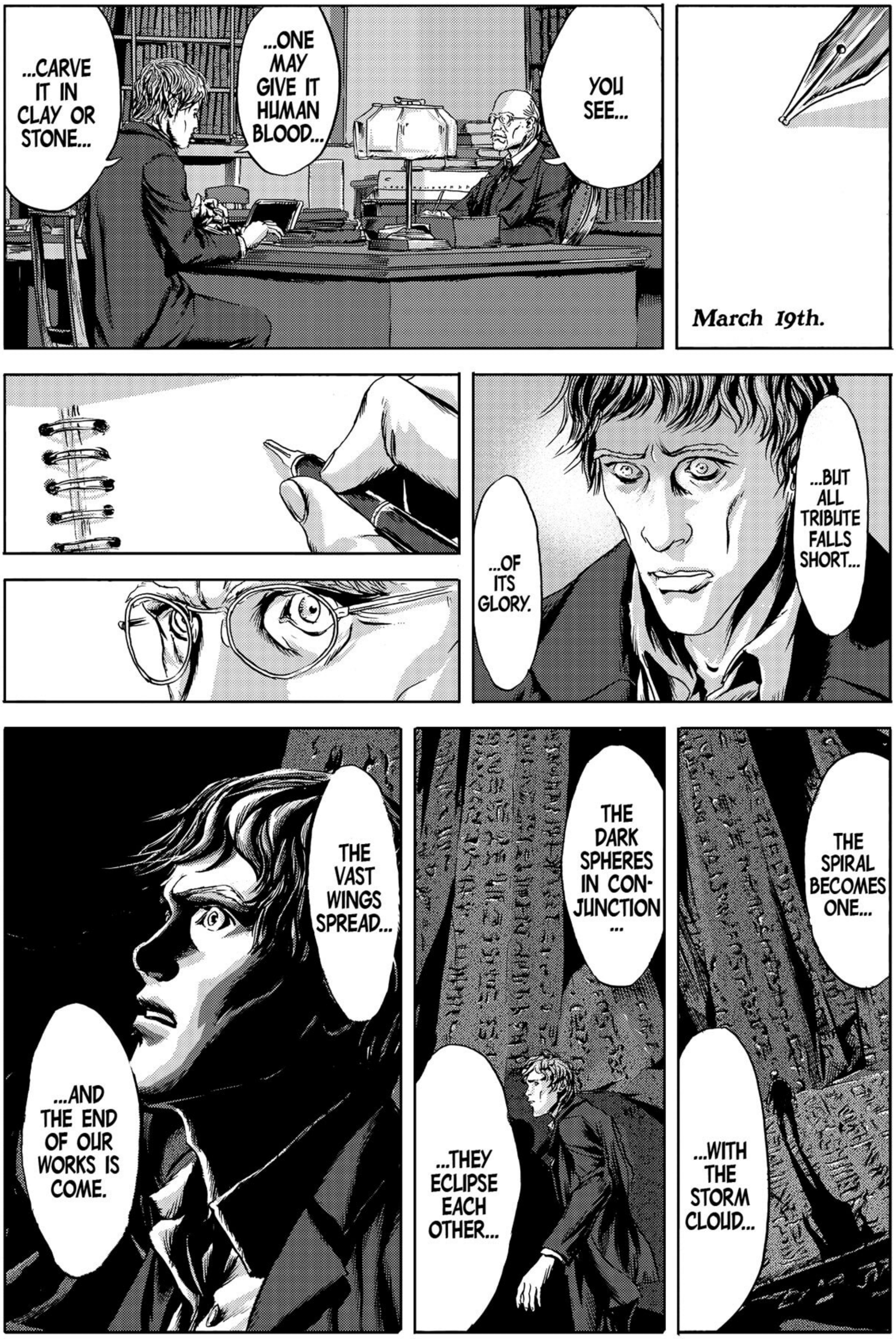

WHILE EVER LOWER DOWN THEIR SIDES DRIPPED VIRIDESCENT OOZE...
...FLOWING SOMEWHERE BELOW TO MEET A VOICE THAT WAS NOT A VOICE.
AND THE VOICE ECHOED INSIDE MY HEAD.
"CTHULHU FHTAGN."

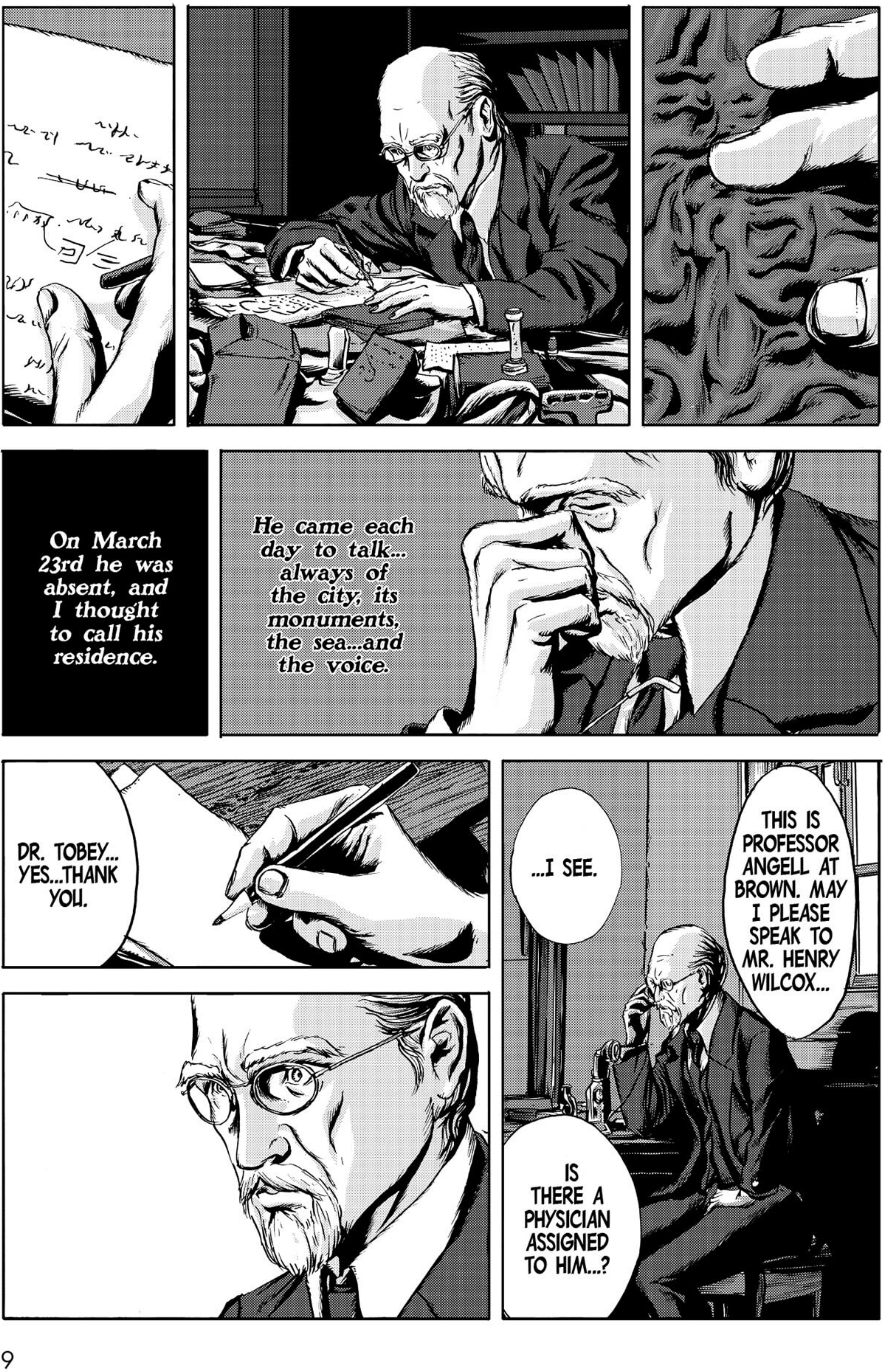

WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I WAS IN MY NIGHTDRESS, FINGERS IN THE CLAY... SCULPTING THAT RELIEF...
...LIKE A SOMNAMBULIST.
...ARE YOU CERTAIN OF WHAT YOU HEARD?
"CTHULHU FHTAGN."
YES, PROFESSOR... THE BEST I CAN RECALL...

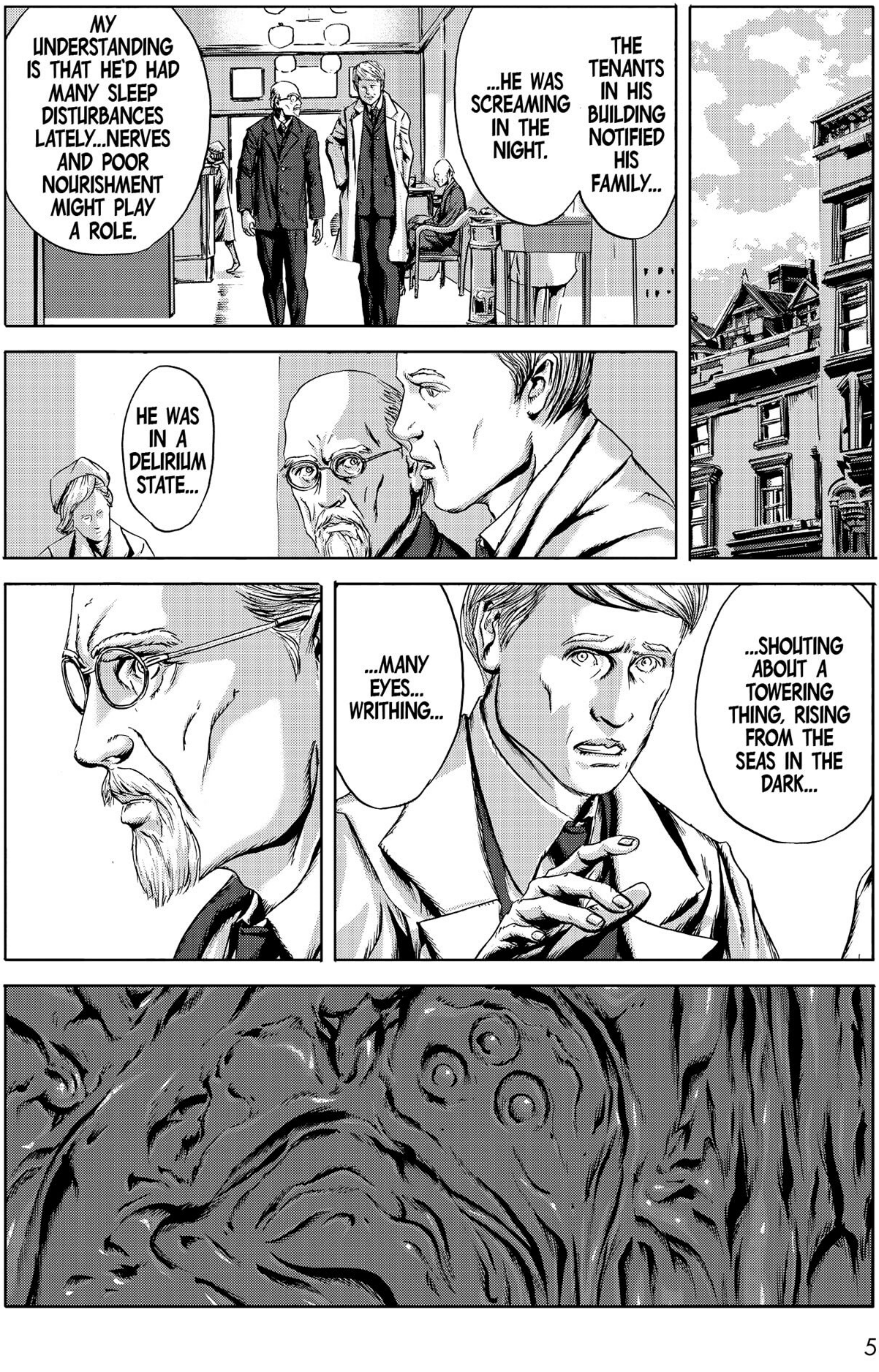

ARE YOU...
...A MEMBER OF THE CTHULHU CULT?
...
...CTHULHU CULT?
WHAT IS THAT?
WILL YOU ANSWER THE QUESTION...
...OR ARE YOU FORBIDDEN TO?
I DON'T... I...?
NO... FORGET I ASKED.
I'LL ATTEMPT A TRANSLATION. COME AT ONCE IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE DREAMS.
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR.

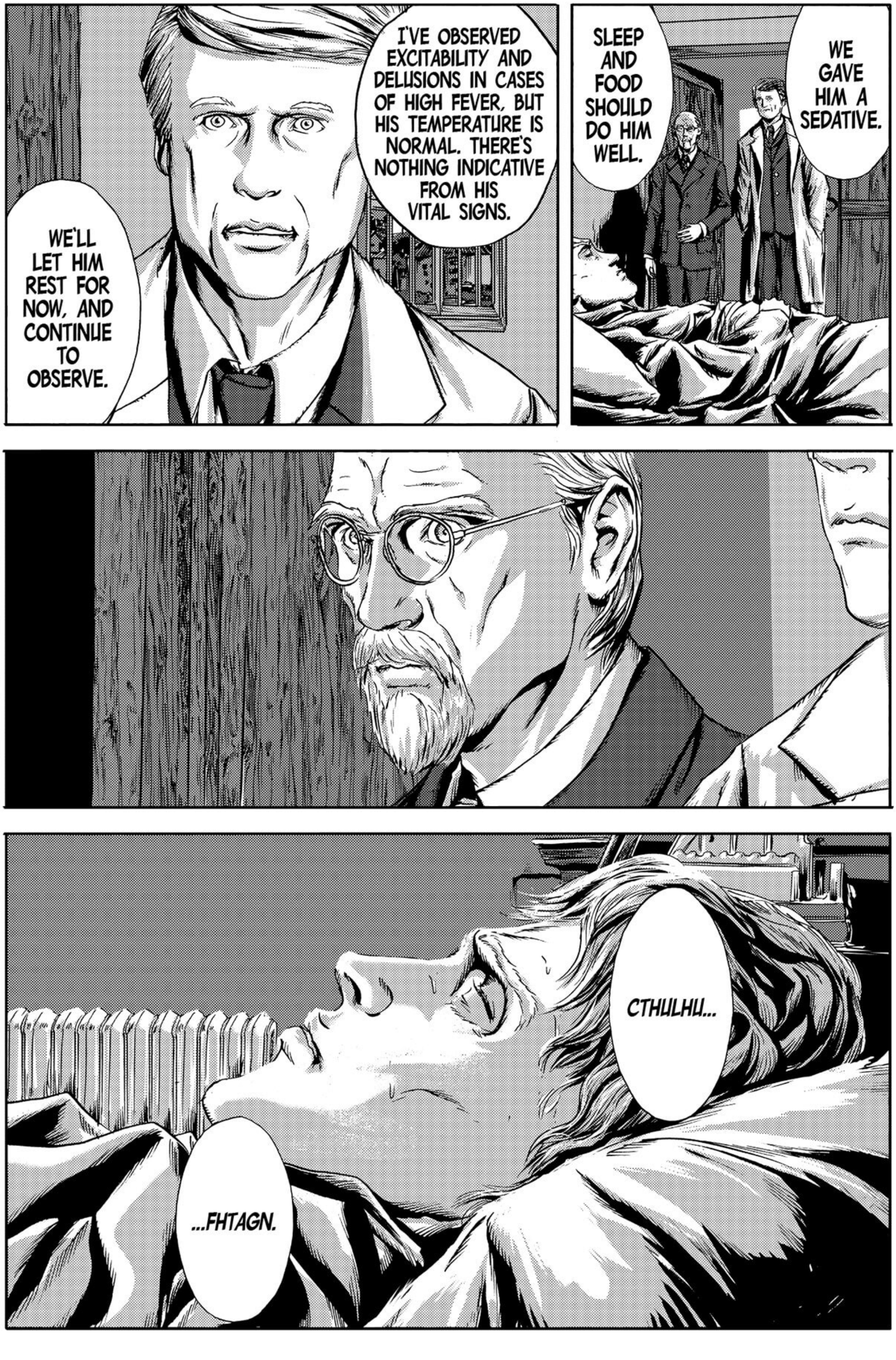

...There must be a connection.
The late William Channing Webb, once professor of anthropology at Princeton. But decades ago, as a young undergraduate...
Their invocation, which Webb transcribed... "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn..."
...he took notes on a ceremony he observed among an isolated village, high up on the West Greenland coast.
"Cthulhu... fhtagn..."

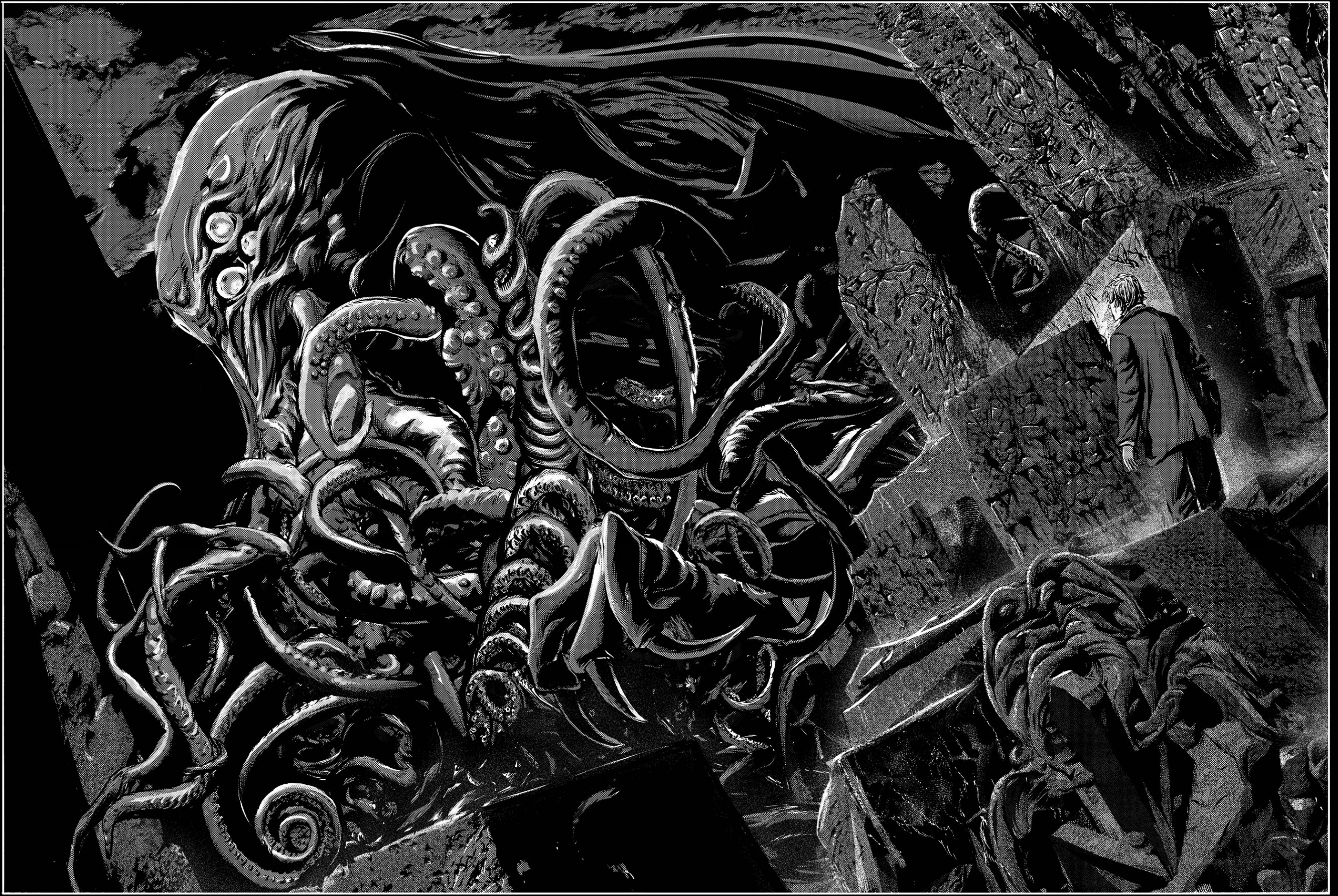

March 18th.
PROFESSOR ANGELL... I DREAMED OF IT AGAIN...
OF THE CITY...?
...THE VOICE BELOW...IT WAS FROM THE SEA...
TWO SOUNDS REPEATED...
"CTHULHU..."
"...R'LYEH."
R'LYEH...?
THEN I SAW A MOUNTAIN...
...IT WALKED AND STUMBLED.

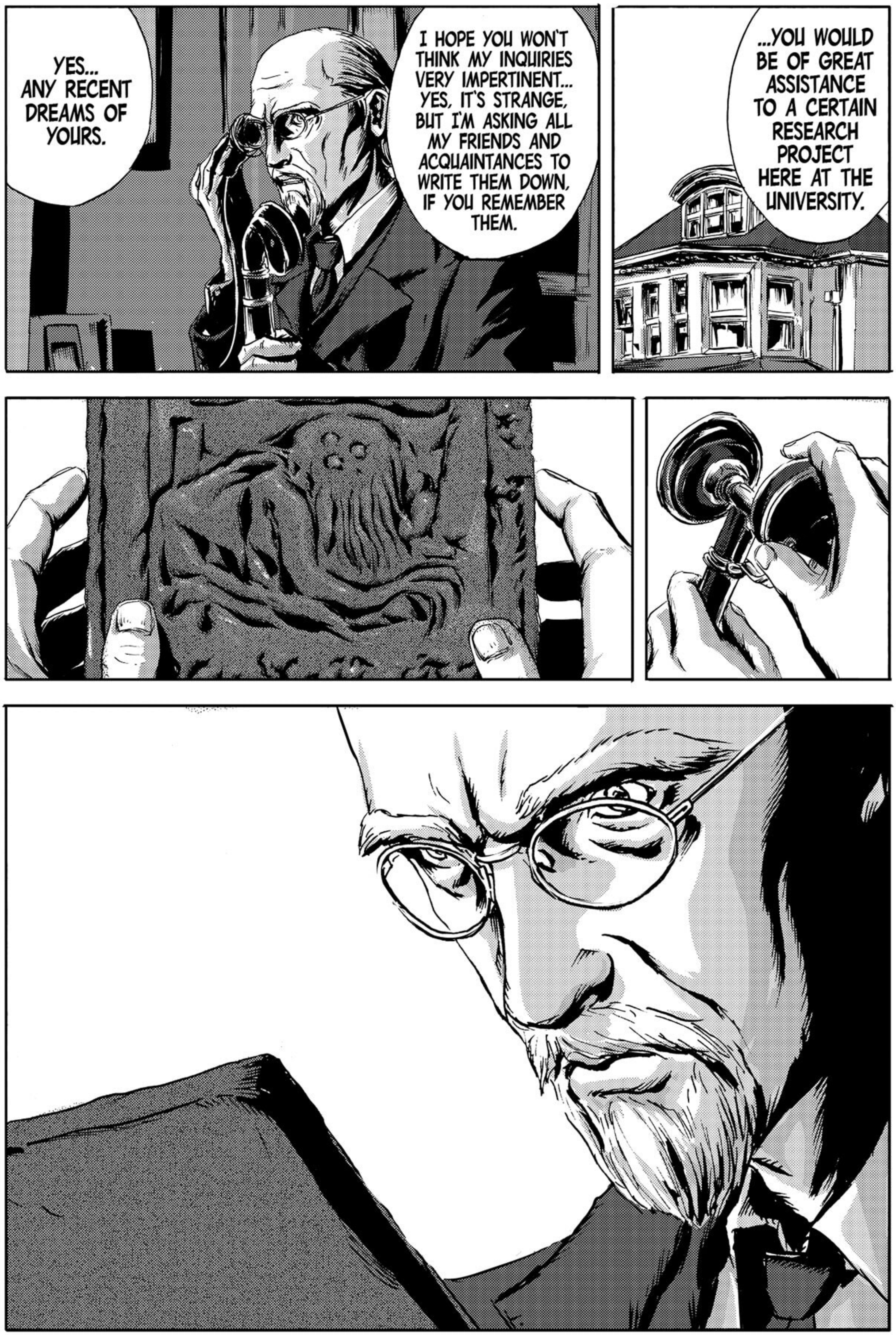

March 19th.
YOU SEE...
...ONE MAY GIVE IT HUMAN BLOOD...
...CARVE IT IN CLAY OR STONE...
...BUT ALL TRIBUTE FALLS SHORT...
...OF ITS GLORY.
THE SPIRAL BECOMES ONE...
...WITH THE STORM CLOUD...
THE DARK SPHERES IN CONJUNCTION...
...THEY ECLIPSE EACH OTHER...
THE VAST WINGS SPREAD...
...AND THE END OF OUR WORKS IS COME.


He came each day to talk... always of the city, its monuments, the sea...and the voice.
On March 23rd he was absent, and I thought to call his residence.
THIS IS PROFESSOR ANGELL AT BROWN. MAY I PLEASE SPEAK TO MR. HENRY WILCOX...
...I SEE.
IS THERE A PHYSICIAN ASSIGNED TO HIM...?
DR. TOBEY... YES...THANK YOU.


THE TENANTS IN HIS BUILDING NOTIFIED HIS FAMILY...
...HE WAS SCREAMING IN THE NIGHT.
MY UNDERSTANDING IS THAT HE'D HAD MANY SLEEP DISTURBANCES LATELY...NERVES AND POOR NOURISHMENT MIGHT PLAY A ROLE.
HE WAS IN A DELIRIUM STATE...
...SHOUTING ABOUT A TOWERING THING, RISING FROM THE SEAS IN THE DARK...
...MANY EYES... WRITHING...


WE GAVE HIM A SEDATIVE.
SLEEP AND FOOD SHOULD DO HIM WELL.
I'VE OBSERVED EXCITABILITY AND DELUSIONS IN CASES OF HIGH FEVER, BUT HIS TEMPERATURE IS NORMAL. THERE'S NOTHING INDICATIVE FROM HIS VITAL SIGNS.
WE'LL LET HIM REST FOR NOW, AND CONTINUE TO OBSERVE.
CTHULHU...
...FHTAGN.

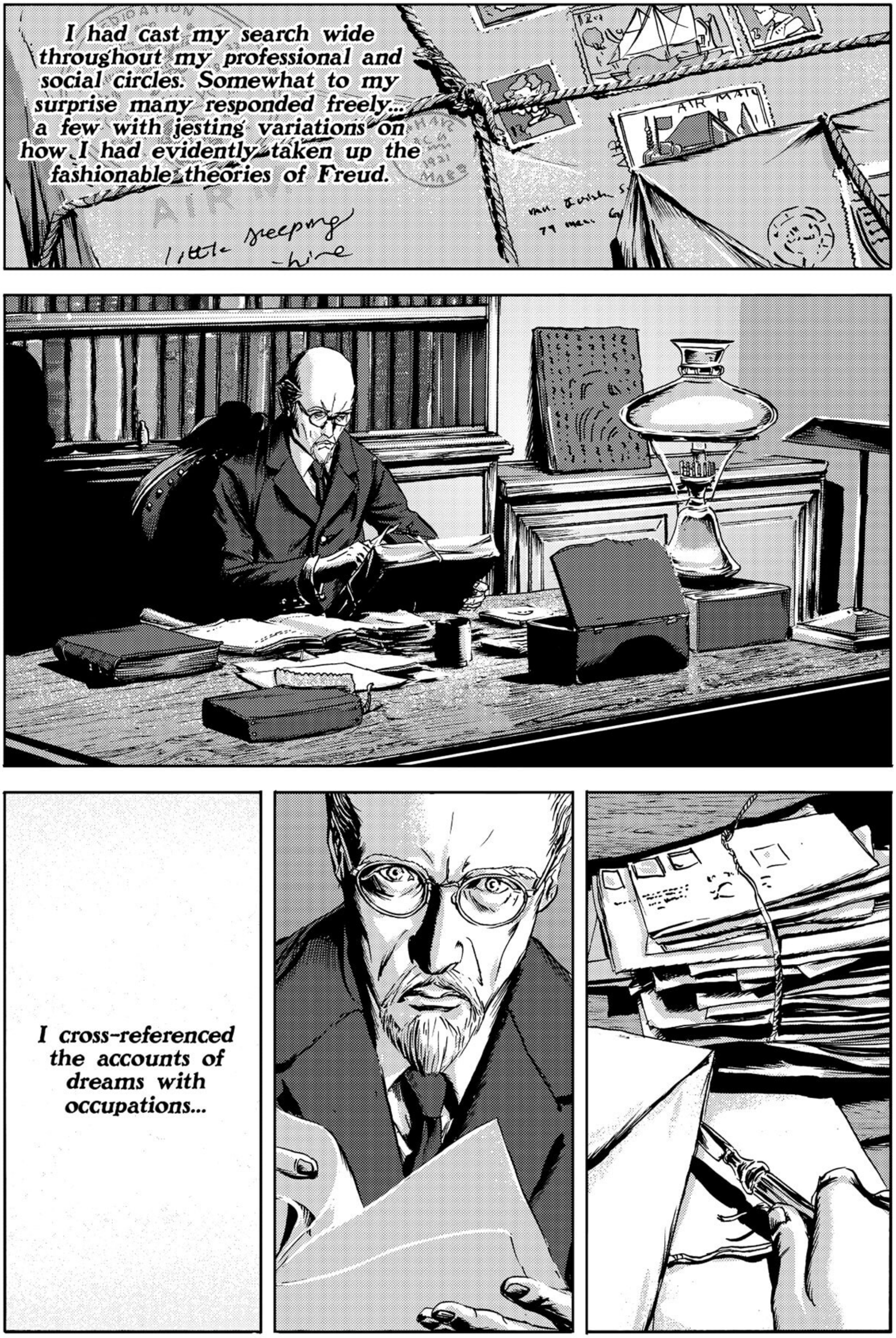


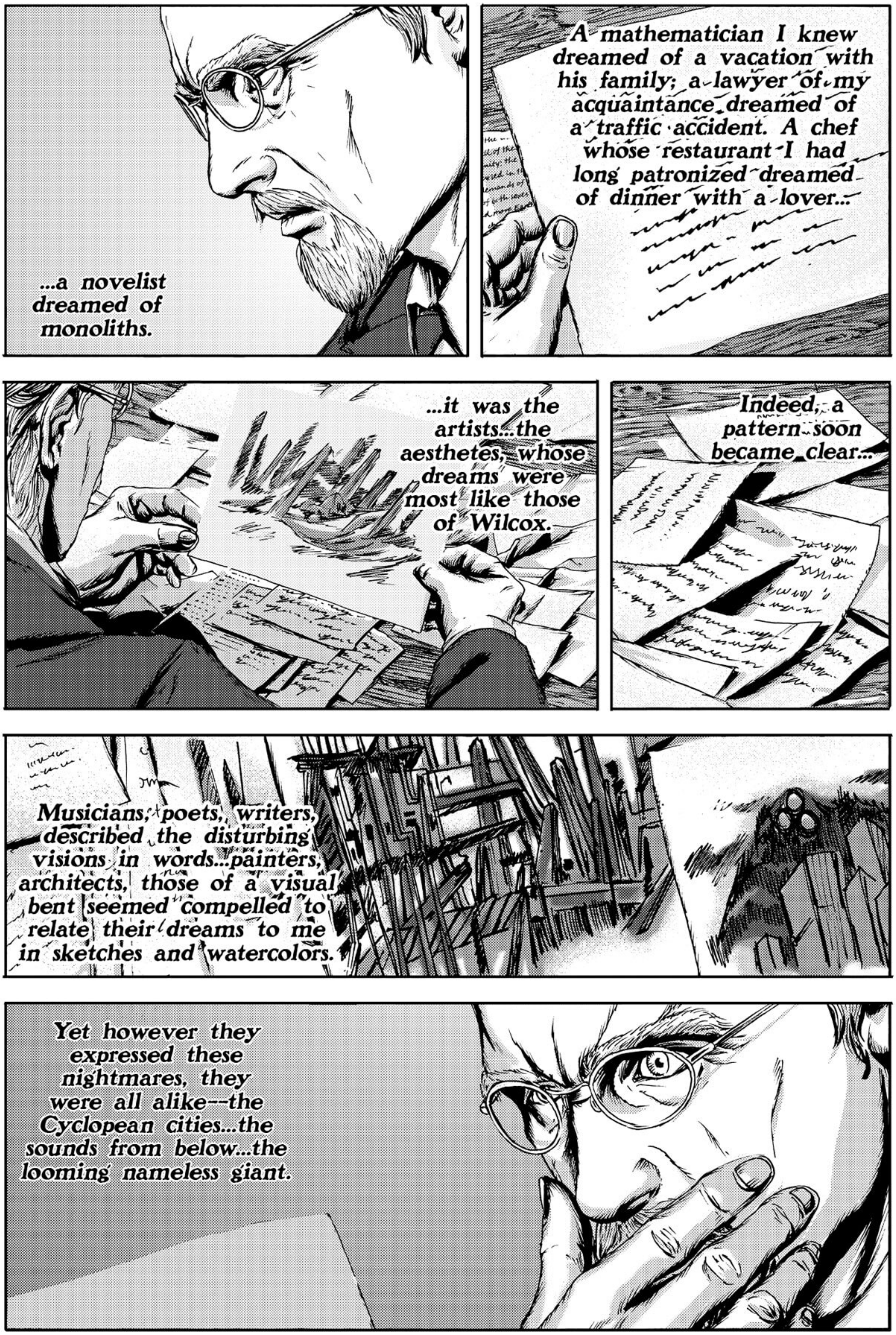

YES... ANY RECENT DREAMS OF YOURS.
I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK MY INQUIRIES VERY IMPERTINENT... YES, IT'S STRANGE, BUT I'M ASKING ALL MY FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES TO WRITE THEM DOWN, IF YOU REMEMBER THEM.
...YOU WOULD BE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO A CERTAIN RESEARCH PROJECT HERE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

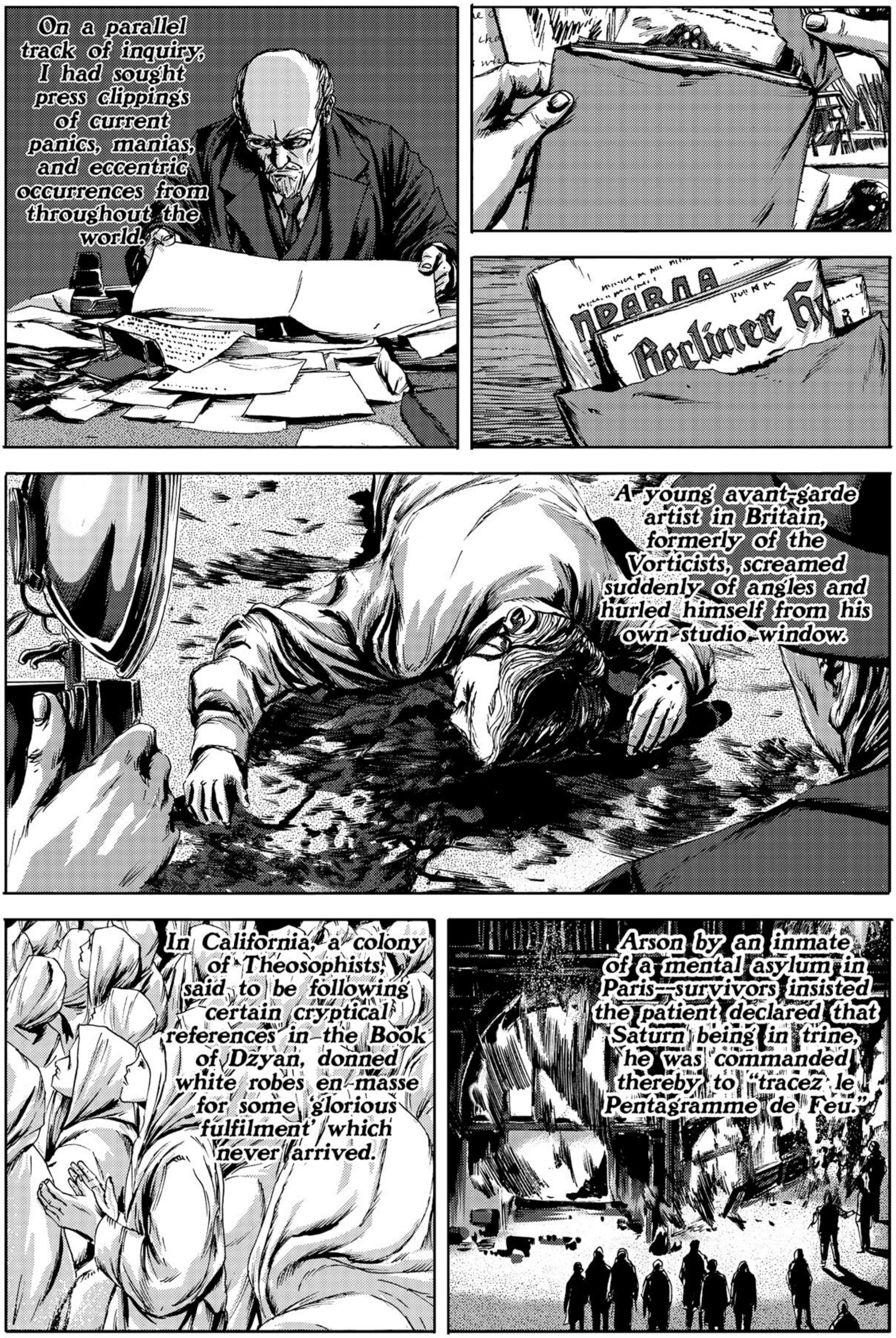
Chapter Two

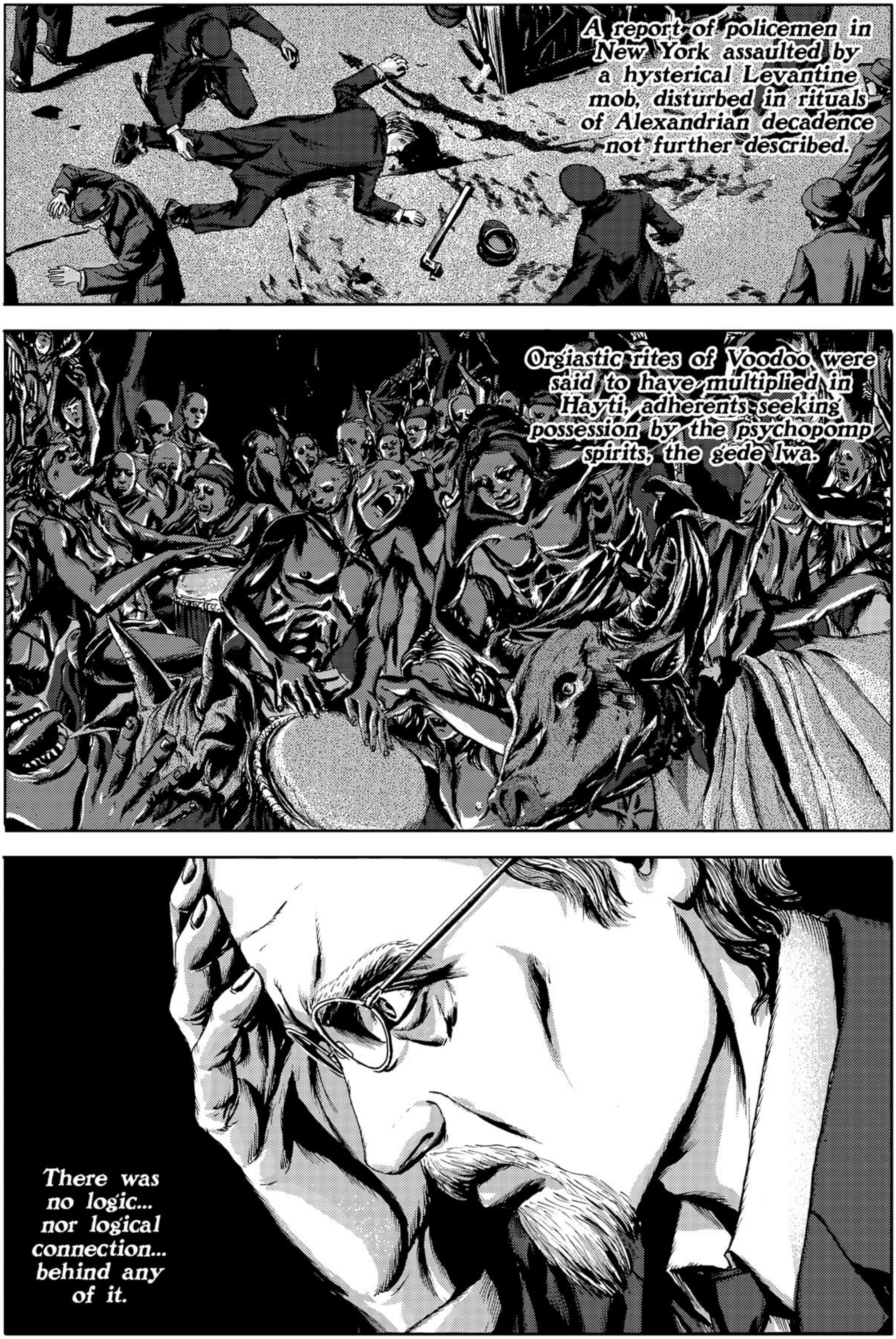
THE TALE OF INSPECTOR LEGRASSE

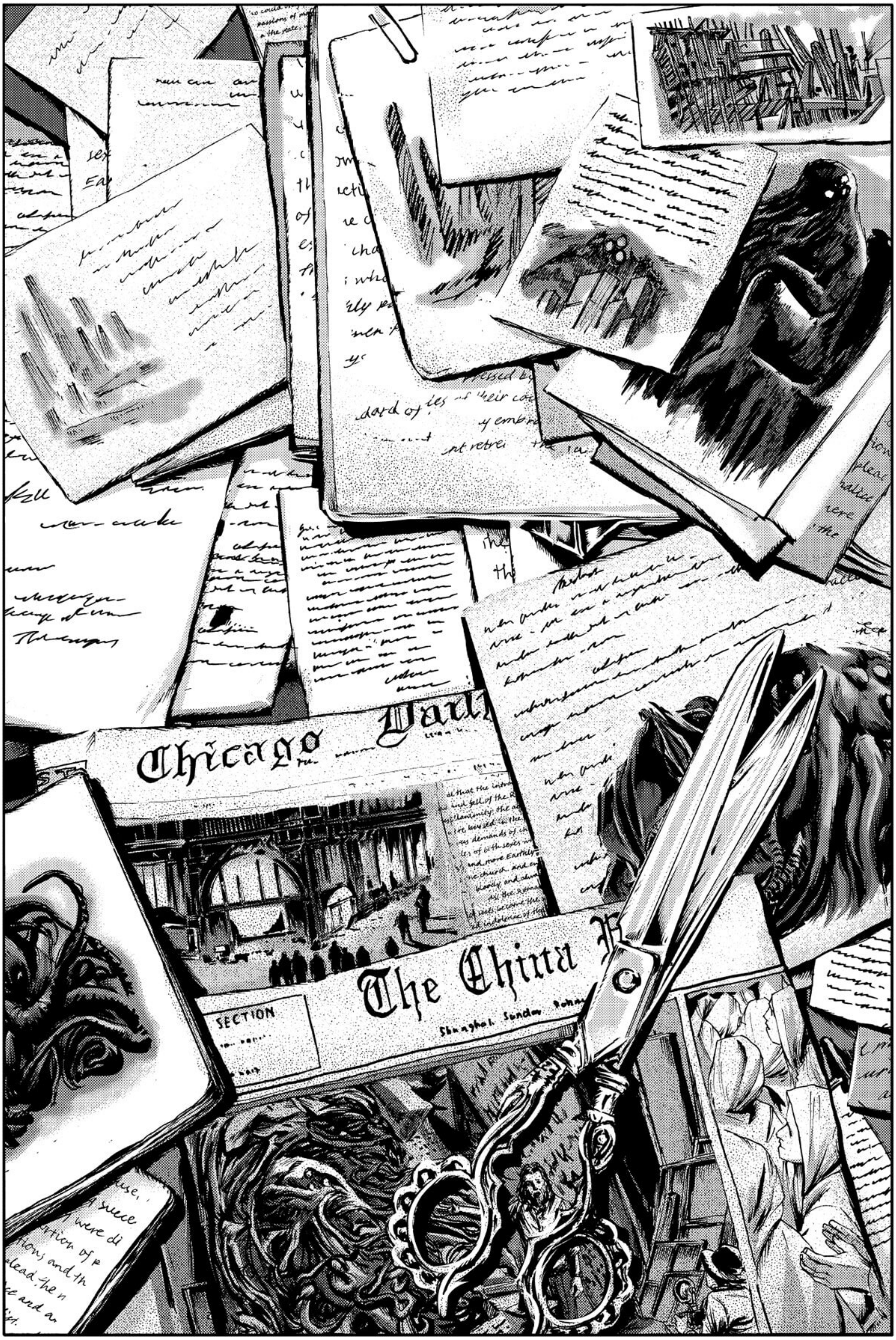
ルグラース警部の物語

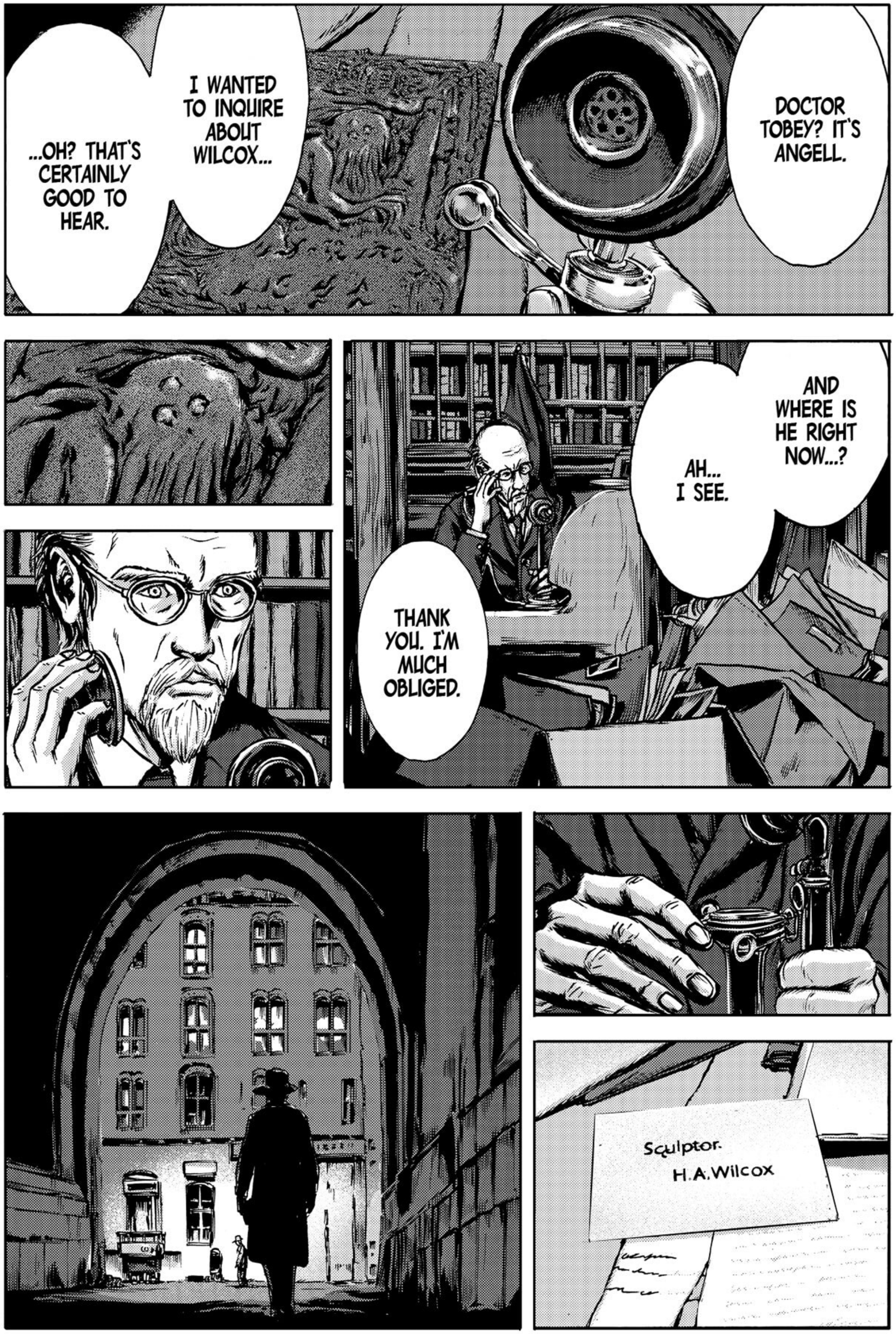

I had cast my search wide throughout my professional and social circles. Somewhat to my surprise many responded freely... a few with jesting variations on how I had evidently taken up the fashionable theories of Freud.
AIR MAIL
little sleeping
I cross-referenced the accounts of dreams with occupations...

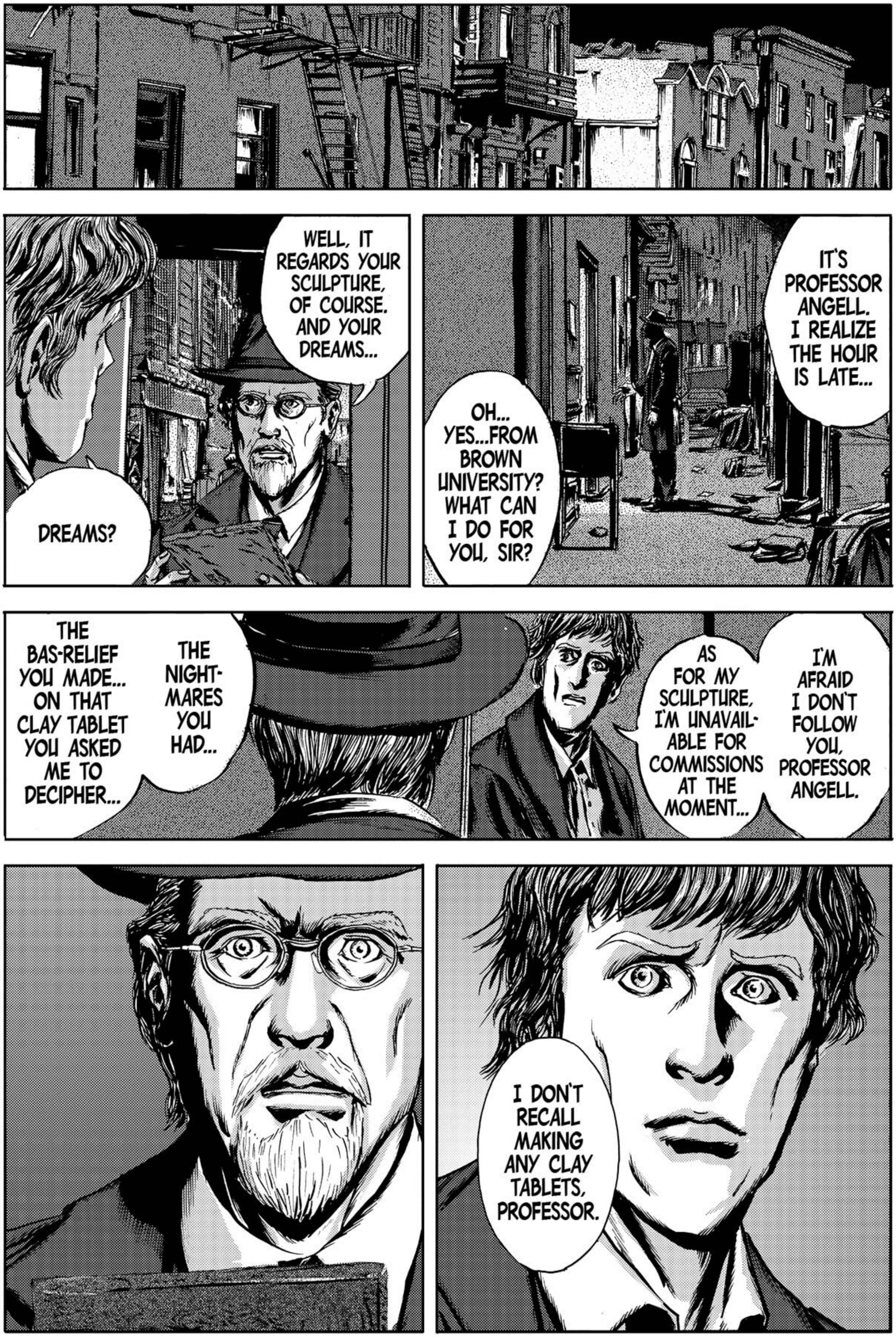

A mathematician I knew dreamed of a vacation with his family; a lawyer of my acquaintance dreamed of a traffic accident. A chef whose restaurant I had long patronized dreamed of dinner with a lover...
...a novelist dreamed of monoliths.
...it was the artists...the aesthetes, whose dreams were most like those of Wilcox.
Indeed, a pattern soon became clear...
Musicians, poets, writers, described the disturbing visions in words...painters, architects, those of a visual bent seemed compelled to relate their dreams to me in sketches and watercolors.
Yet however they expressed these nightmares, they were all alike--the Cyclopean cities...the sounds from below...the looming nameless giant.

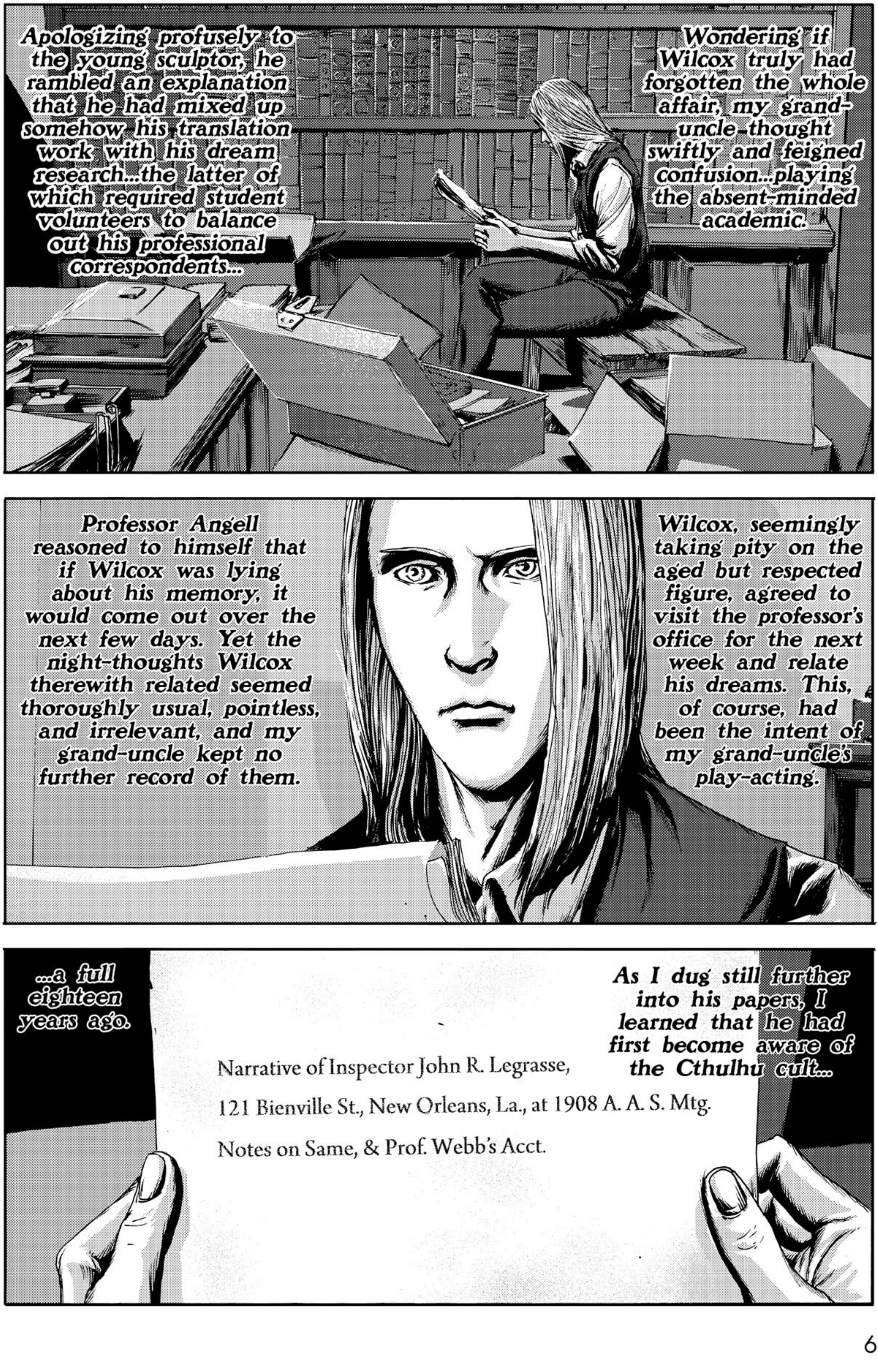

On a parallel track of inquiry, I had sought press clippings of current panics, manias, and eccentric occurrences from throughout the world.
ПРАВДА
Berliner
A young avant-garde artist in Britain, formerly of the Vorticists, screamed suddenly of angles and hurled himself from his own studio-window.
In California, a colony of Theosophists, said to be following certain cryptical references in the Book of Dzyan, donned white robes en-masse for some 'glorious fulfilment' which never arrived.
Arson by an inmate of a mental asylum in Paris—survivors insisted the patient declared that Saturn being in trine, he was commanded thereby to "tracez le Pentagramme de Feu."

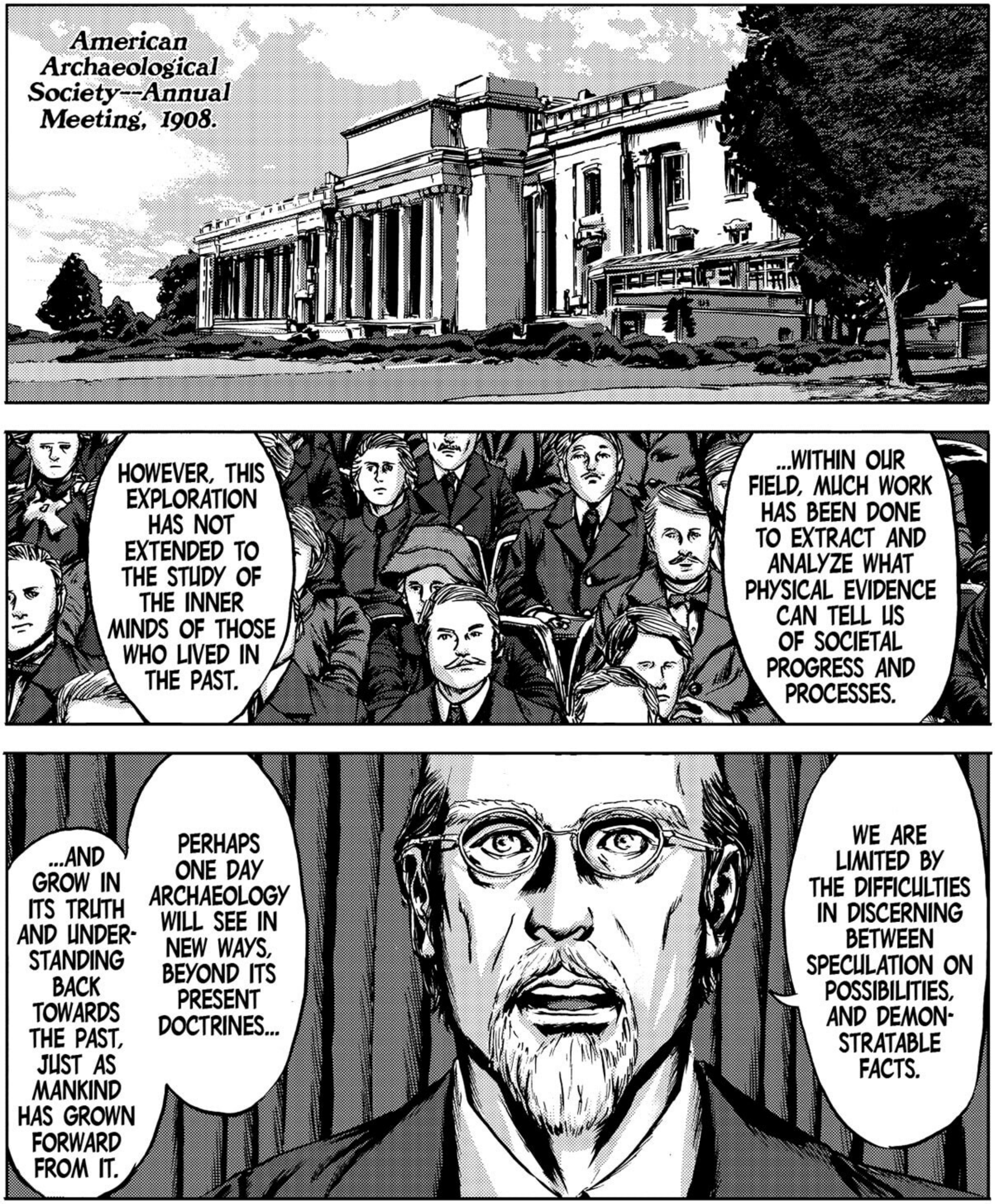

A report of policemen in New York assaulted by a hysterical Levantine mob, disturbed in rituals of Alexandrian decadence not further described.
Orgiastic rites of Voodoo were said to have multiplied in Hayti, adherents seeking possession by the psychopomp spirits, the gede lwa.
There was no logic... nor logical connection... behind any of it.

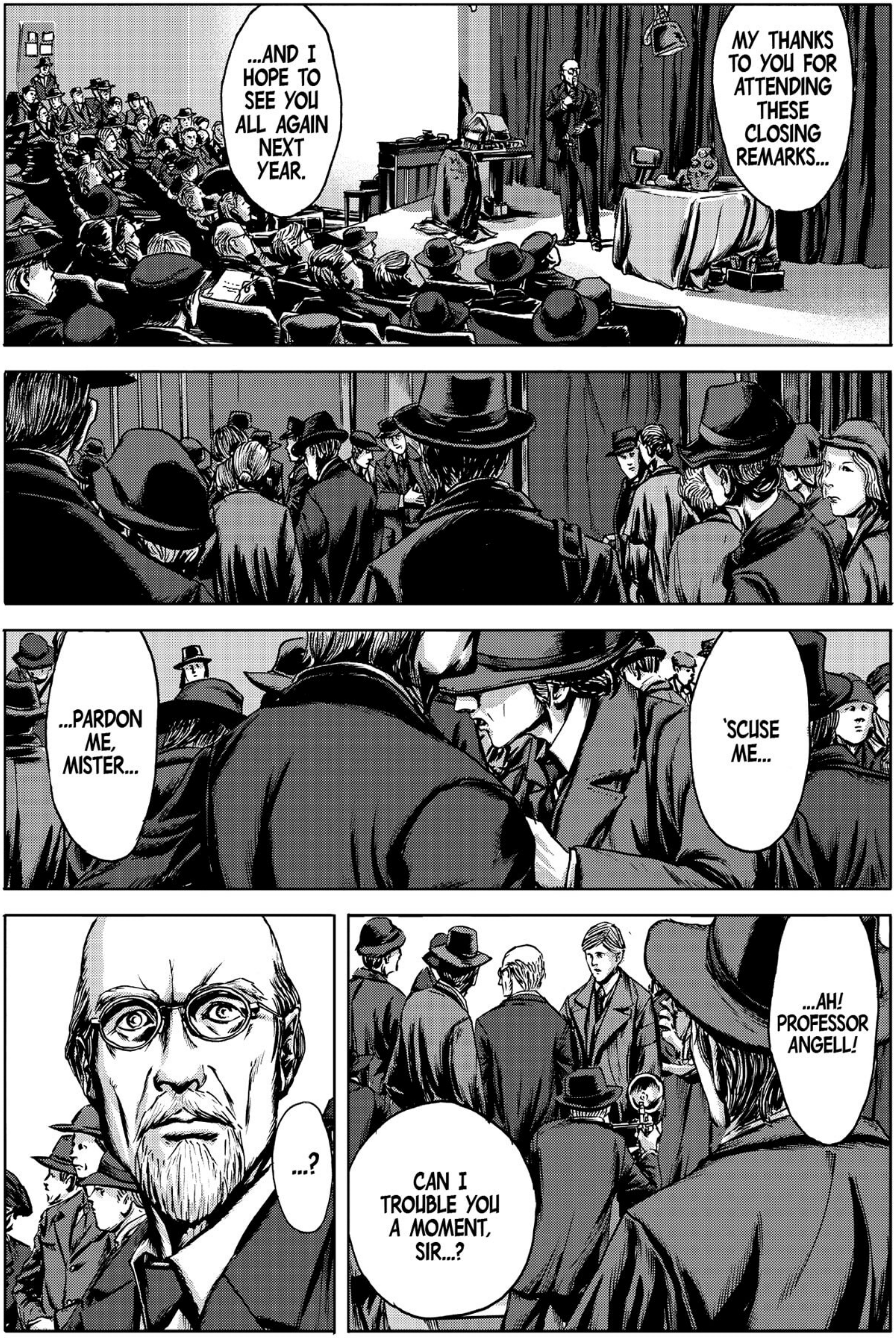

Chicago Daily
The China
SECTION
Shanghai Sunday

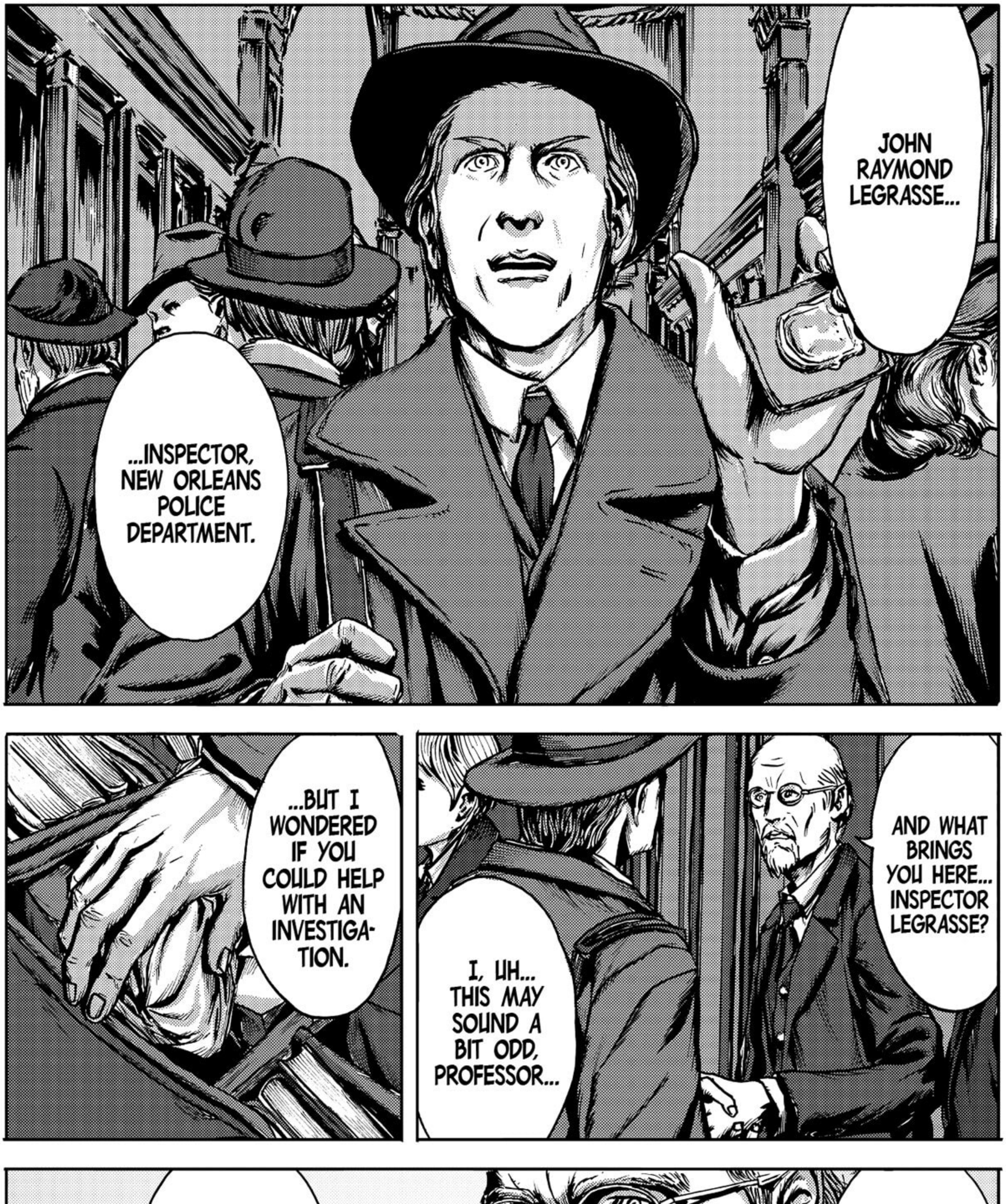

DOCTOR TOBEY? IT'S ANGELL.
I WANTED TO INQUIRE ABOUT WILCOX...
...OH? THAT'S CERTAINLY GOOD TO HEAR.
AND WHERE IS HE RIGHT NOW...?
AH... I SEE.
THANK YOU. I'M MUCH OBLIGED.
Sculptor.
H.A.Wilcox

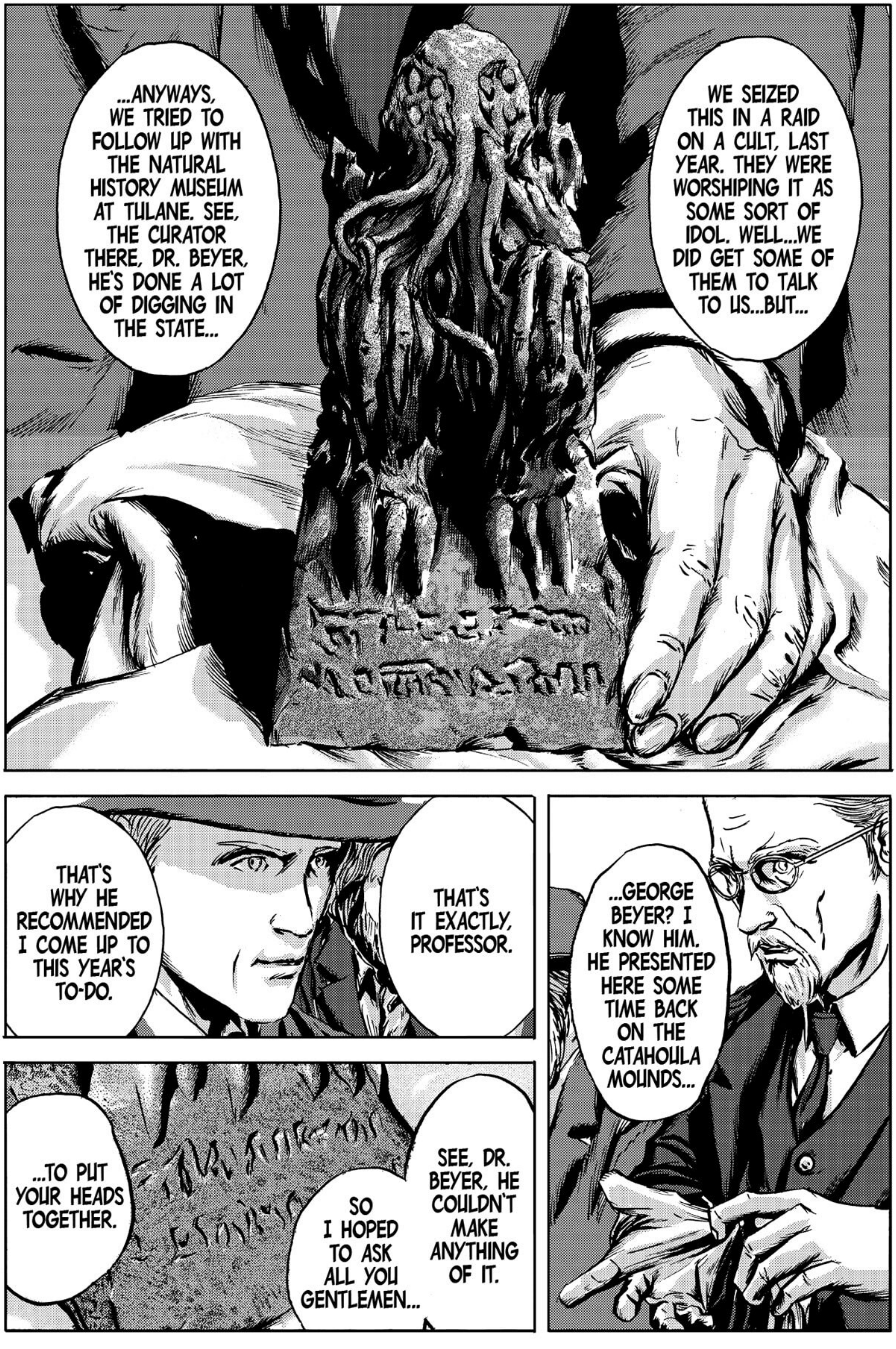

IT'S PROFESSOR ANGELL. I REALIZE THE HOUR IS LATE...
OH... YES...FROM BROWN UNIVERSITY? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?
WELL, IT REGARDS YOUR SCULPTURE, OF COURSE. AND YOUR DREAMS...
DREAMS?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, PROFESSOR ANGELL.
AS FOR MY SCULPTURE, I'M UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMISSIONS AT THE MOMENT...
THE NIGHTMARES YOU HAD...
THE BAS-RELIEF YOU MADE... ON THAT CLAY TABLET YOU ASKED ME TO DECIPHER...
I DON'T RECALL MAKING ANY CLAY TABLETS, PROFESSOR.

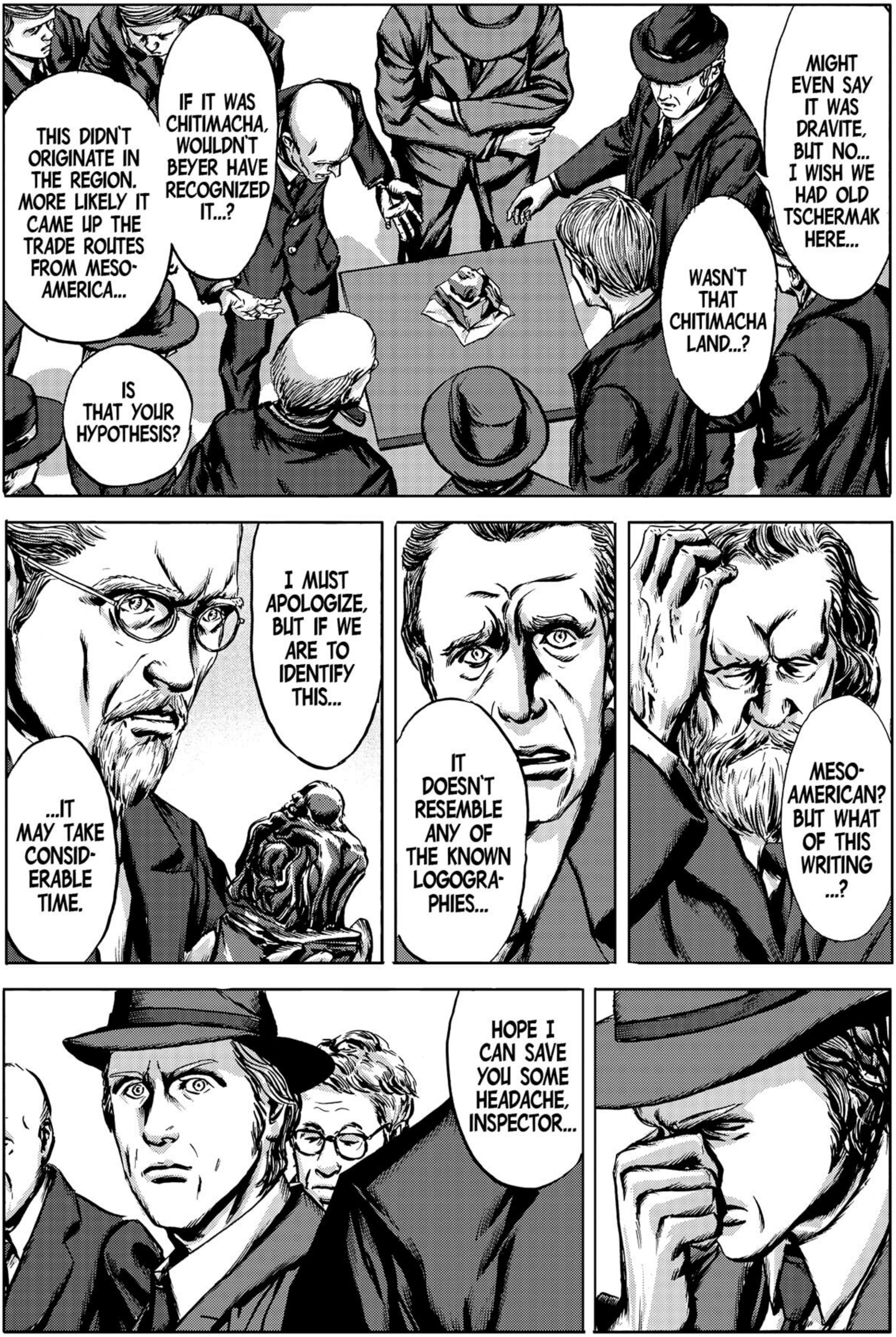

Apologizing profusely to the young sculptor, he rambled an explanation that he had mixed up somehow his translation work with his dream research...the latter of which required student volunteers to balance out his professional correspondents...
Wondering if Wilcox truly had forgotten the whole affair, my grand-uncle thought swiftly and feigned confusion...playing the absent-minded academic.
Professor Angell reasoned to himself that if Wilcox was lying about his memory, it would come out over the next few days. Yet the night-thoughts Wilcox therewith related seemed thoroughly usual, pointless, and irrelevant, and my grand-uncle kept no further record of them.
Wilcox, seemingly taking pity on the aged but respected figure, agreed to visit the professor's office for the next week and relate his dreams. This, of course, had been the intent of my grand-uncle's play-acting.
As I dug still further into his papers, I learned that he had first become aware of the Cthulhu cult...
...a full eighteen years ago.
Narrative of Inspector John R. Legrasse,
121 Bienville St., New Orleans, La., at 1908 A. A. S. Mtg.
Notes on Same, & Prof. Webb's Acct.

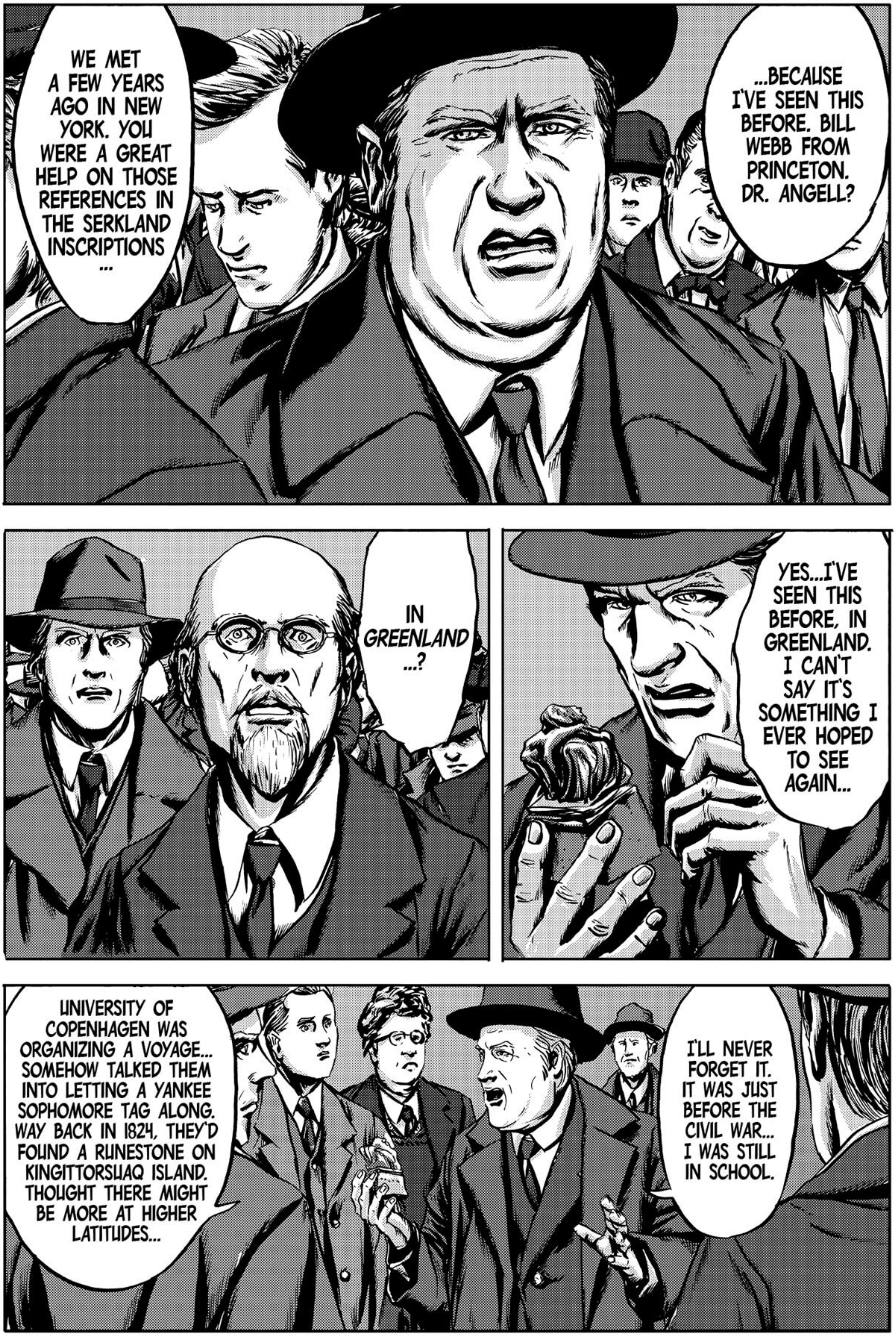

American Archaeological Society--Annual Meeting, 1908.
...WITHIN OUR FIELD, MUCH WORK HAS BEEN DONE TO EXTRACT AND ANALYZE WHAT PHYSICAL EVIDENCE CAN TELL US OF SOCIETAL PROGRESS AND PROCESSES.
HOWEVER, THIS EXPLORATION HAS NOT EXTENDED TO THE STUDY OF THE INNER MINDS OF THOSE WHO LIVED IN THE PAST.
WE ARE LIMITED BY THE DIFFICULTIES IN DISCERNING BETWEEN SPECULATION ON POSSIBILITIES, AND DEMONSTRATABLE FACTS.
PERHAPS ONE DAY ARCHAEOLOGY WILL SEE IN NEW WAYS, BEYOND ITS PRESENT DOCTRINES...
...AND GROW IN ITS TRUTH AND UNDERSTANDING BACK TOWARDS THE PAST, JUST AS MANKIND HAS GROWN FORWARD FROM IT.

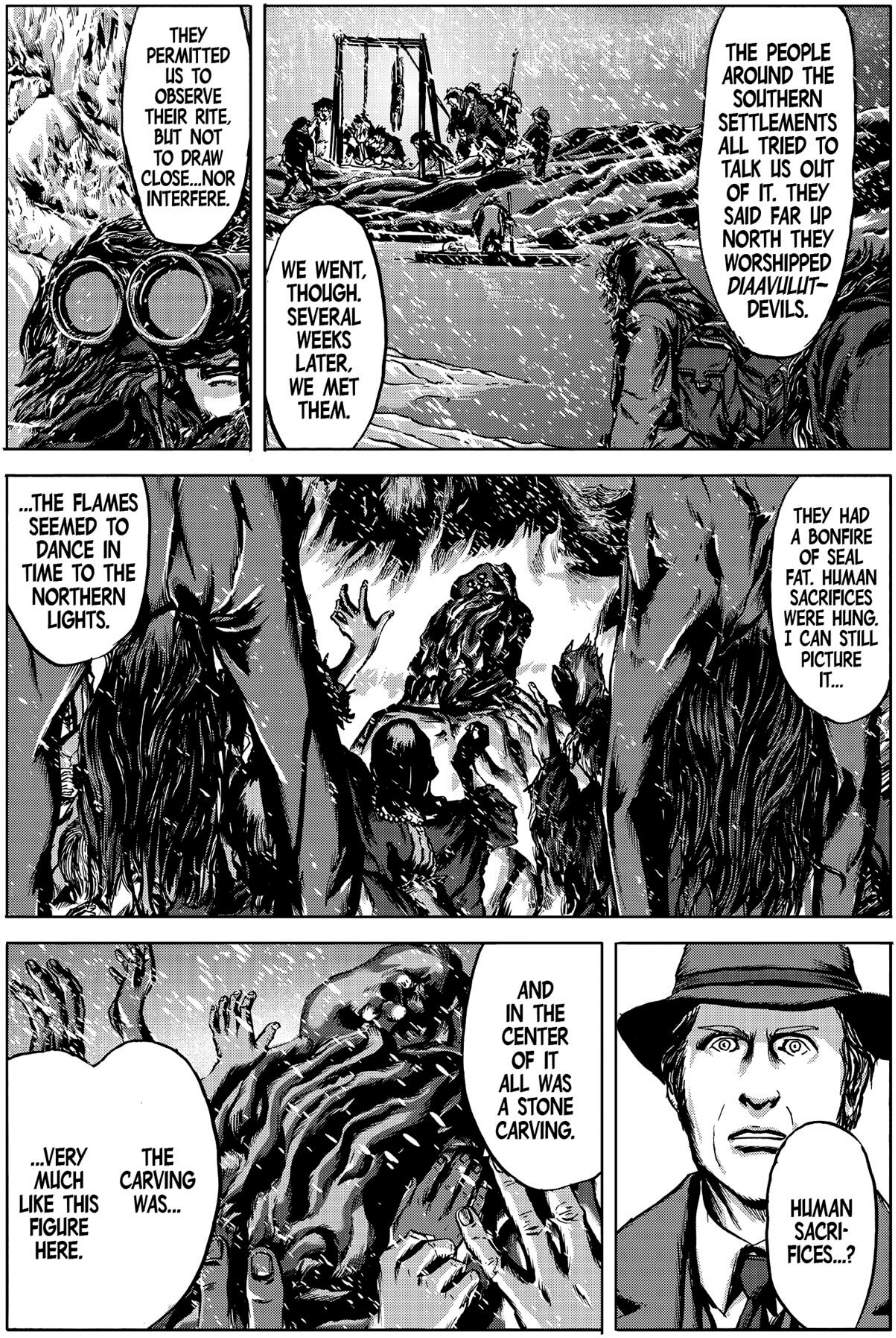

MY THANKS TO YOU FOR ATTENDING THESE CLOSING REMARKS...
...AND I HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN NEXT YEAR.
'SCUSE ME...
...PARDON ME, MISTER...
...AH! PROFESSOR ANGELL!
CAN I TROUBLE YOU A MOMENT, SIR...?
...?

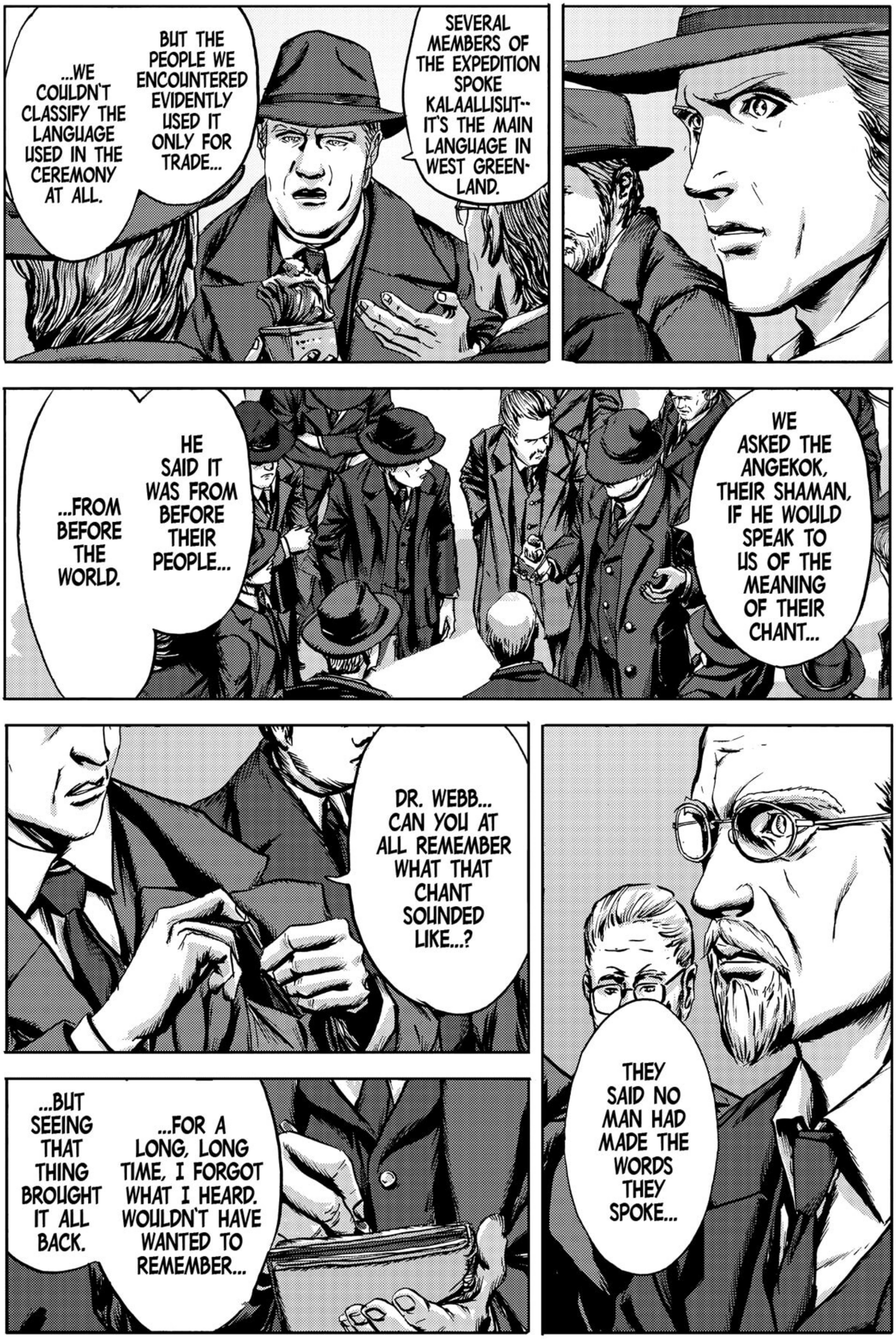

JOHN RAYMOND LEGRASSE...
...INSPECTOR, NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT.
AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE... INSPECTOR LEGRASSE?
I, UH... THIS MAY SOUND A BIT ODD, PROFESSOR...
...BUT I WONDERED IF YOU COULD HELP WITH AN INVESTIGATION.
SURELY IT'S NOT A MATTER FOR ARCHAEOLOGISTS...
WELL, NOW, I WONDER IF IT COULD BE AT THAT, PROFESSOR.
IT'S ABOUT AN ARTICLE OF EVIDENCE FROM A CASE...

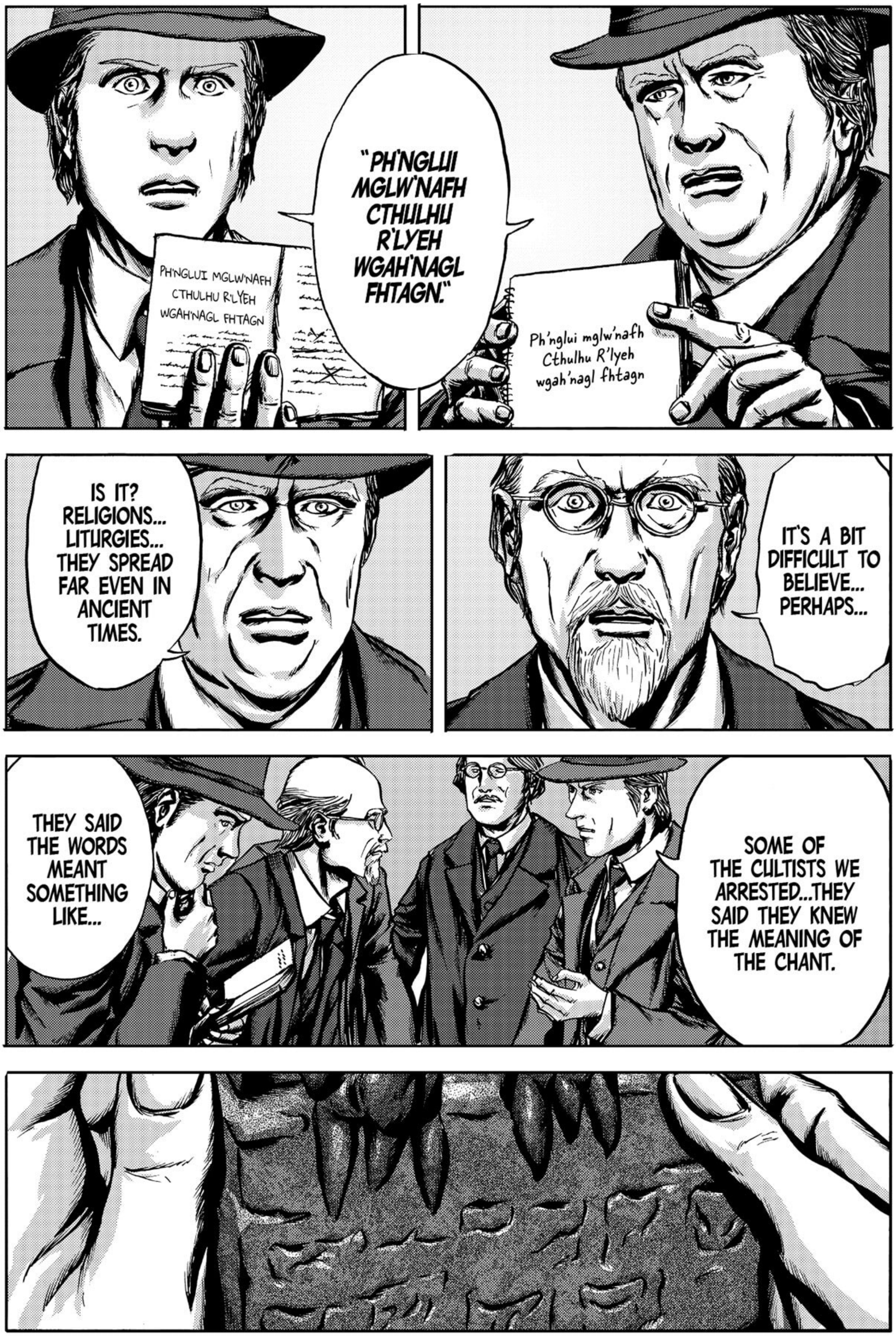

WE SEIZED THIS IN A RAID ON A CULT, LAST YEAR. THEY WERE WORSHIPING IT AS SOME SORT OF IDOL. WELL...WE DID GET SOME OF THEM TO TALK TO US...BUT...
...ANYWAYS, WE TRIED TO FOLLOW UP WITH THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AT TULANE. SEE, THE CURATOR THERE, DR. BEYER, HE'S DONE A LOT OF DIGGING IN THE STATE...
...GEORGE BEYER? I KNOW HIM. HE PRESENTED HERE SOME TIME BACK ON THE CATAHOULA MOUNDS...
THAT'S IT EXACTLY, PROFESSOR.
THAT'S WHY HE RECOMMENDED I COME UP TO THIS YEAR'S TO-DO.
SEE, DR. BEYER, HE COULDN'T MAKE ANYTHING OF IT.
SO I HOPED TO ASK ALL YOU GENTLEMEN...
...TO PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER.

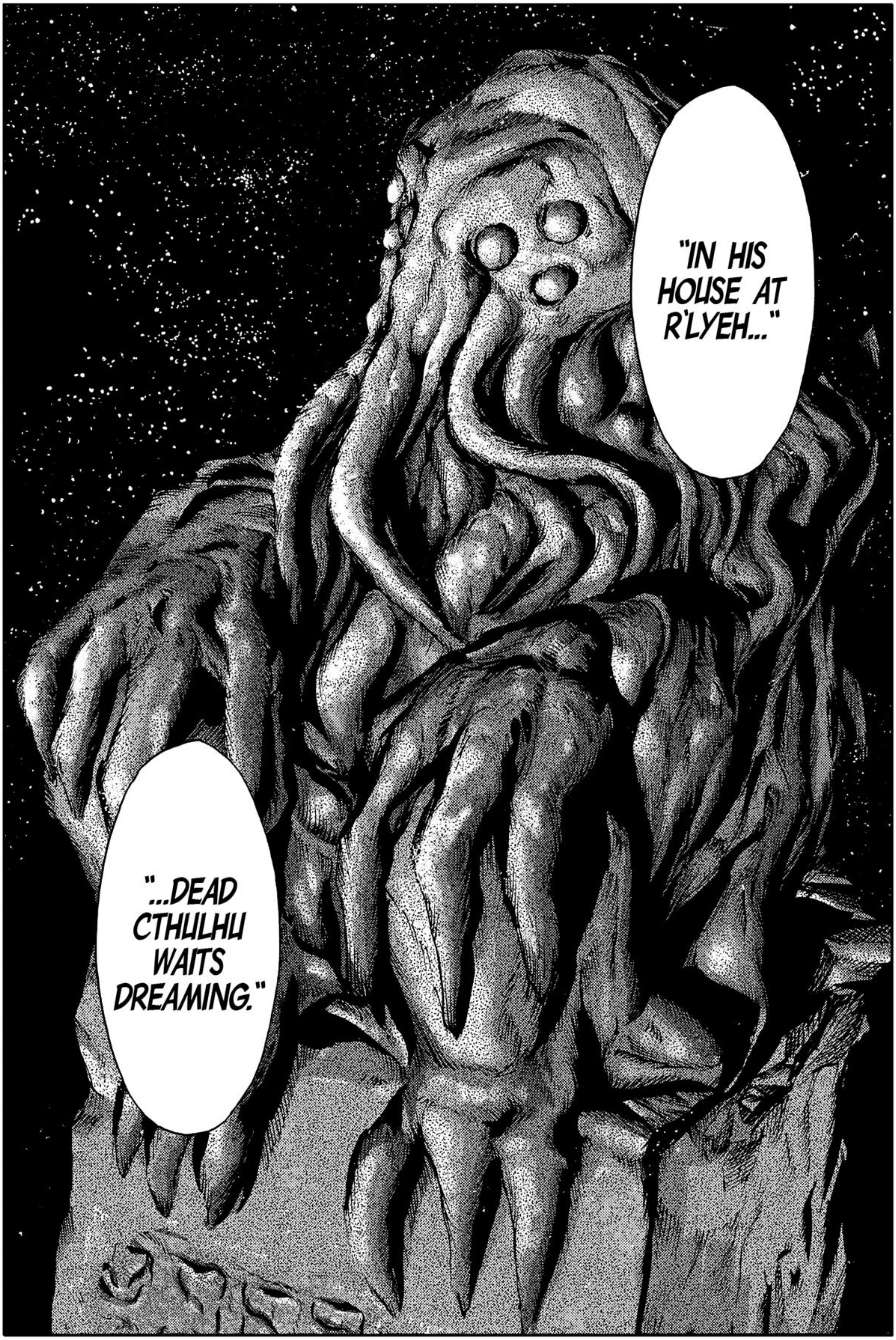

MIGHT EVEN SAY IT WAS DRAVITE, BUT NO... I WISH WE HAD OLD TSCHERMAK HERE...
WASN'T THAT CHITIMACHA LAND...?
IF IT WAS CHITIMACHA, WOULDN'T BEYER HAVE RECOGNIZED IT...?
THIS DIDN'T ORIGINATE IN THE REGION. MORE LIKELY IT CAME UP THE TRADE ROUTES FROM MESO-AMERICA...
IS THAT YOUR HYPOTHESIS?
MESO-AMERICAN? BUT WHAT OF THIS WRITING ...?
IT DOESN'T RESEMBLE ANY OF THE KNOWN LOGOGRAPHIES...
I MUST APOLOGIZE, BUT IF WE ARE TO IDENTIFY THIS...
...IT MAY TAKE CONSIDERABLE TIME.
HOPE I CAN SAVE YOU SOME HEADACHE, INSPECTOR...

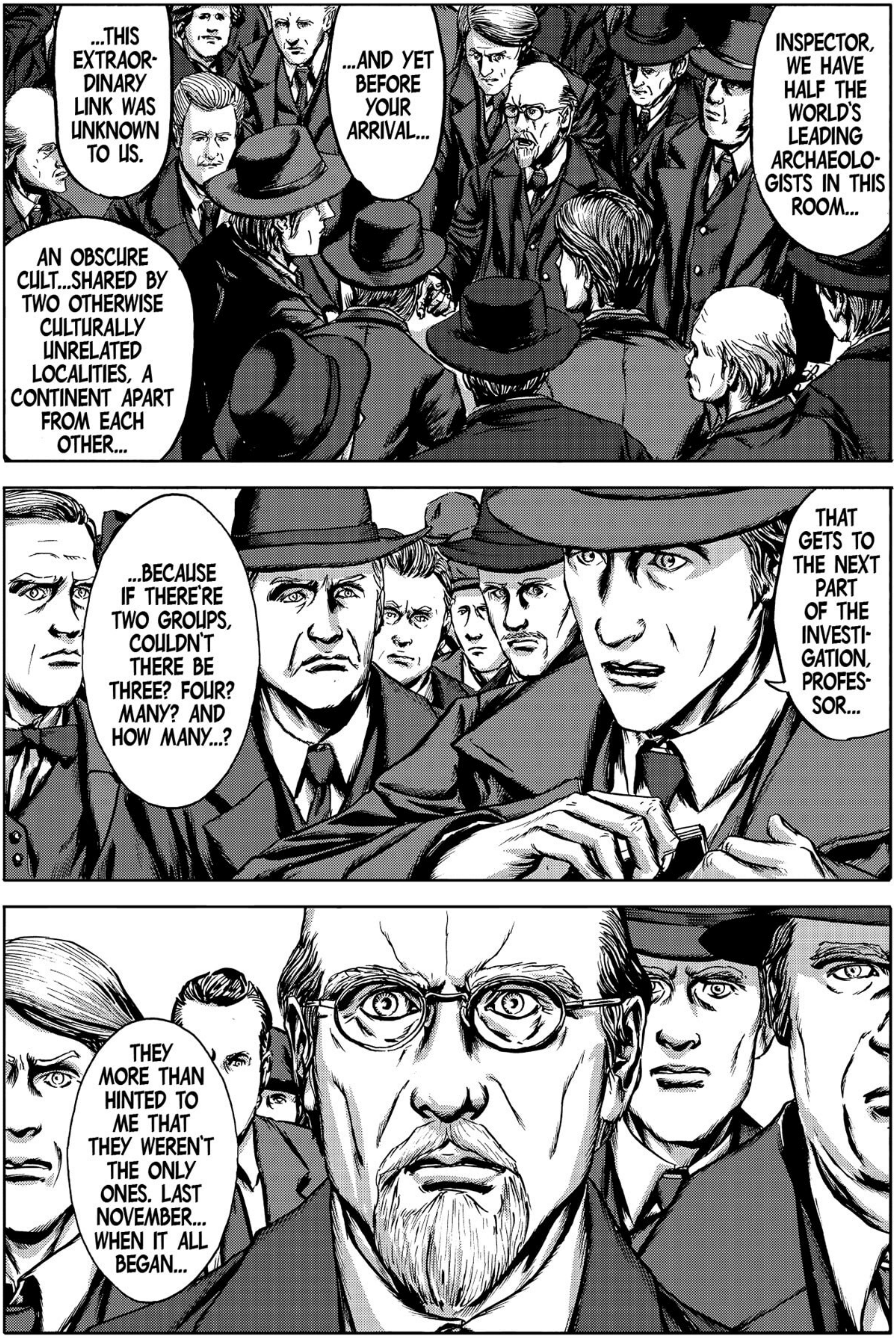

WE MET A FEW YEARS AGO IN NEW YORK. YOU WERE A GREAT HELP ON THOSE REFERENCES IN THE SERKLAND INSCRIPTIONS ...
...BECAUSE I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. BILL WEBB FROM PRINCETON. DR. ANGELL?
IN *GREENLAND* ...?
YES...I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE, IN GREENLAND. I CAN'T SAY IT'S SOMETHING I EVER HOPED TO SEE AGAIN...
UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN WAS ORGANIZING A VOYAGE... SOMEHOW TALKED THEM INTO LETTING A YANKEE SOPHOMORE TAG ALONG. WAY BACK IN 1824, THEY'D FOUND A RUNESTONE ON KINGITTORSUAQ ISLAND. THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE MORE AT HIGHER LATITUDES...
I'LL NEVER FORGET IT. IT WAS JUST BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR... I WAS STILL IN SCHOOL.

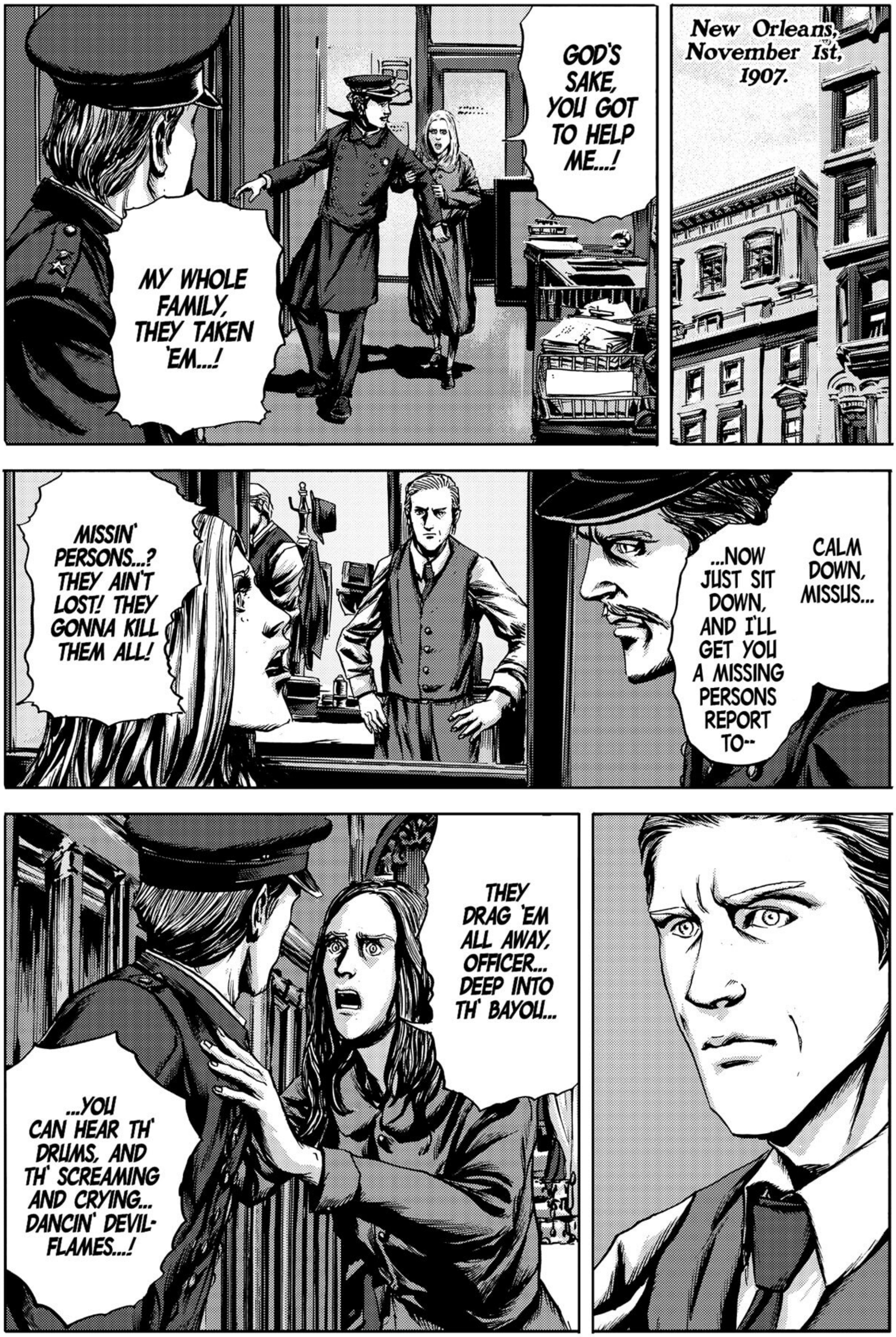

THE PEOPLE AROUND THE SOUTHERN SETTLEMENTS ALL TRIED TO TALK US OUT OF IT. THEY SAID FAR UP NORTH THEY WORSHIPPED *DIAAVULUT*—DEVILS.
WE WENT, THOUGH. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, WE MET THEM.
THEY PERMITTED US TO OBSERVE THEIR RITE, BUT NOT TO DRAW CLOSE...NOR INTERFERE.
THEY HAD A BONFIRE OF SEAL FAT. HUMAN SACRIFICES WERE HUNG. I CAN STILL PICTURE IT...
...THE FLAMES SEEMED TO DANCE IN TIME TO THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.
HUMAN SACRIFICES...?
AND IN THE CENTER OF IT ALL WAS A STONE CARVING.
THE CARVING WAS...
...VERY MUCH LIKE THIS FIGURE HERE.

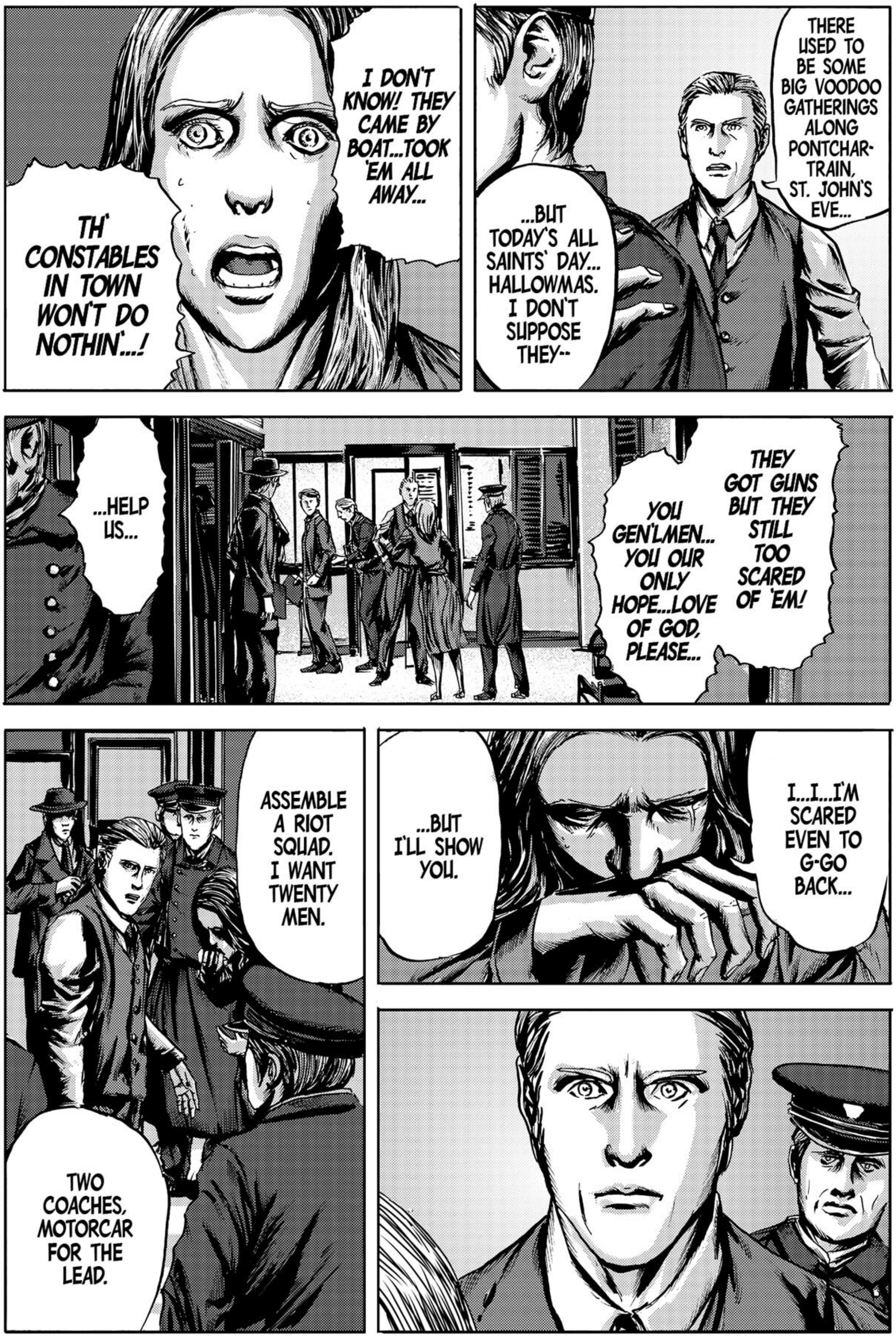

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION SPOKE KALAALLISUT-- IT'S THE MAIN LANGUAGE IN WEST GREENLAND.
BUT THE PEOPLE WE ENCOUNTERED EVIDENTLY USED IT ONLY FOR TRADE...
...WE COULDN'T CLASSIFY THE LANGUAGE USED IN THE CEREMONY AT ALL.
WE ASKED THE ANGEKOK, THEIR SHAMAN, IF HE WOULD SPEAK TO US OF THE MEANING OF THEIR CHANT...
HE SAID IT WAS FROM BEFORE THEIR PEOPLE...
...FROM BEFORE THE WORLD.
THEY SAID NO MAN HAD MADE THE WORDS THEY SPOKE...
DR. WEBB... CAN YOU AT ALL REMEMBER WHAT THAT CHANT SOUNDED LIKE...?
...FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, I FORGOT WHAT I HEARD. WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO REMEMBER...
...BUT SEEING THAT THING BROUGHT IT ALL BACK.

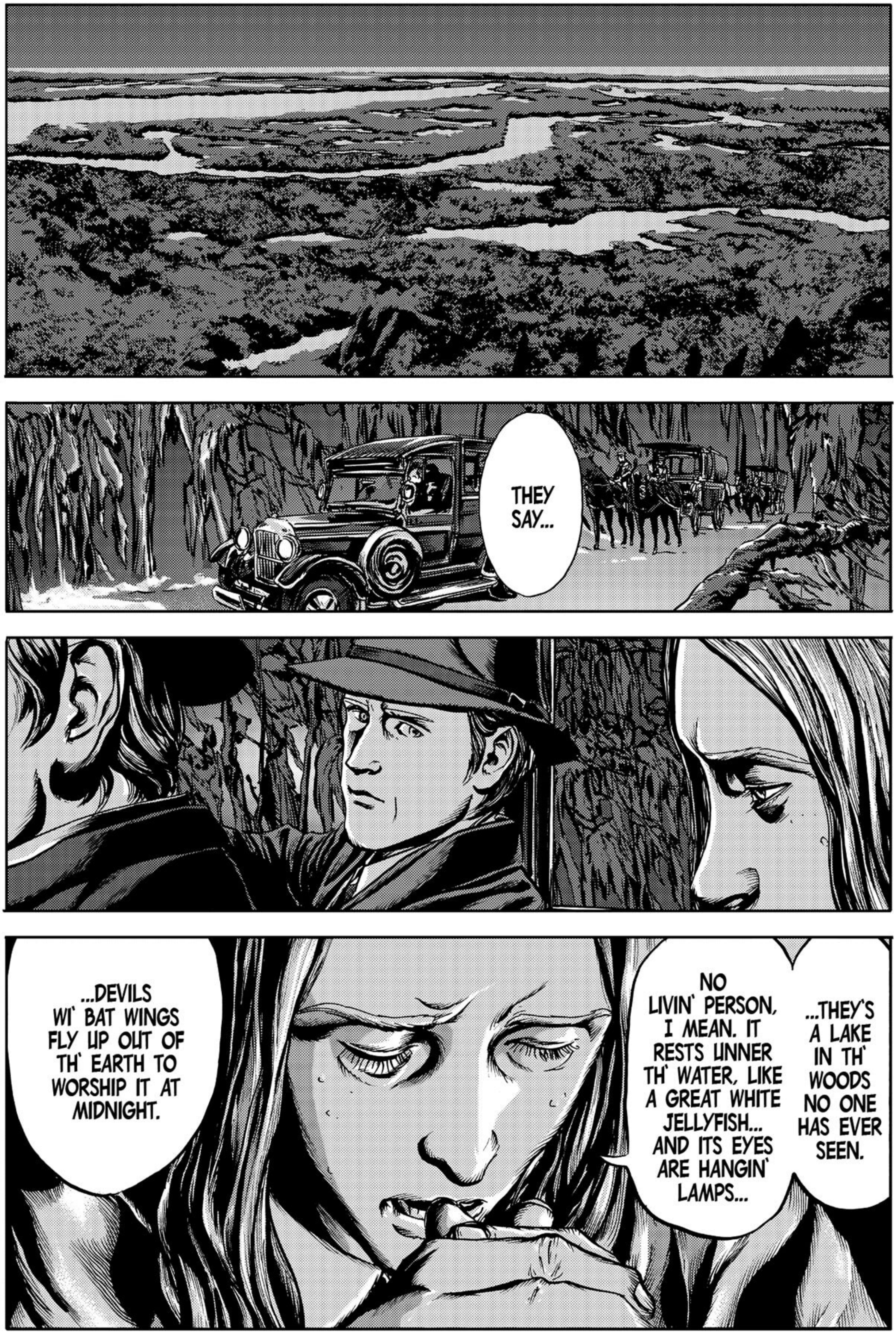

PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN
"PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN."
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn
IS IT? RELIGIONS... LITURGIES... THEY SPREAD FAR EVEN IN ANCIENT TIMES.
IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE... PERHAPS...
SOME OF THE CULTISTS WE ARRESTED...THEY SAID THEY KNEW THE MEANING OF THE CHANT.
THEY SAID THE WORDS MEANT SOMETHING LIKE...

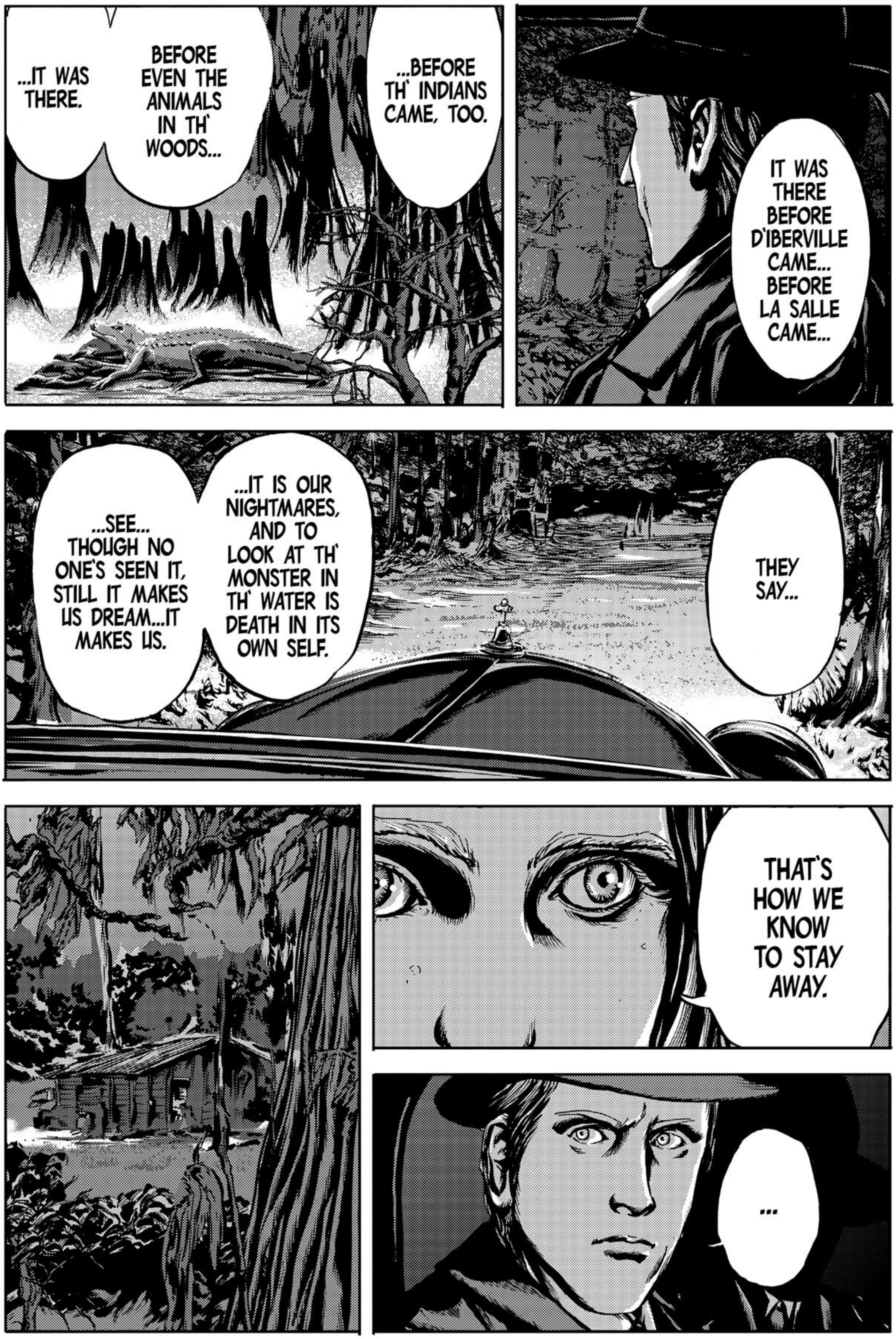

"IN HIS HOUSE AT R'LYEH..."
"...DEAD CTHULHU WAITS DREAMING."

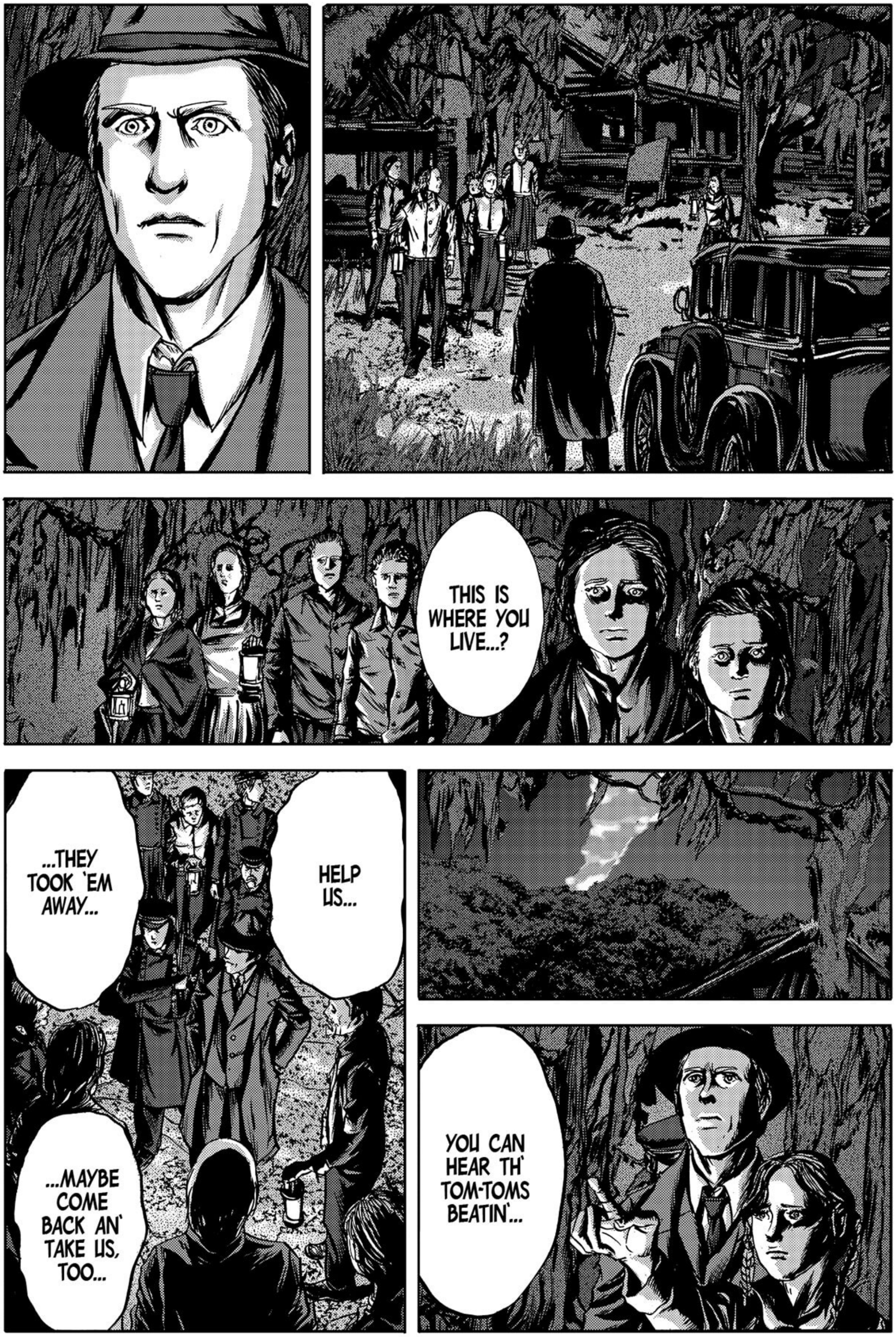

INSPECTOR, WE HAVE HALF THE WORLD'S LEADING ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN THIS ROOM...
...AND YET BEFORE YOUR ARRIVAL...
...THIS EXTRAORDINARY LINK WAS UNKNOWN TO US.
AN OBSCURE CULT...SHARED BY TWO OTHERWISE CULTURALLY UNRELATED LOCALITIES, A CONTINENT APART FROM EACH OTHER...
THAT GETS TO THE NEXT PART OF THE INVESTIGATION, PROFESSOR...
...BECAUSE IF THERE'RE TWO GROUPS, COULDN'T THERE BE THREE? FOUR? MANY? AND HOW MANY...?
THEY MORE THAN HINTED TO ME THAT THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES. LAST NOVEMBER... WHEN IT ALL BEGAN...

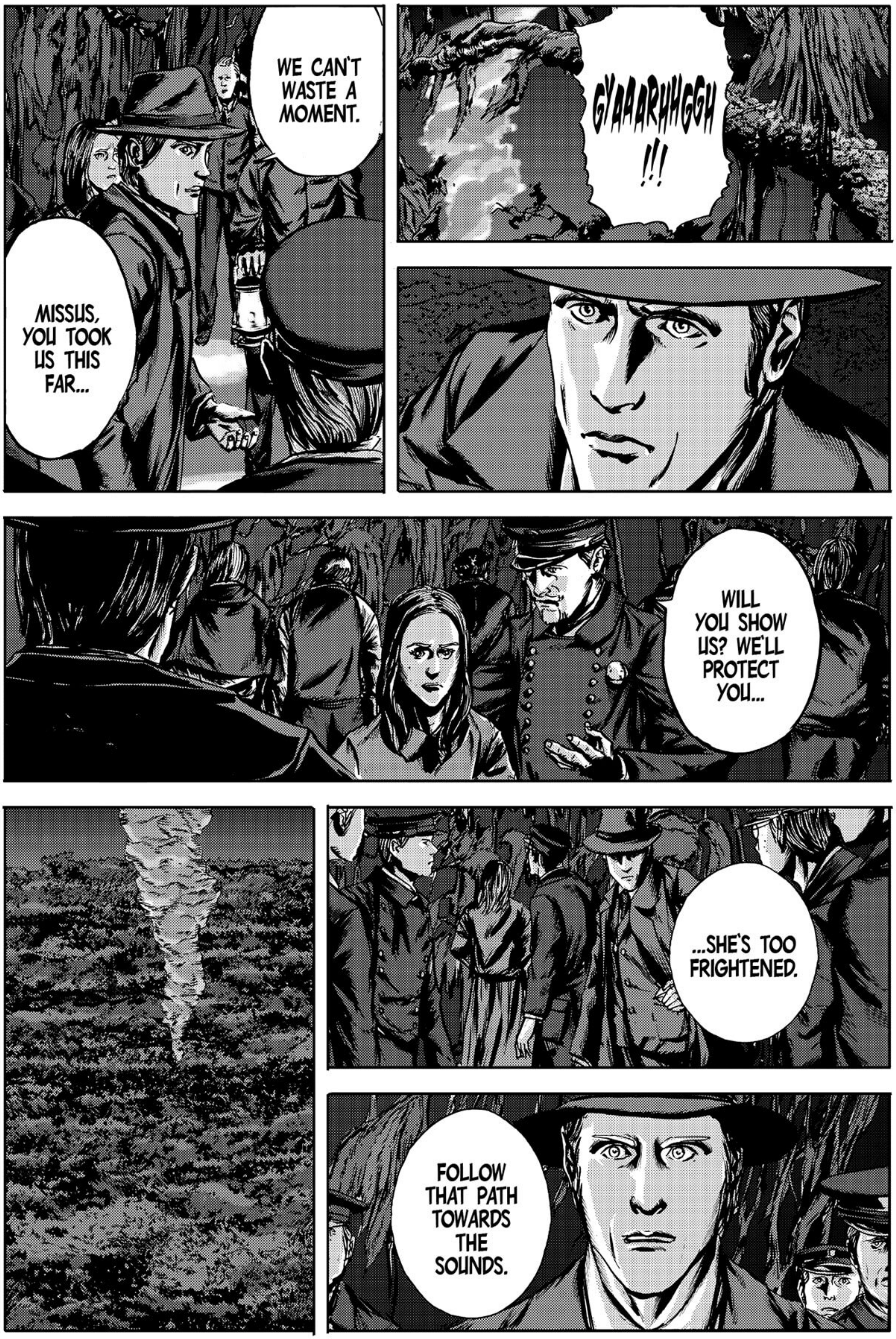

New Orleans, November 1st, 1907.
GOD'S SAKE, YOU GOT TO HELP ME...!
MY WHOLE FAMILY, THEY TAKEN 'EM...!
CALM DOWN, MISSUS...
...NOW JUST SIT DOWN, AND I'LL GET YOU A MISSING PERSONS REPORT TO--
MISSIN' PERSONS...? THEY AIN'T LOST! THEY GONNA KILL THEM ALL!
THEY DRAG 'EM ALL AWAY, OFFICER... DEEP INTO TH' BAYOU...
...YOU CAN HEAR TH' DRUMS, AND TH' SCREAMING AND CRYING... DANCIN' DEVIL-FLAMES...!

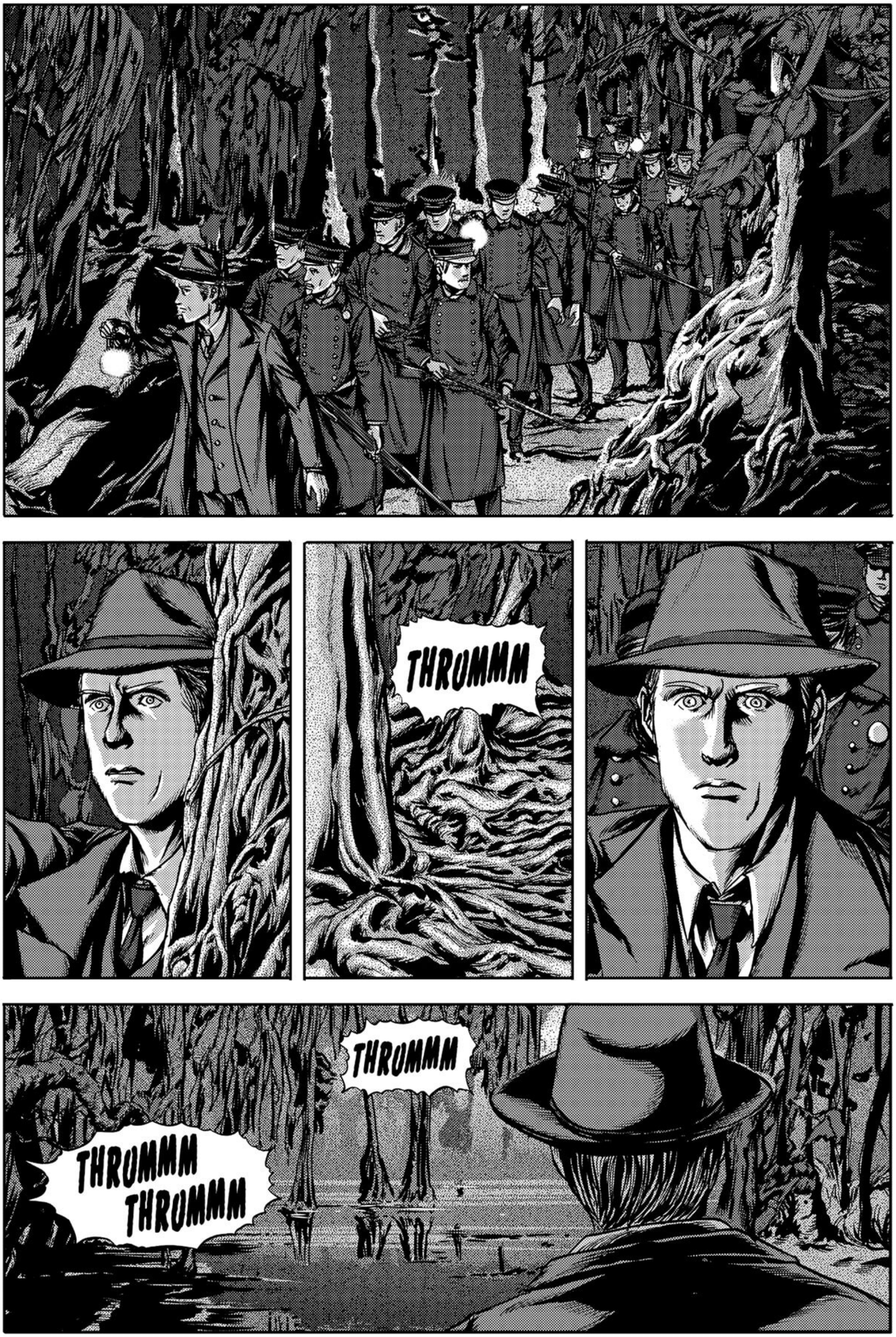

I DON'T KNOW! THEY CAME BY BOAT...TOOK 'EM ALL AWAY...
TH' CONSTABLES IN TOWN WON'T DO NOTHIN'...!
THERE USED TO BE SOME BIG VOODOO GATHERINGS ALONG PONTCHARTRAIN, ST. JOHN'S EVE...
...BUT TODAY'S ALL SAINTS' DAY... HALLOWMAS. I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY--
...HELP US...
THEY GOT GUNS BUT THEY STILL TOO SCARED OF 'EM!
YOU GEN'LMEN... YOU OUR ONLY HOPE...LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE...
I...I...I'M SCARED EVEN TO G-GO BACK...
...BUT I'LL SHOW YOU.
ASSEMBLE A RIOT SQUAD. I WANT TWENTY MEN.
TWO COACHES, MOTORCAR FOR THE LEAD.

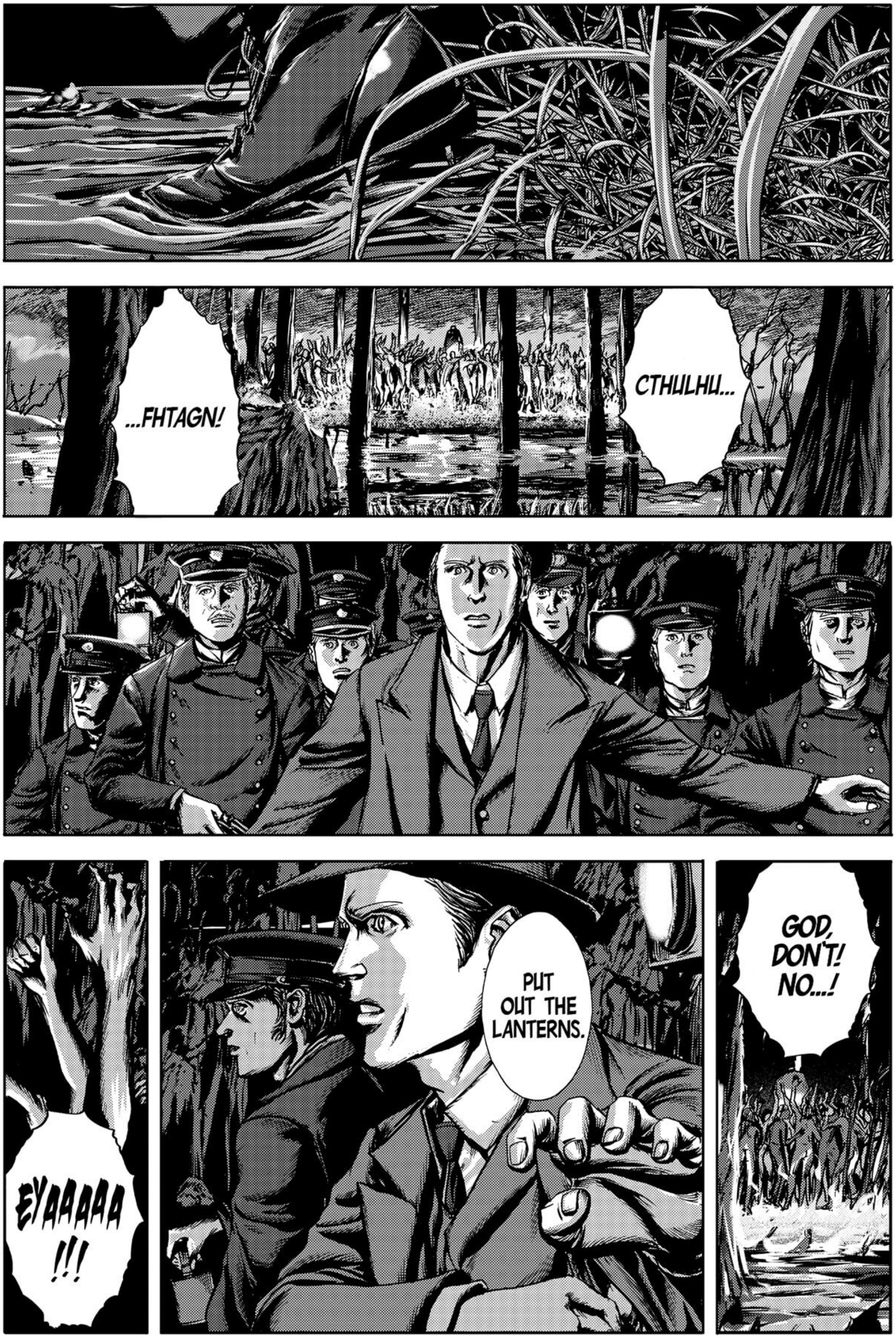

THEY SAY...
...THEY'S A LAKE IN TH' WOODS NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN.
NO LIVIN' PERSON, I MEAN. IT RESTS UNNER TH' WATER, LIKE A GREAT WHITE JELLYFISH... AND ITS EYES ARE HANGIN' LAMPS...
...DEVILS WI' BAT WINGS FLY UP OUT OF TH' EARTH TO WORSHIP IT AT MIDNIGHT.

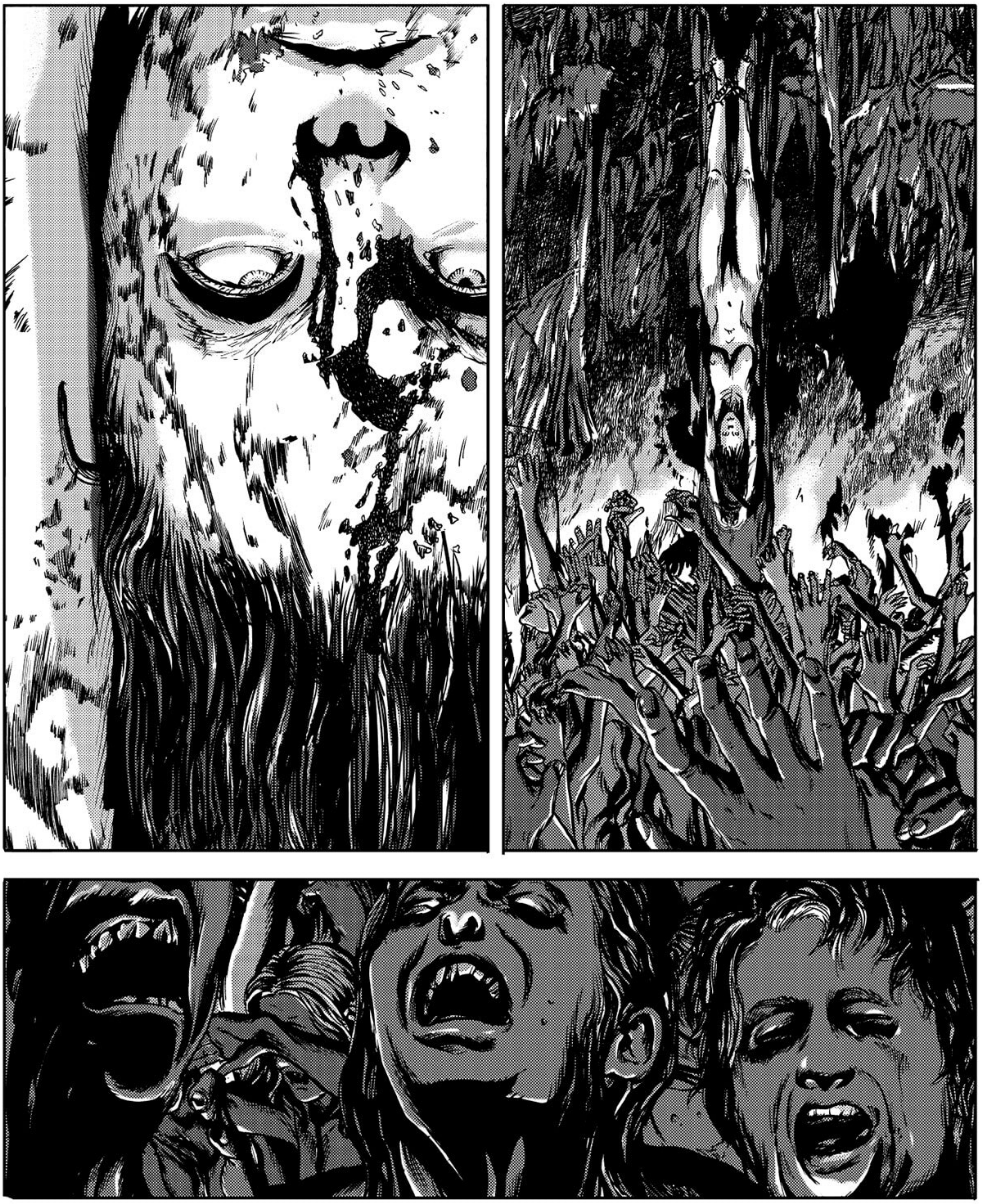

IT WAS THERE BEFORE D'IBERVILLE CAME... BEFORE LA SALLE CAME...
...BEFORE TH' INDIANS CAME, TOO.
BEFORE EVEN THE ANIMALS IN TH' WOODS...
...IT WAS THERE.
THEY SAY...
...IT IS OUR NIGHTMARES, AND TO LOOK AT TH' MONSTER IN TH' WATER IS DEATH IN ITS OWN SELF.
...SEE... THOUGH NO ONE'S SEEN IT, STILL IT MAKES US DREAM...IT MAKES US.
THAT'S HOW WE KNOW TO STAY AWAY.
...

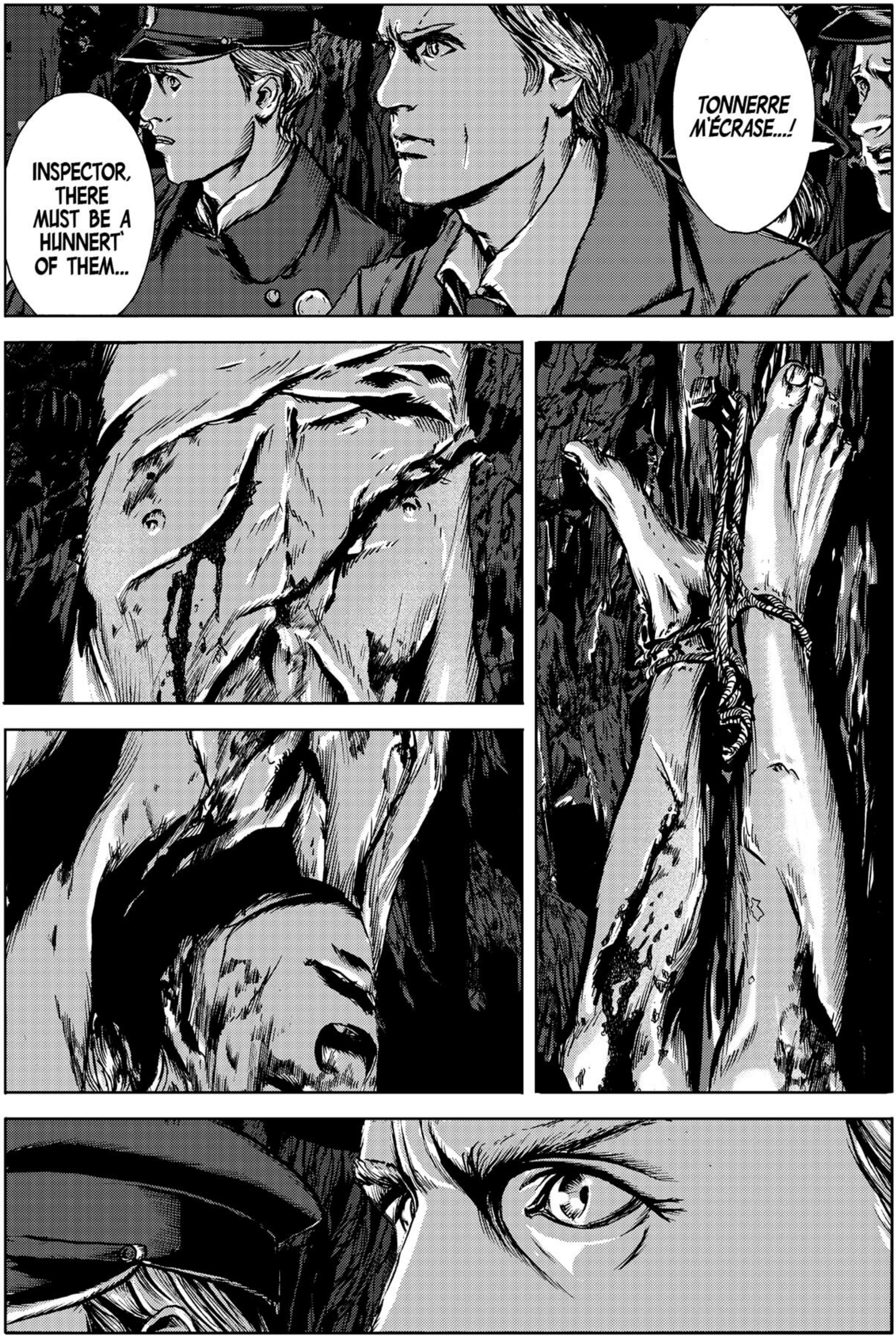

THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE...?
...THEY TOOK 'EM AWAY...
HELP US...
...MAYBE COME BACK AN' TAKE US, TOO...
YOU CAN HEAR TH' TOM-TOMS BEATIN'...

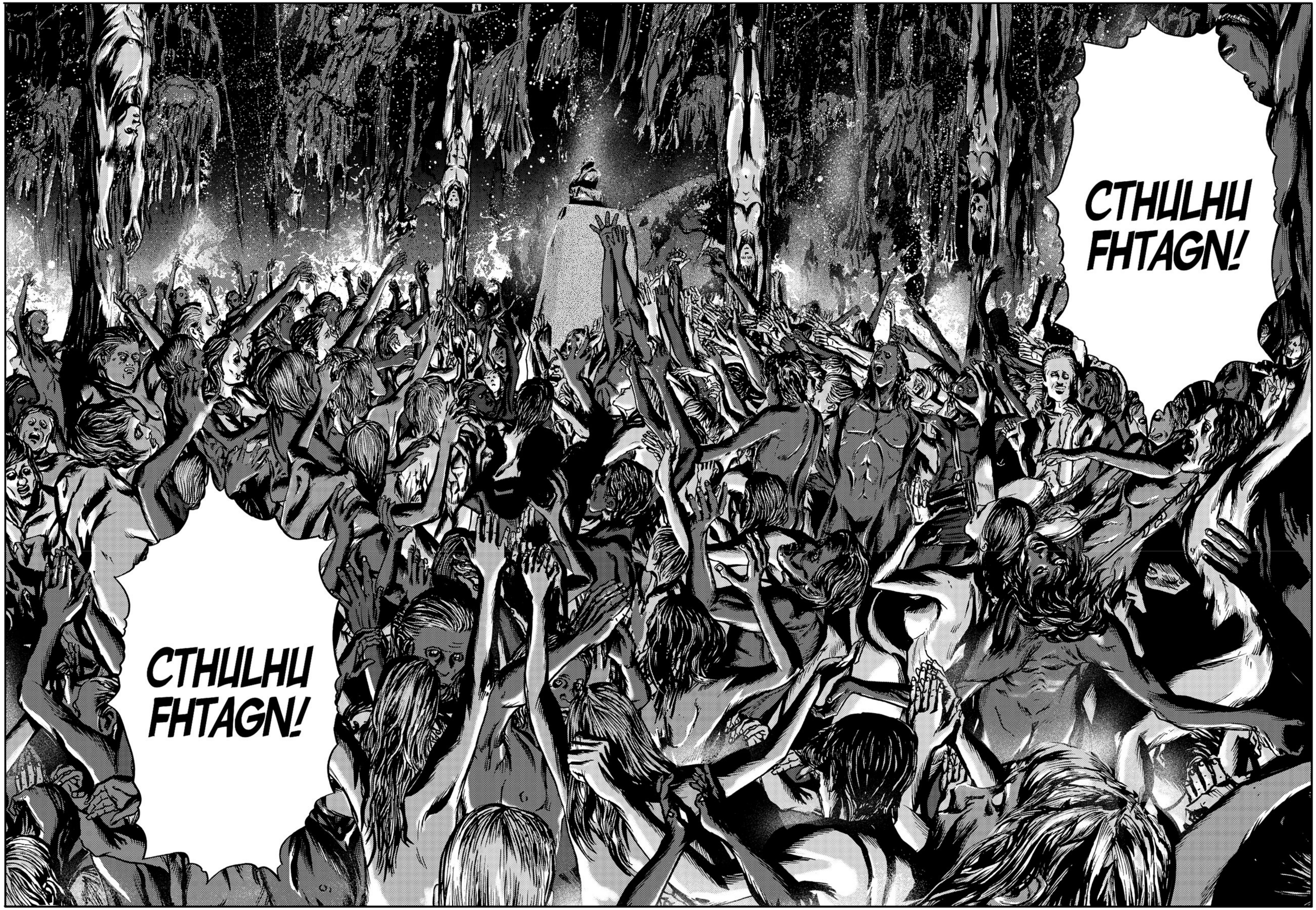

WE CAN'T WASTE A MOMENT.
MISSUS, YOU TOOK US THIS FAR...
GYAAARHHGGH!!!
WILL YOU SHOW US? WE'LL PROTECT YOU...
...SHE'S TOO FRIGHTENED.
FOLLOW THAT PATH TOWARDS THE SOUNDS.

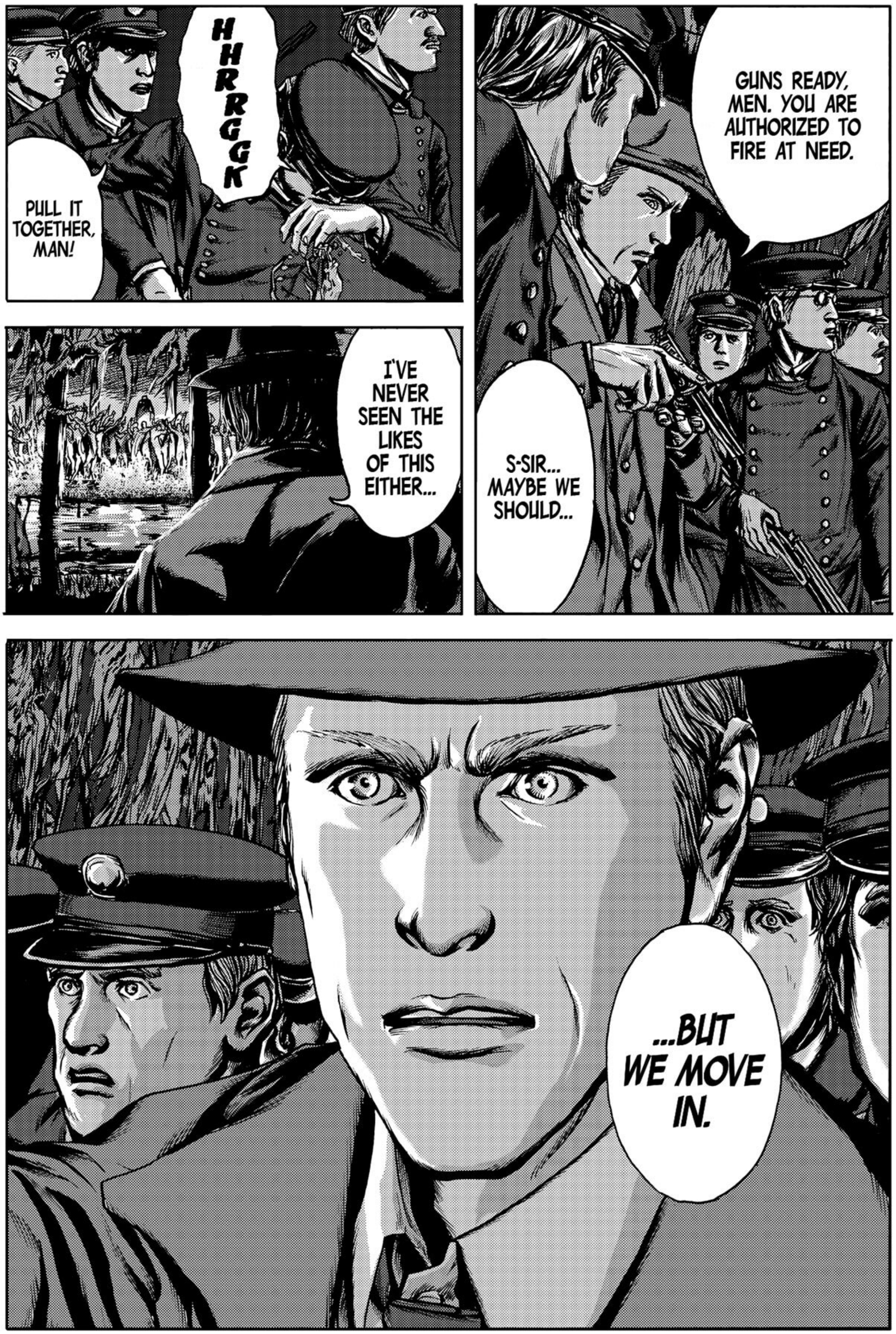

THROMMM
THROMMM
THROMMM
THROMMM


CTHULHU...
...FHTAGN!
GOD, DON'T! NO...!
PUT OUT THE LANTERNS.
EYAAAAA!!!


THRUMMM
THRUMMM
THRUMMM
THRUMMM


TONNERRE M'ÉCRASE...!
INSPECTOR, THERE MUST BE A HUNNERT' OF THEM...

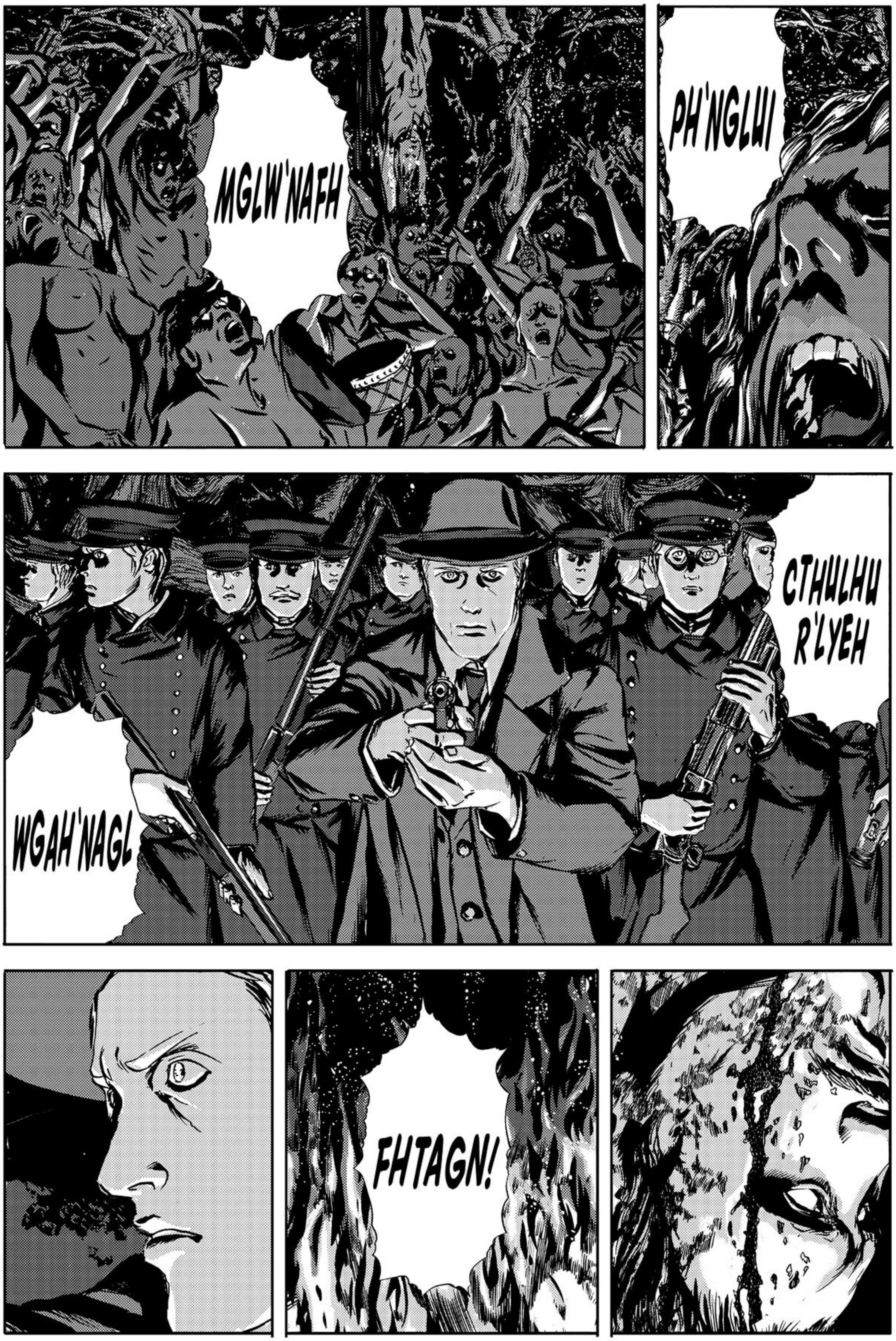

CTHULHU FHTAGN!
CTHULHU FHTAGN!

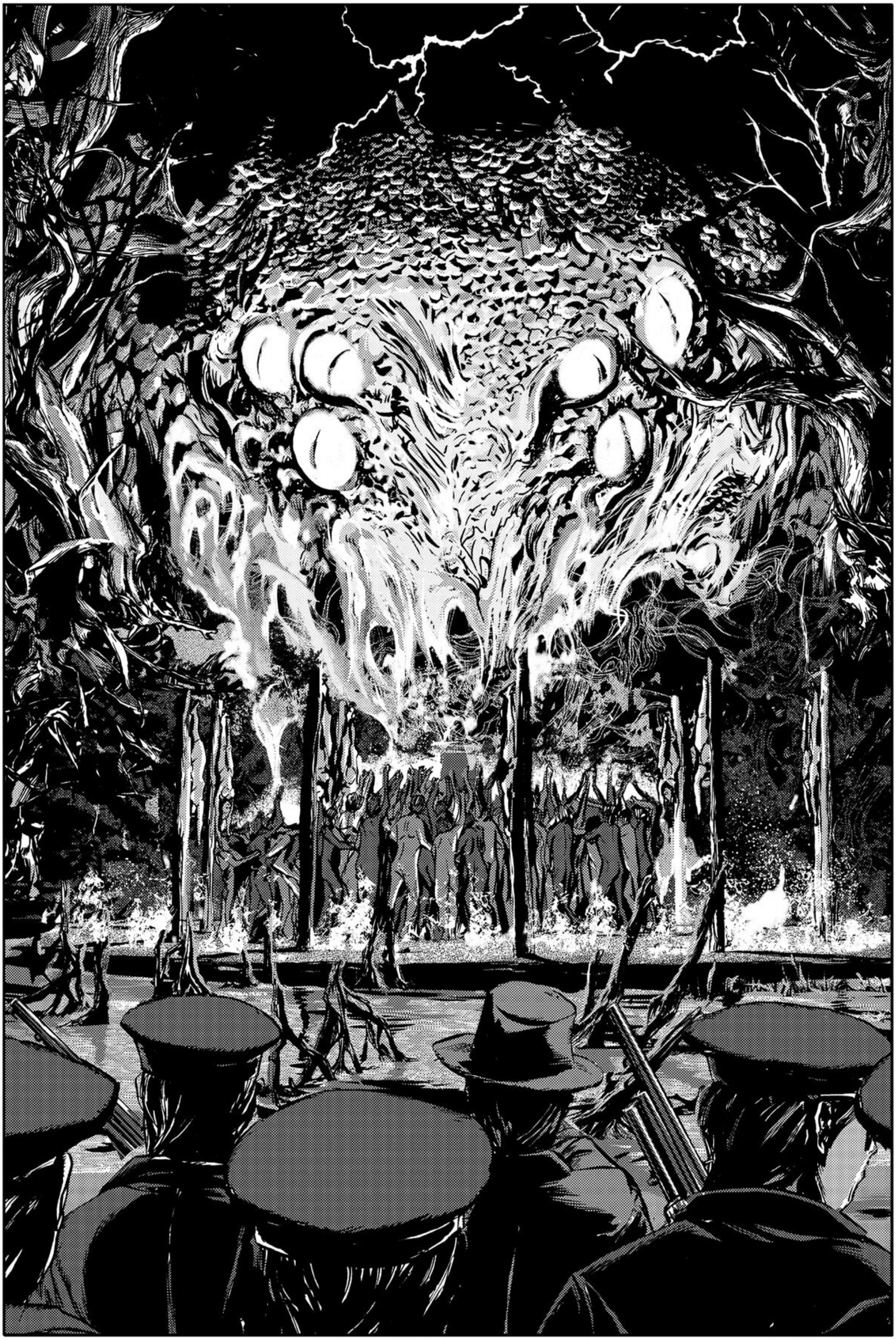

GUNS READY, MEN. YOU ARE AUTHORIZED TO FIRE AT NEED.
S-SIR... MAYBE WE SHOULD...
HHRRGGK
PULL IT TOGETHER, MAN!
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKES OF THIS EITHER...
...BUT WE MOVE IN.

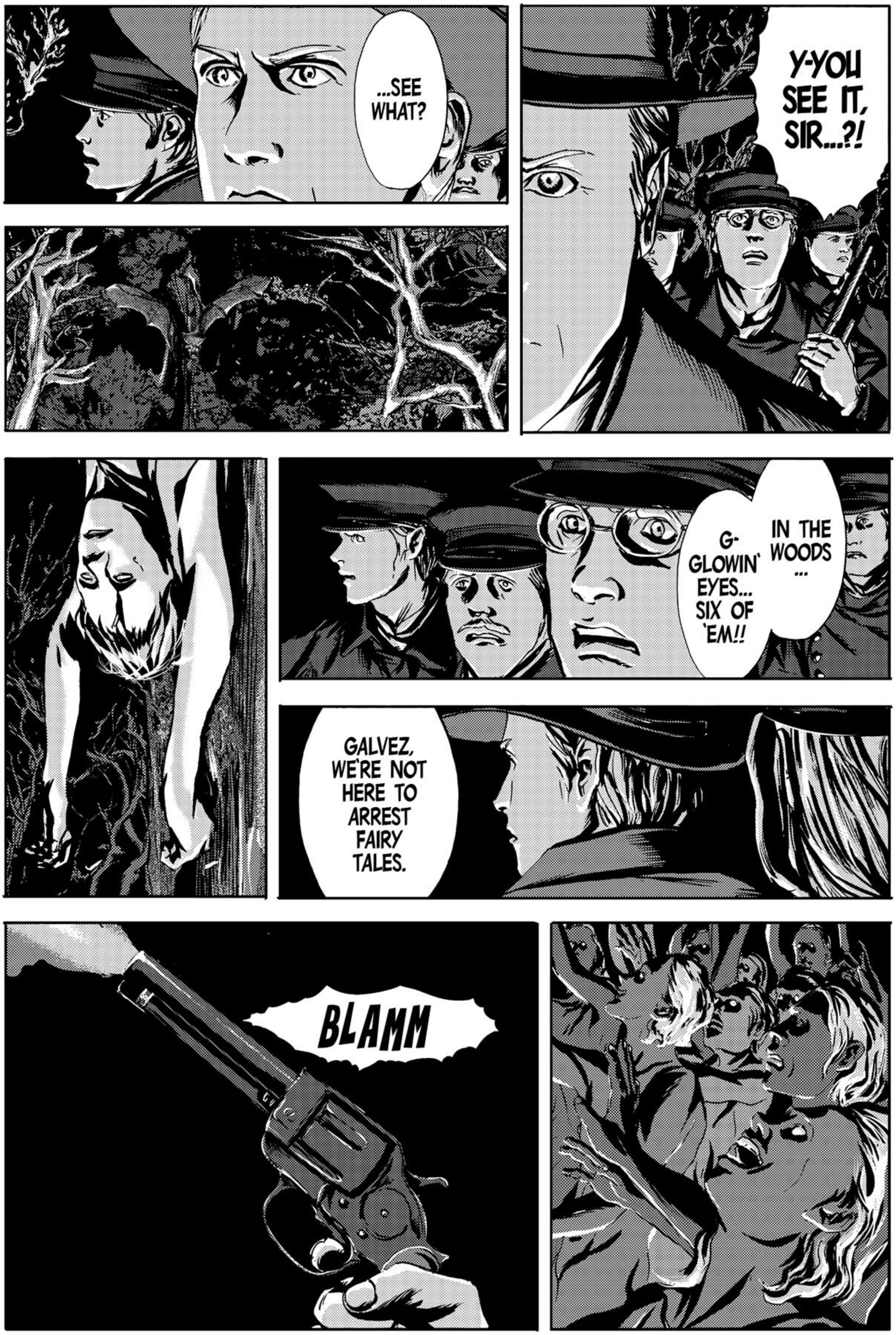
Chapter Three

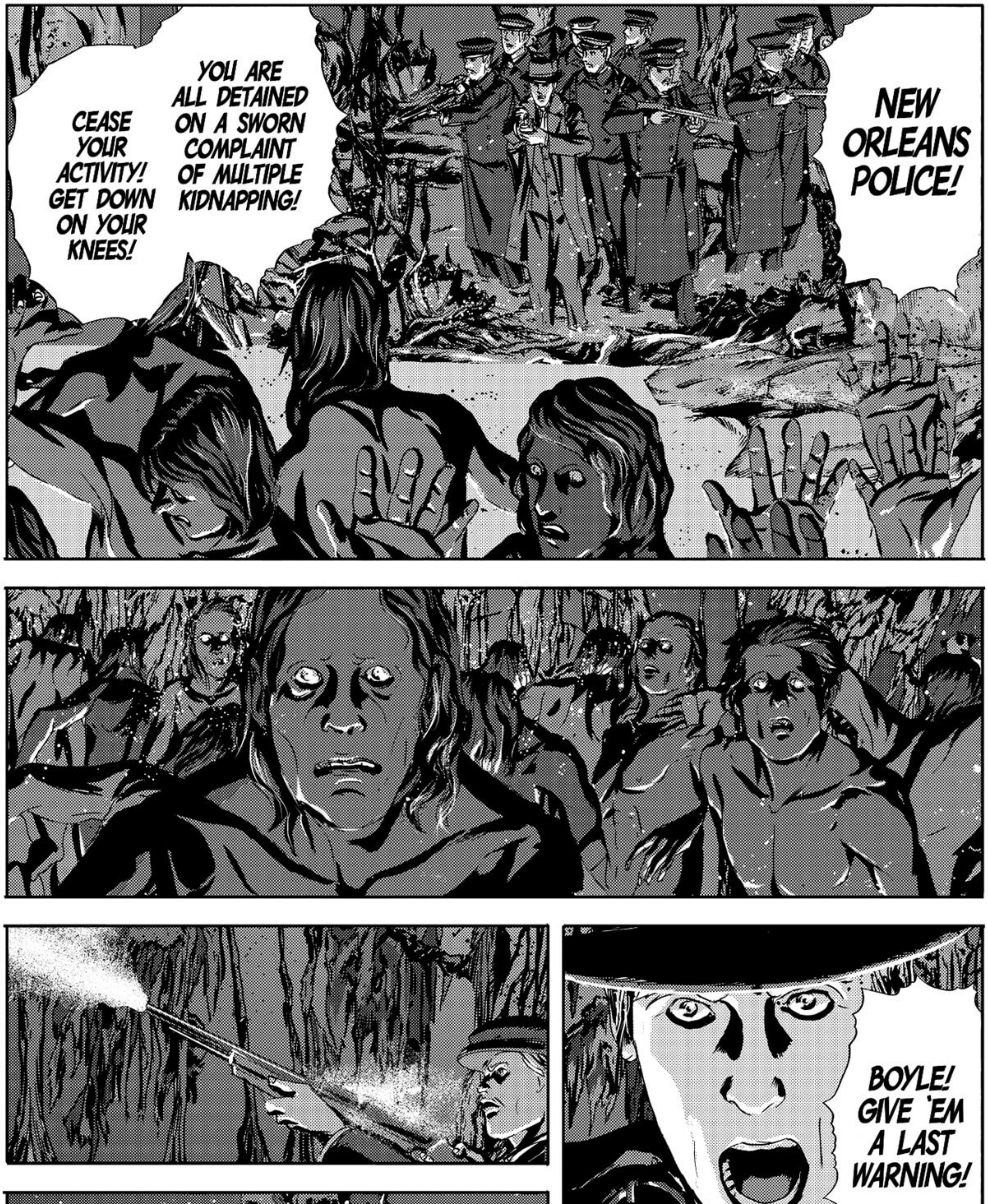
CTHULHU CULT

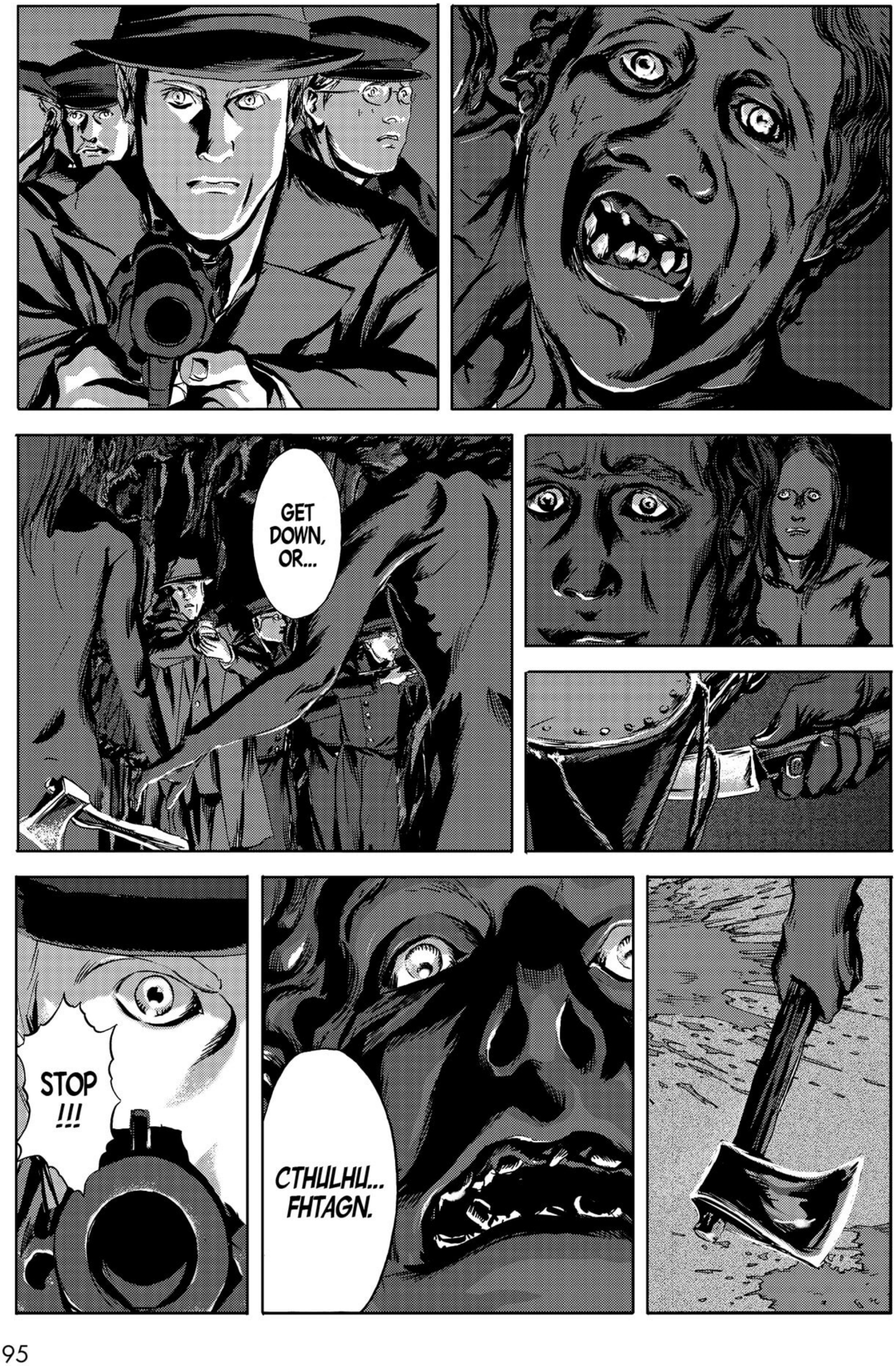
クトゥルフ教団

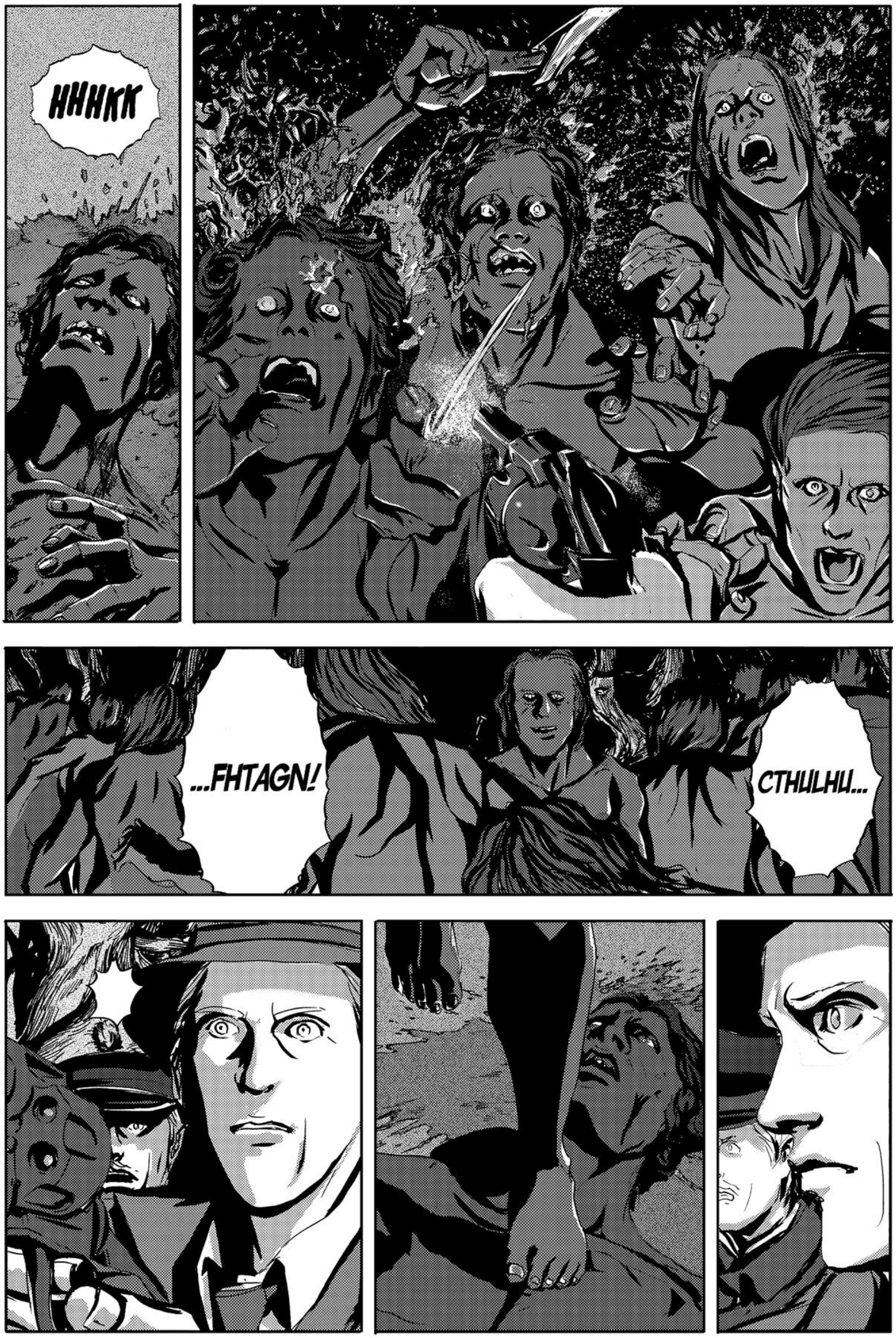

PH'NGLUI
MGLW'NAFH
CTHULHU R'LYEH
WGAH'NAGL
FHTAGN!

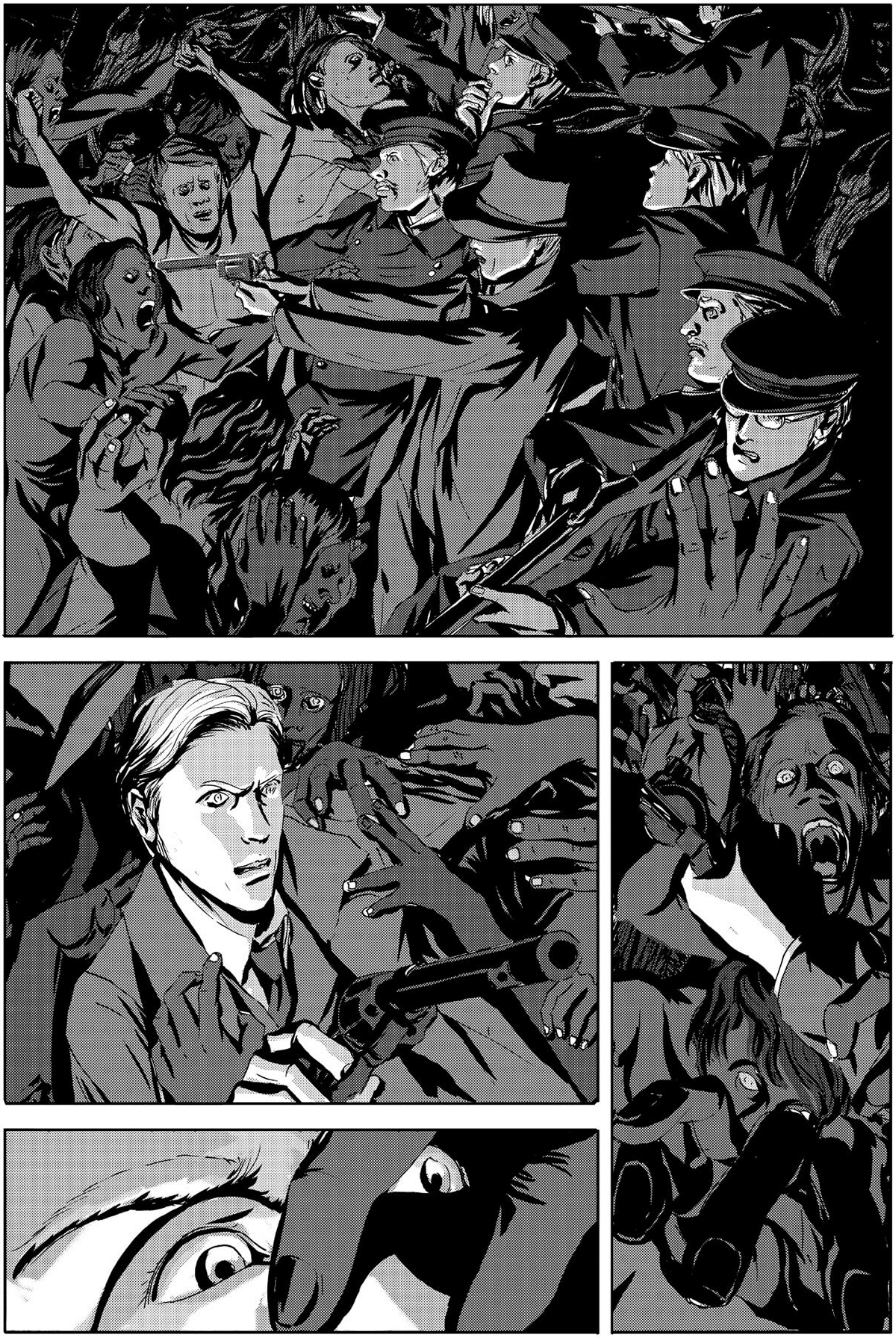


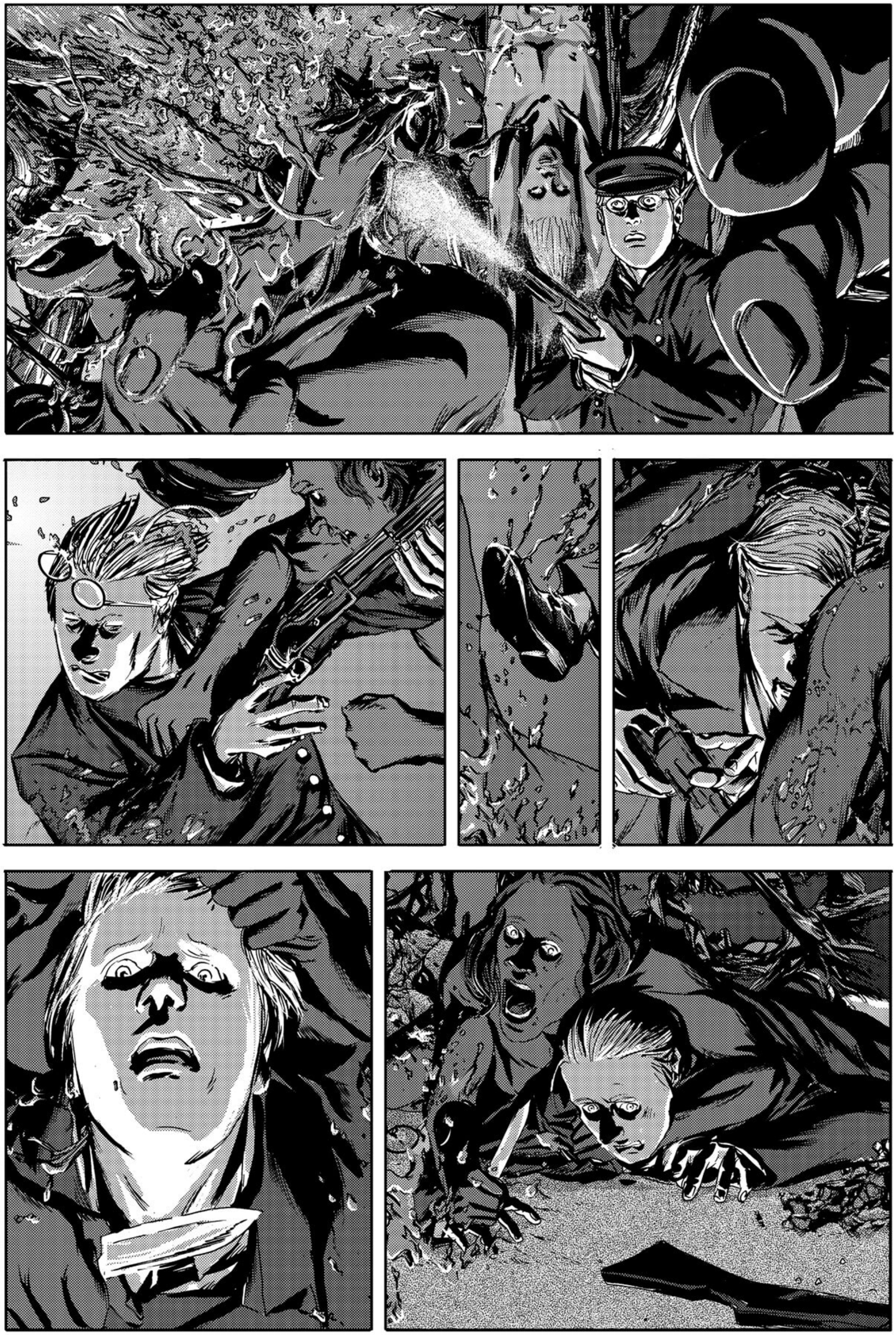

...SEE WHAT?
Y-YOU SEE IT, SIR...?!
G-GLOWIN' EYES... SIX OF 'EM!!
IN THE WOODS ...
GALVEZ, WE'RE NOT HERE TO ARREST FAIRY TALES.
BLAMM

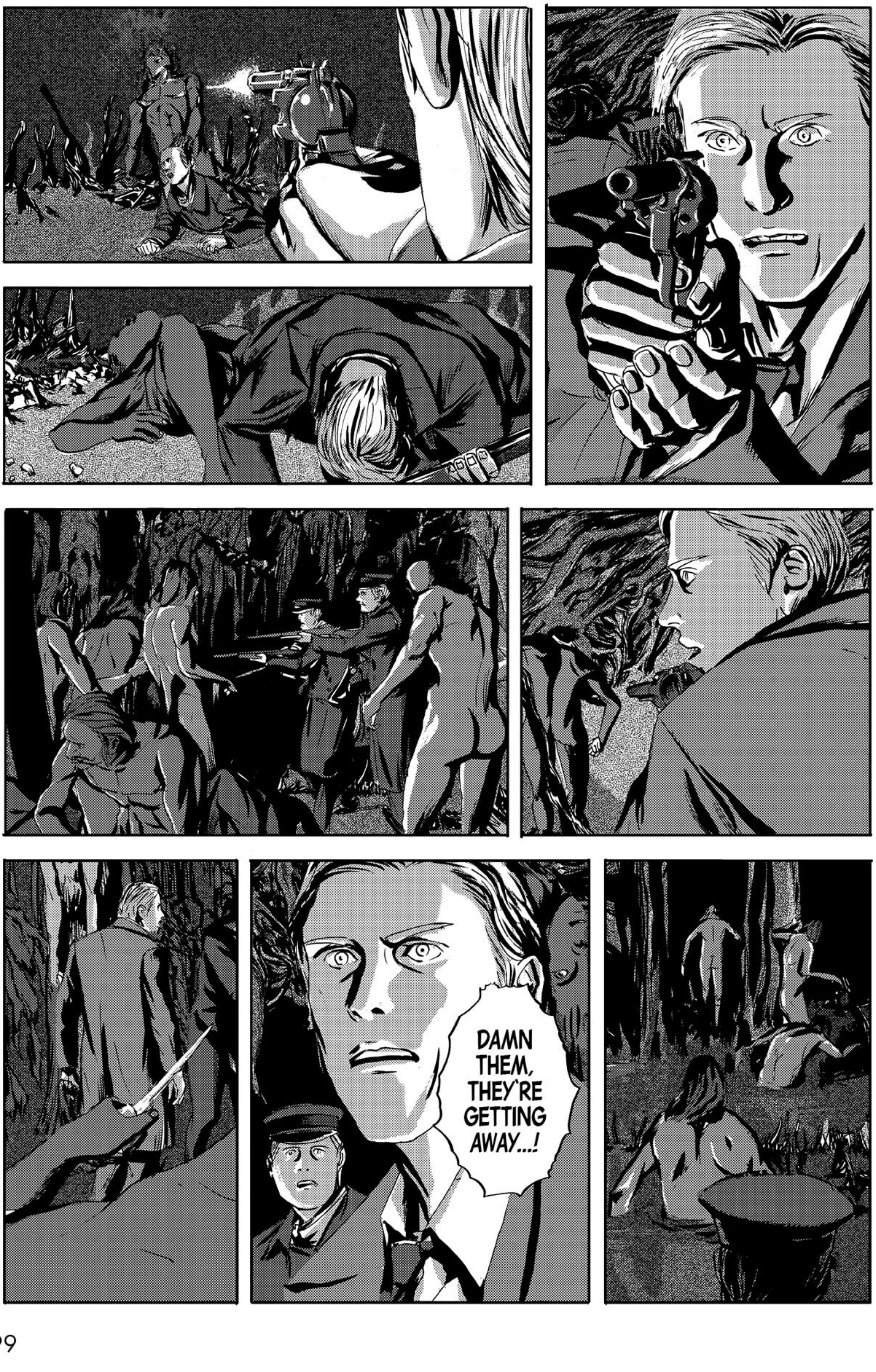

CEASE YOUR ACTIVITY! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!
YOU ARE ALL DETAINED ON A SWORN COMPLAINT OF MULTIPLE KIDNAPPING!
NEW ORLEANS POLICE!
BOYLE! GIVE 'EM A LAST WARNING!

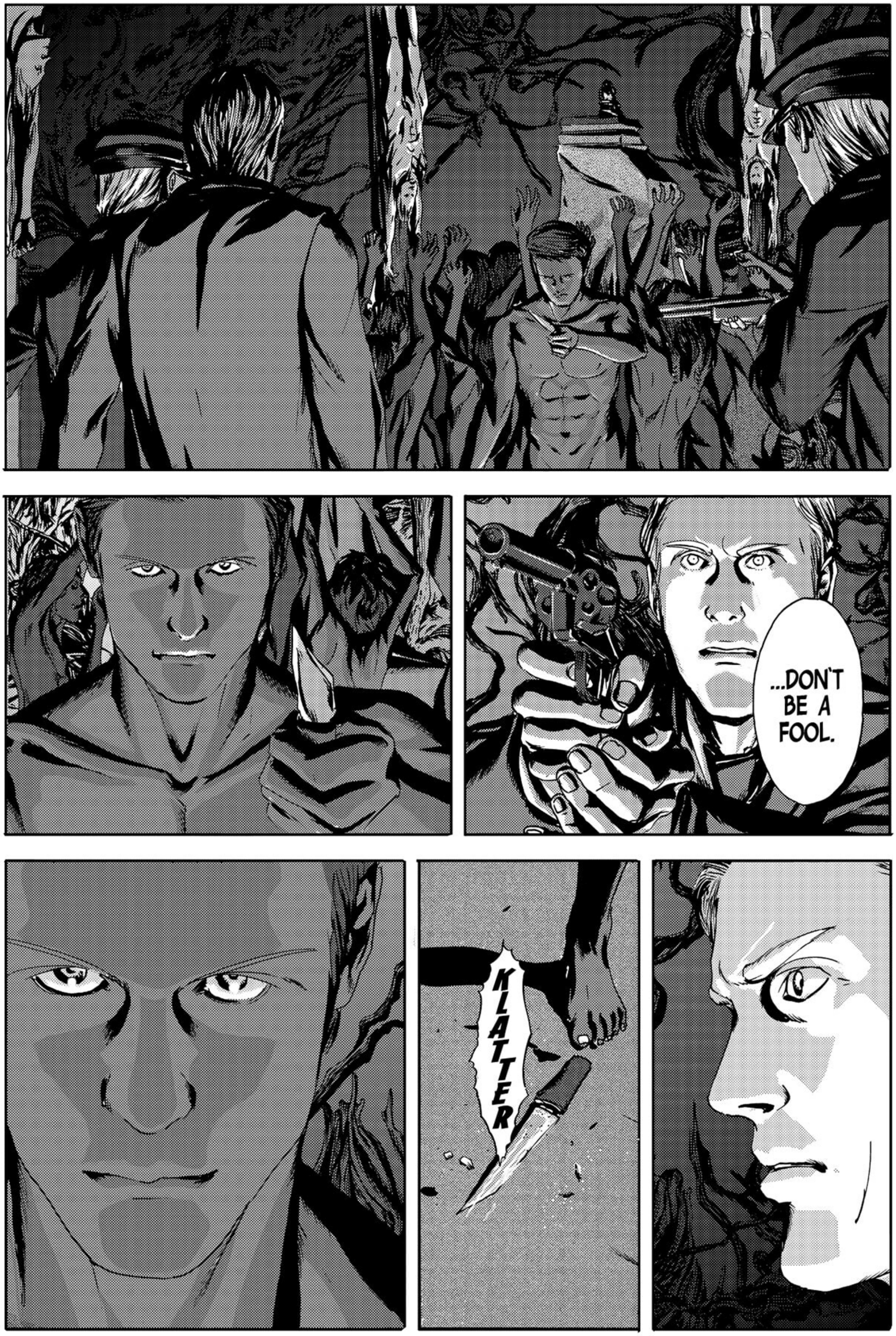

GET DOWN, OR...
STOP!!!
CTHULHU... FHTAGN.

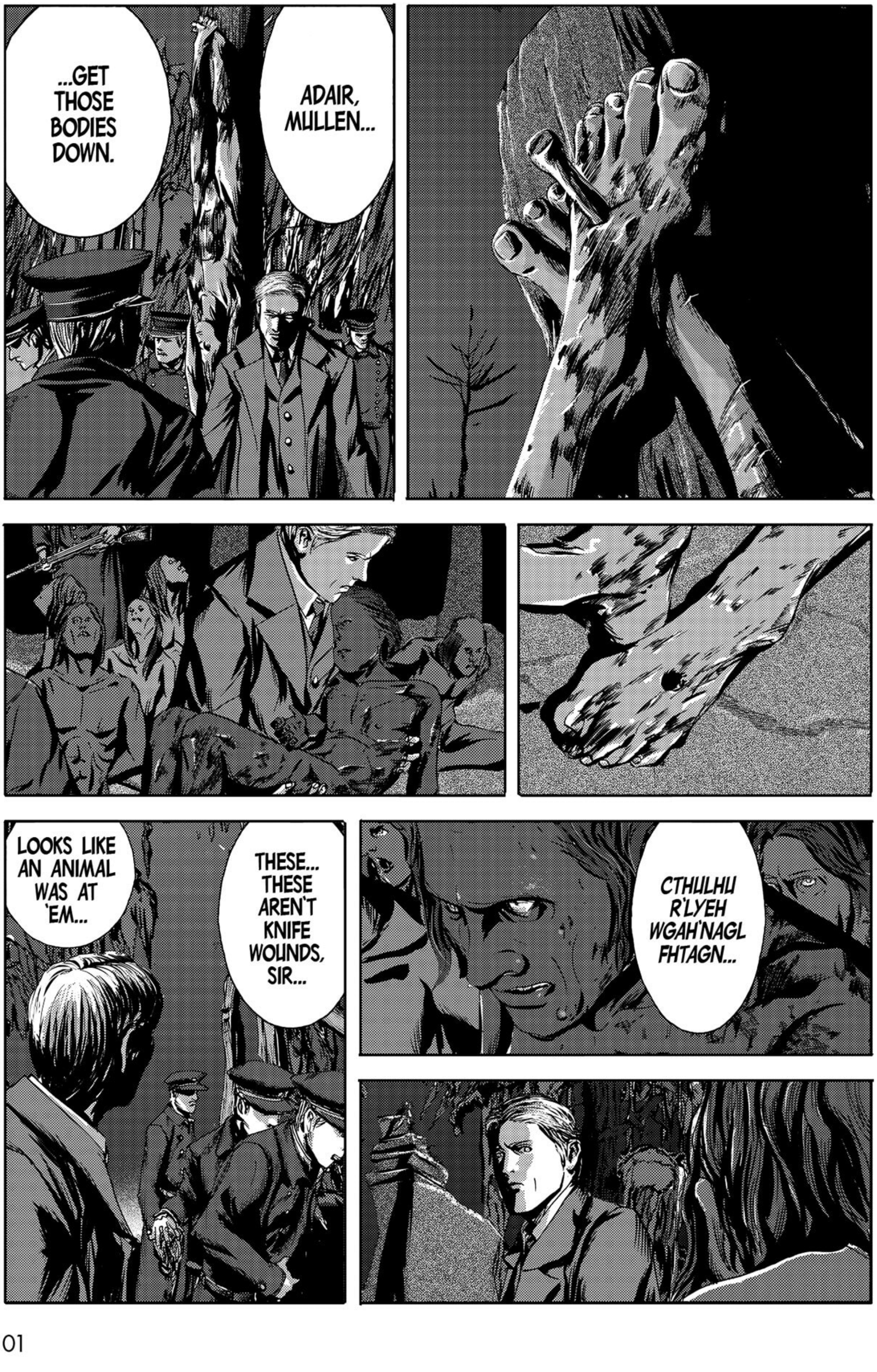

HHHKK
...FHTAGN!
CTHULHU...

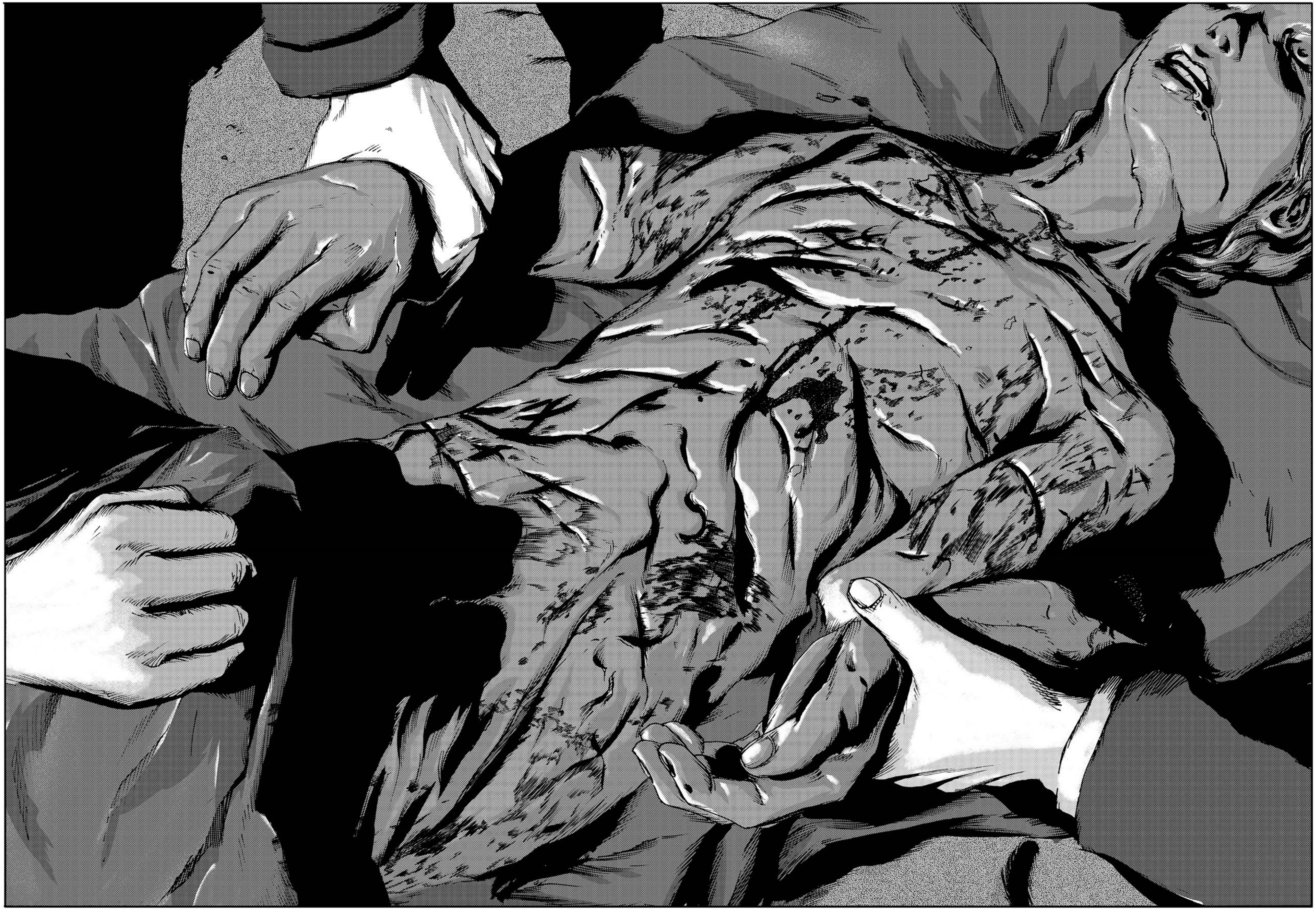


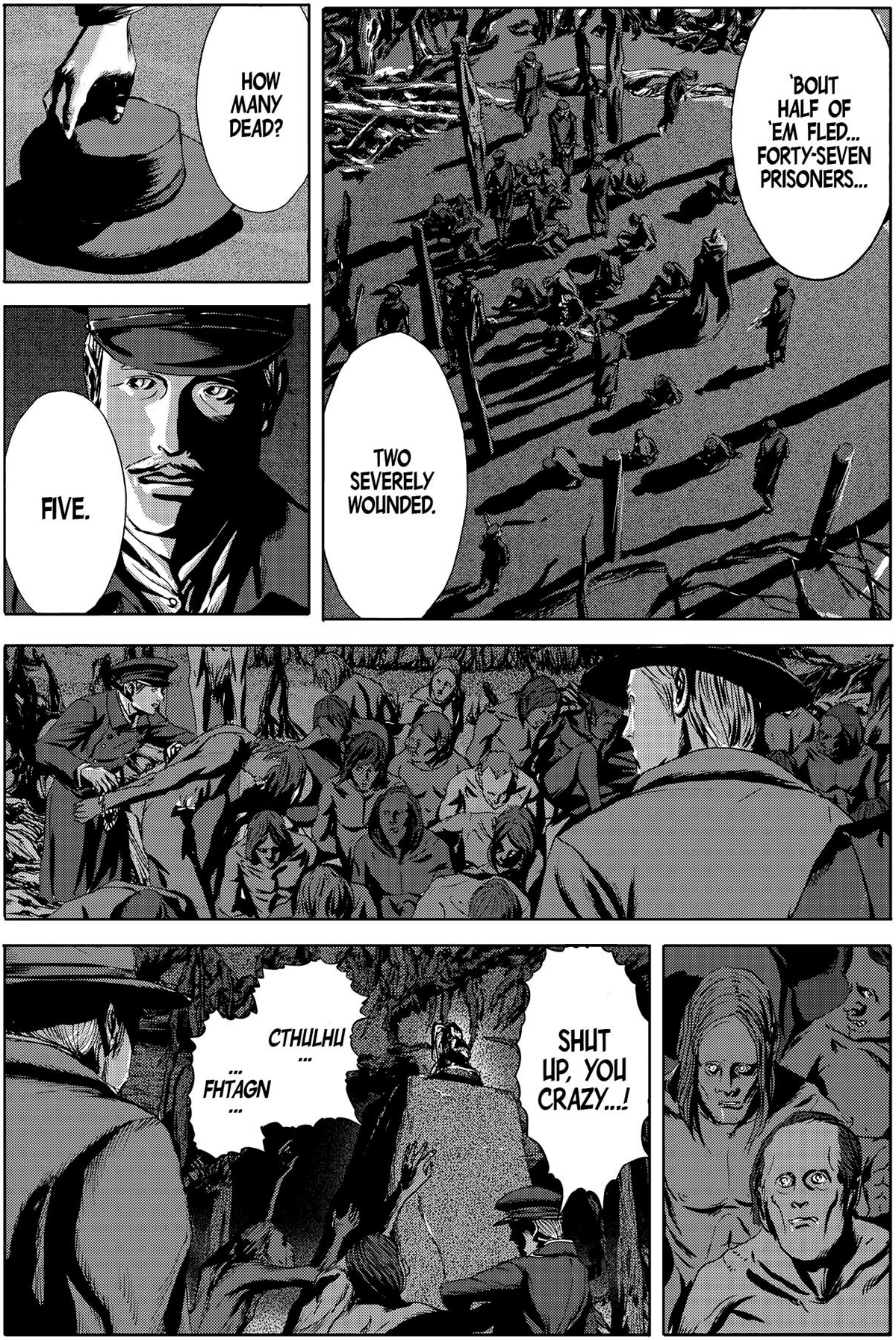


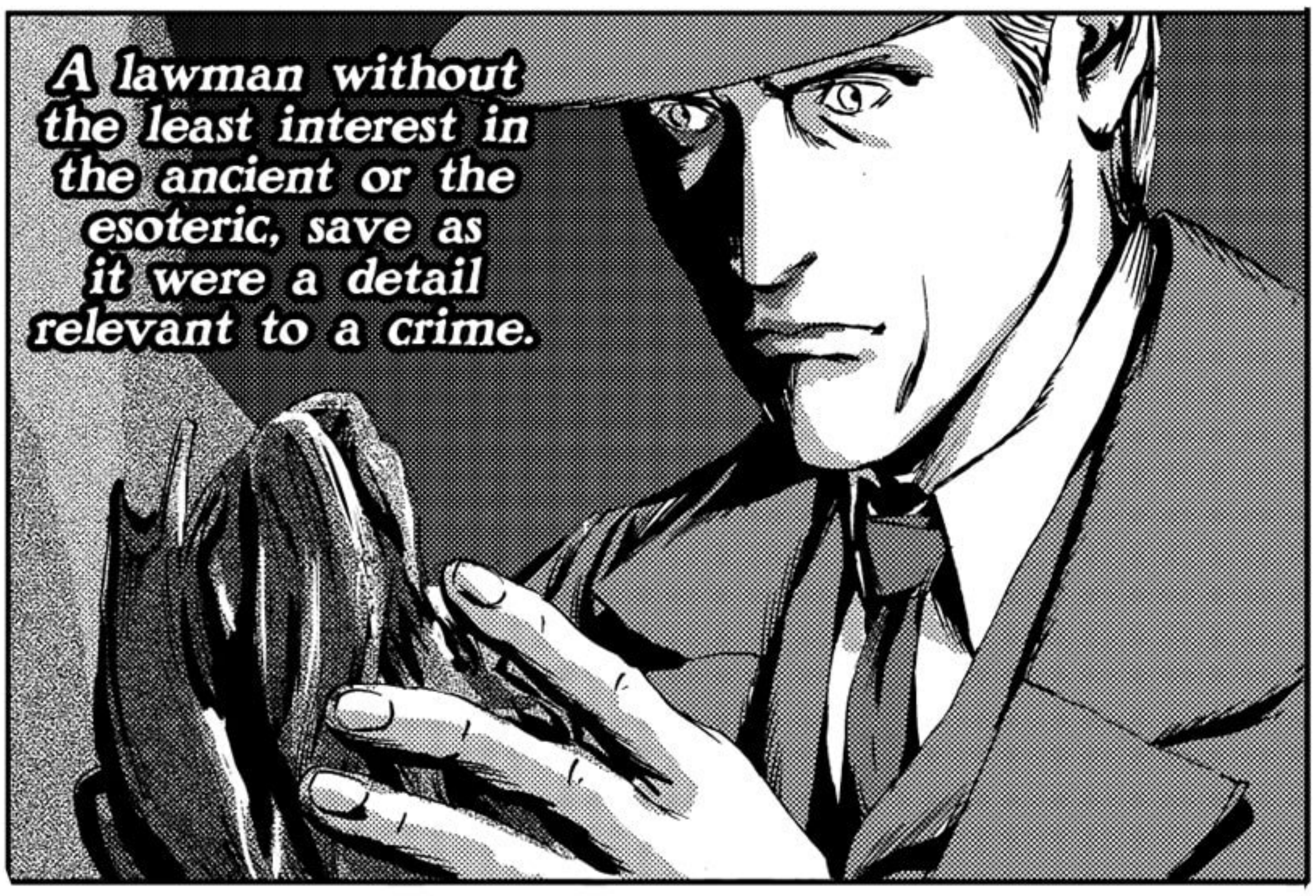

DAMN THEM, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY...!

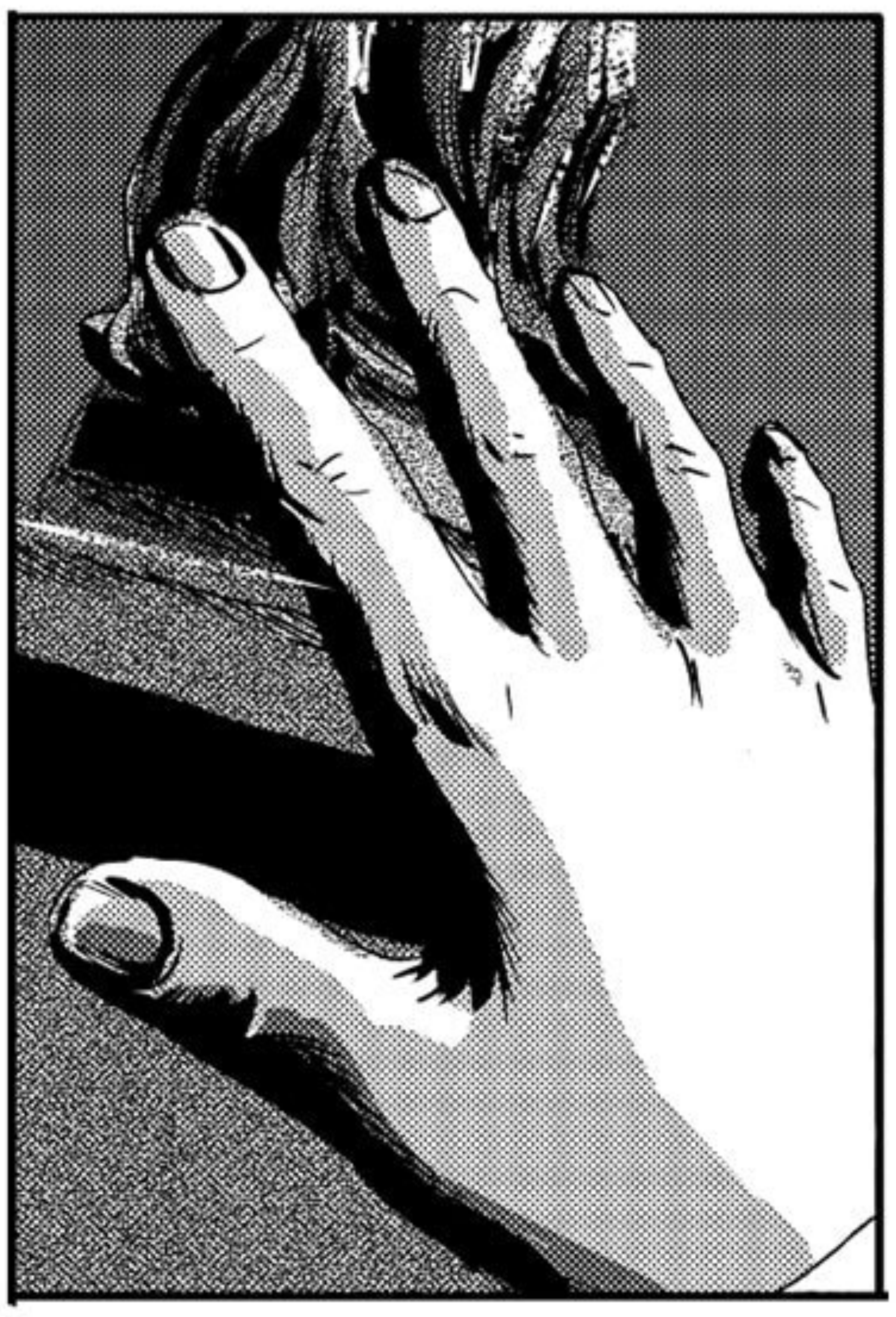

...DON'T BE A FOOL.
KLATTER

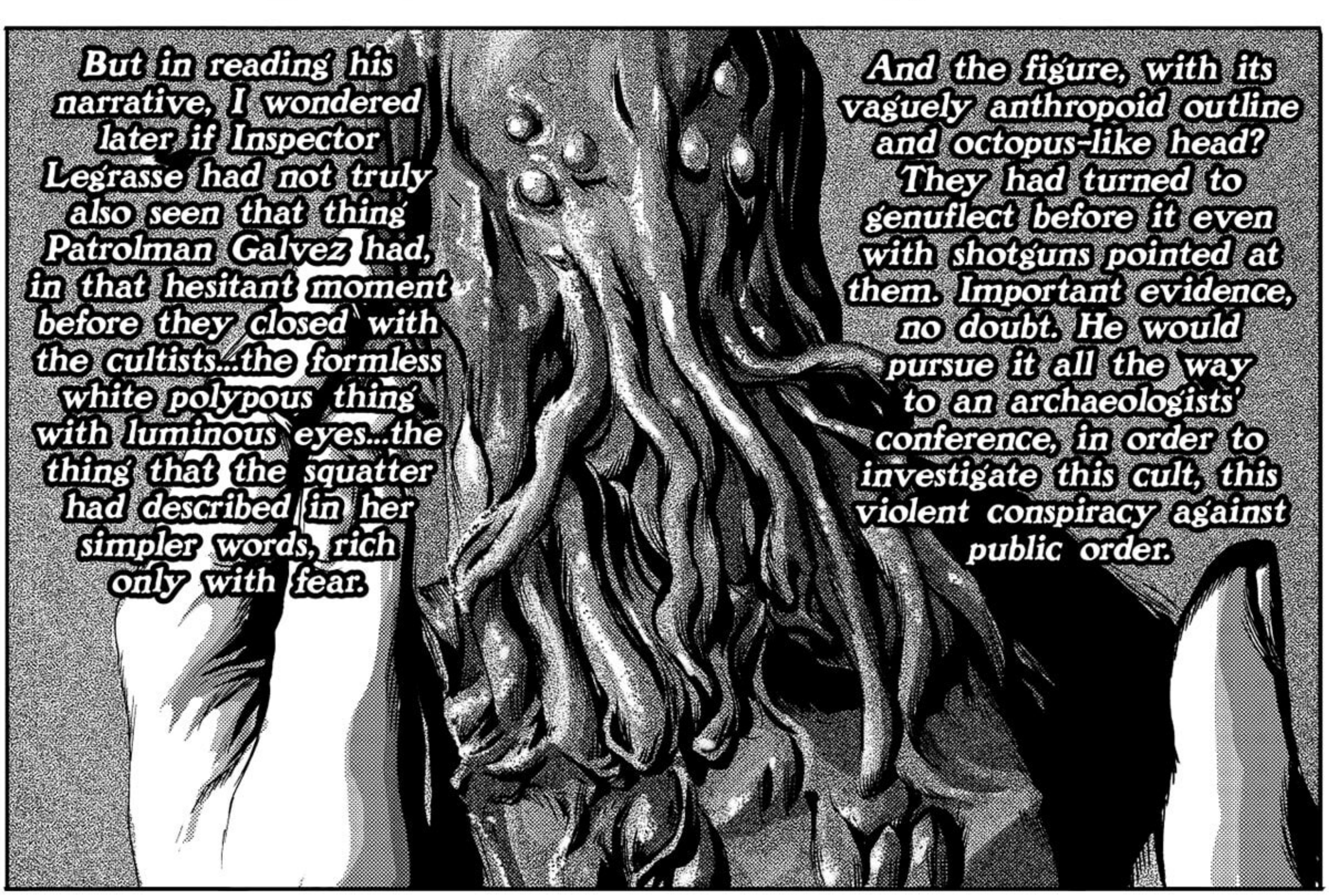

ADAIR, MULLEN...
...GET THOSE BODIES DOWN.
CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN...
THESE... THESE AREN'T KNIFE WOUNDS, SIR...
LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMAL WAS AT 'EM...

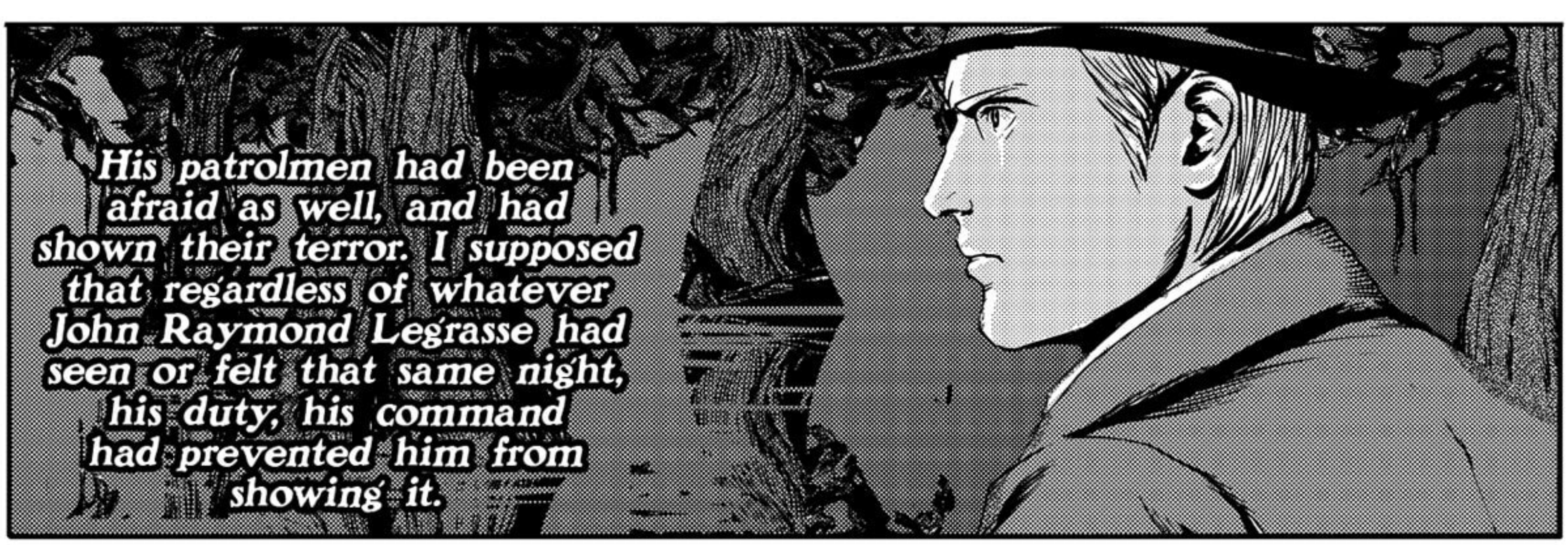


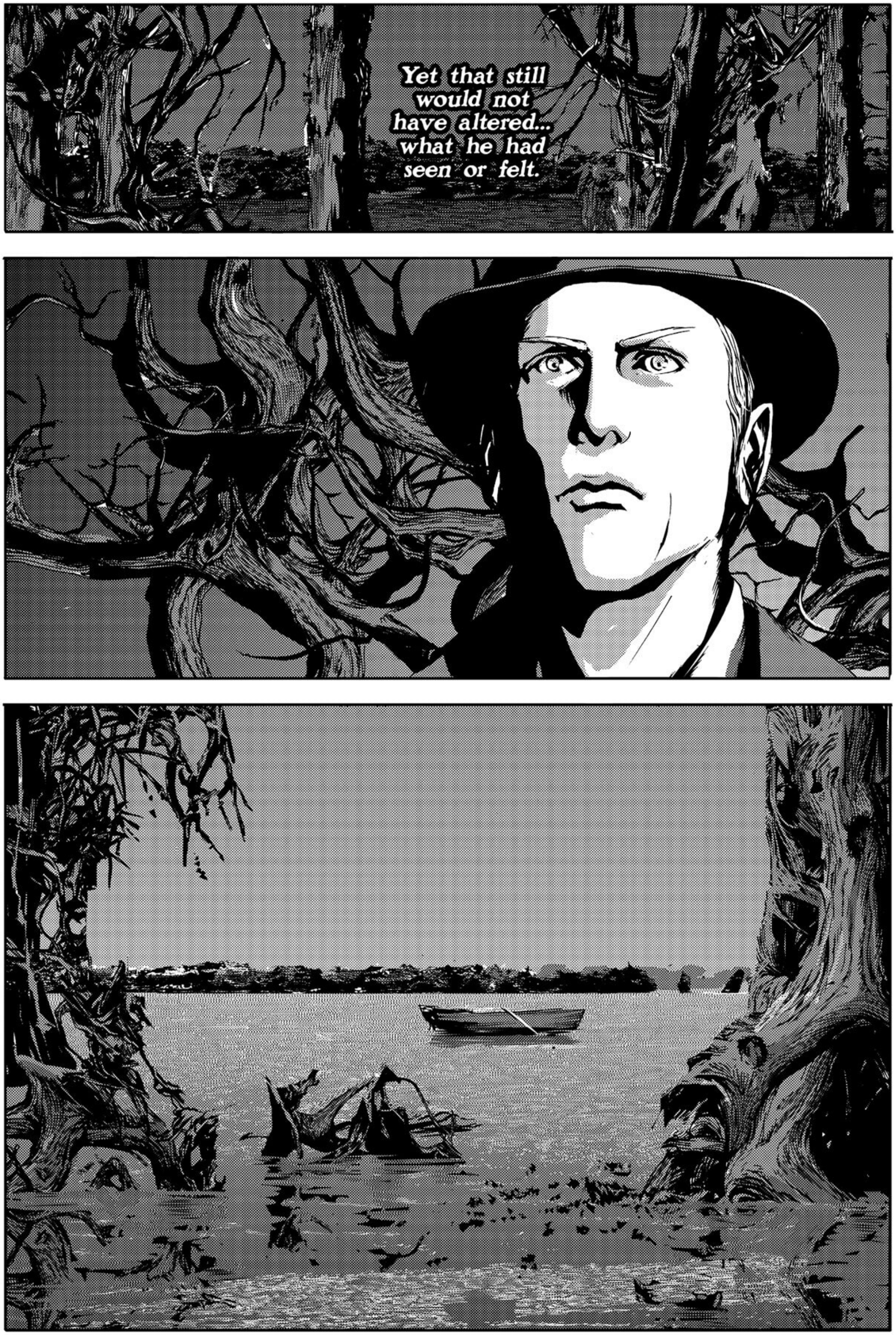

HOW MANY DEAD?
FIVE.
TWO SEVERELY WOUNDED.
'BOUT HALF OF 'EM FLED... FORTY-SEVEN PRISONERS...
CTHULHU ... FHTAGN ...
SHUT UP, YOU CRAZY...!

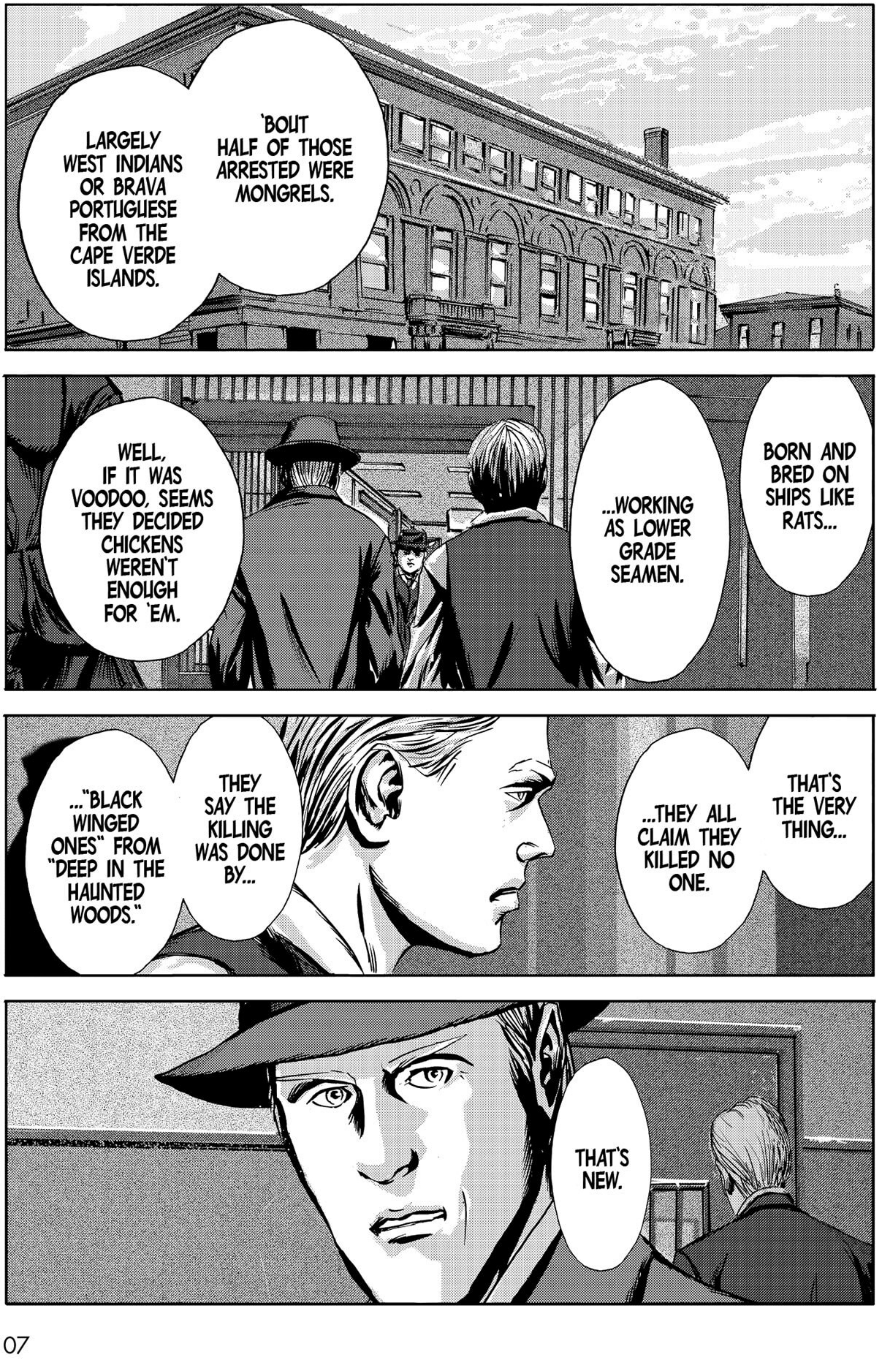

A lawman without the least interest in the ancient or the esoteric, save as it were a detail relevant to a crime.

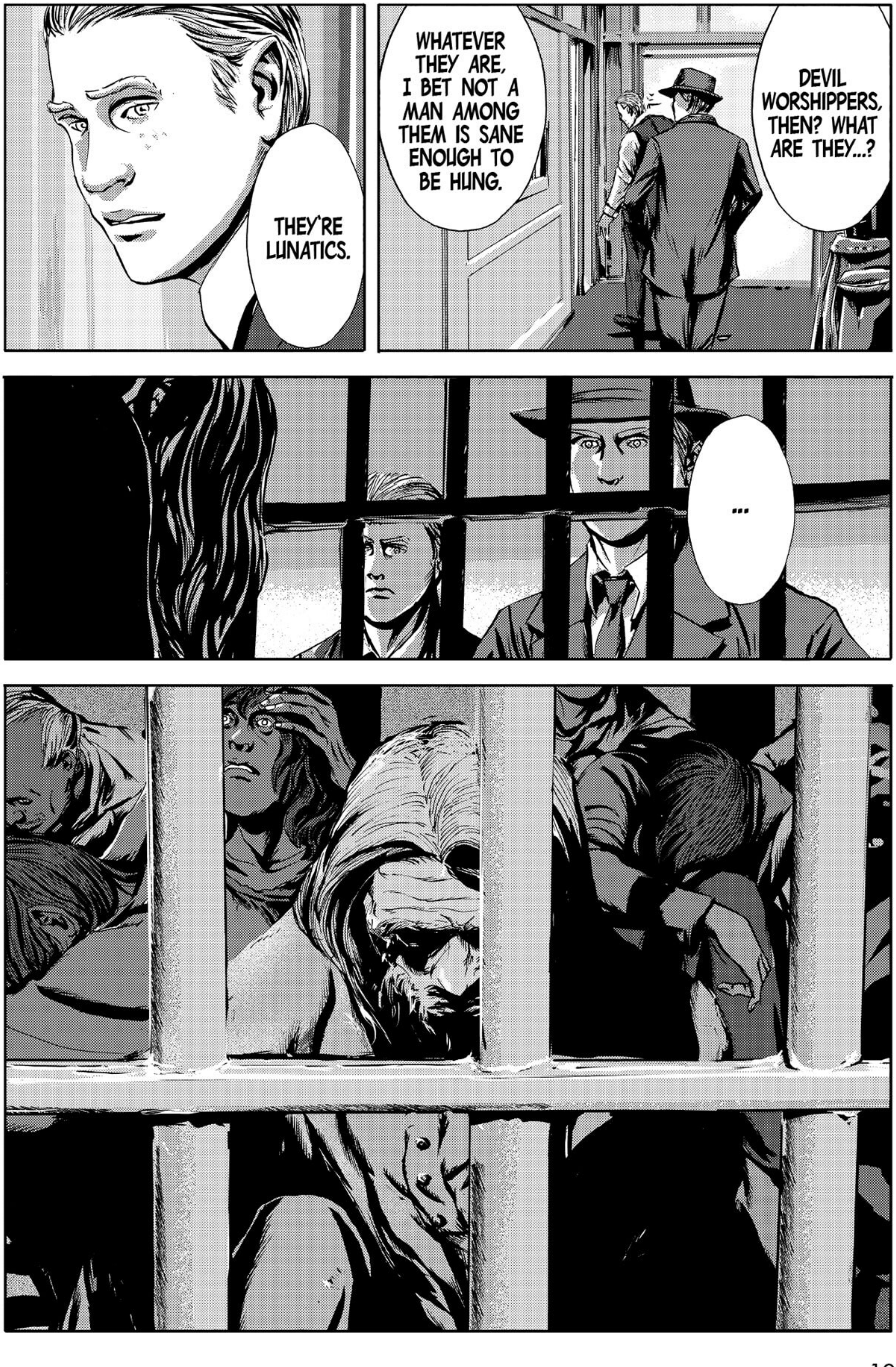


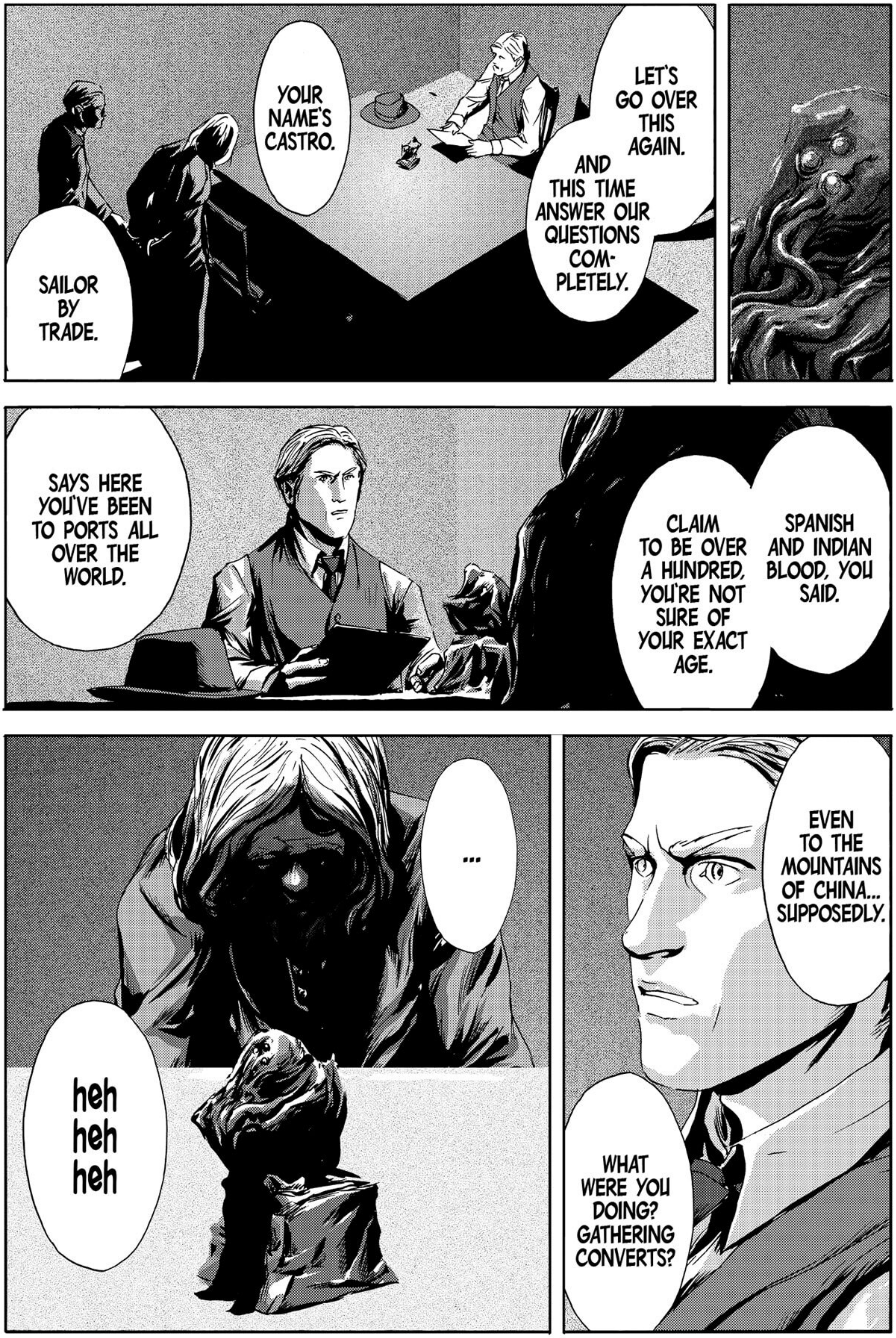

But in reading his narrative, I wondered later if Inspector Legrasse had not truly also seen that thing Patrolman Galvez had, in that hesitant moment before they closed with the cultists...the formless white polypous thing with luminous eyes...the thing that the squatter had described in her simpler words, rich only with fear.
And the figure, with its vaguely anthropoid outline and octopus-like head? They had turned to genuflect before it even with shotguns pointed at them. Important evidence, no doubt. He would pursue it all the way to an archaeologists' conference, in order to investigate this cult, this violent conspiracy against public order.

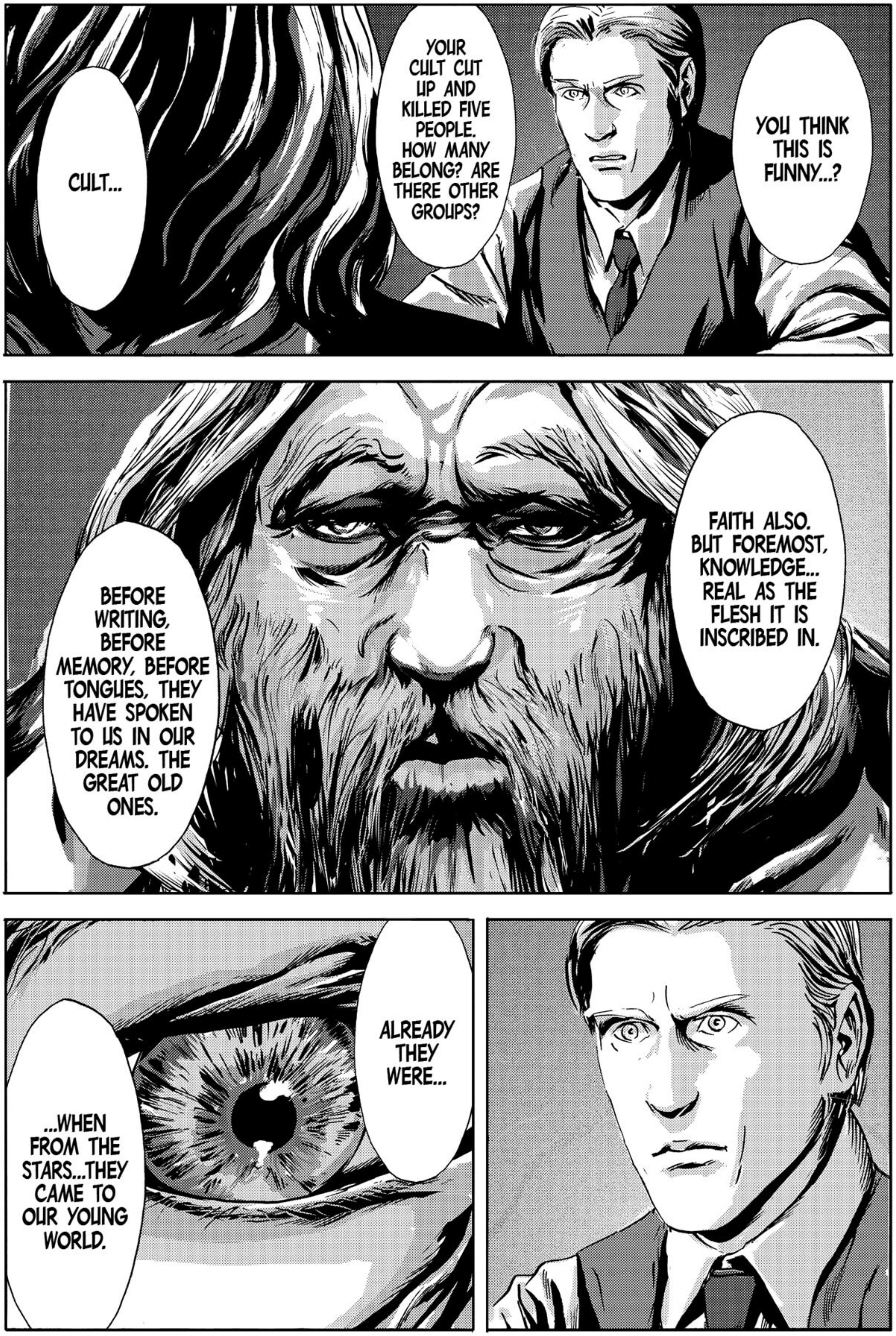

His patrolmen had been afraid as well, and had shown their terror. I supposed that regardless of whatever John Raymond Legrasse had seen or felt that same night, his duty, his command had prevented him from showing it.

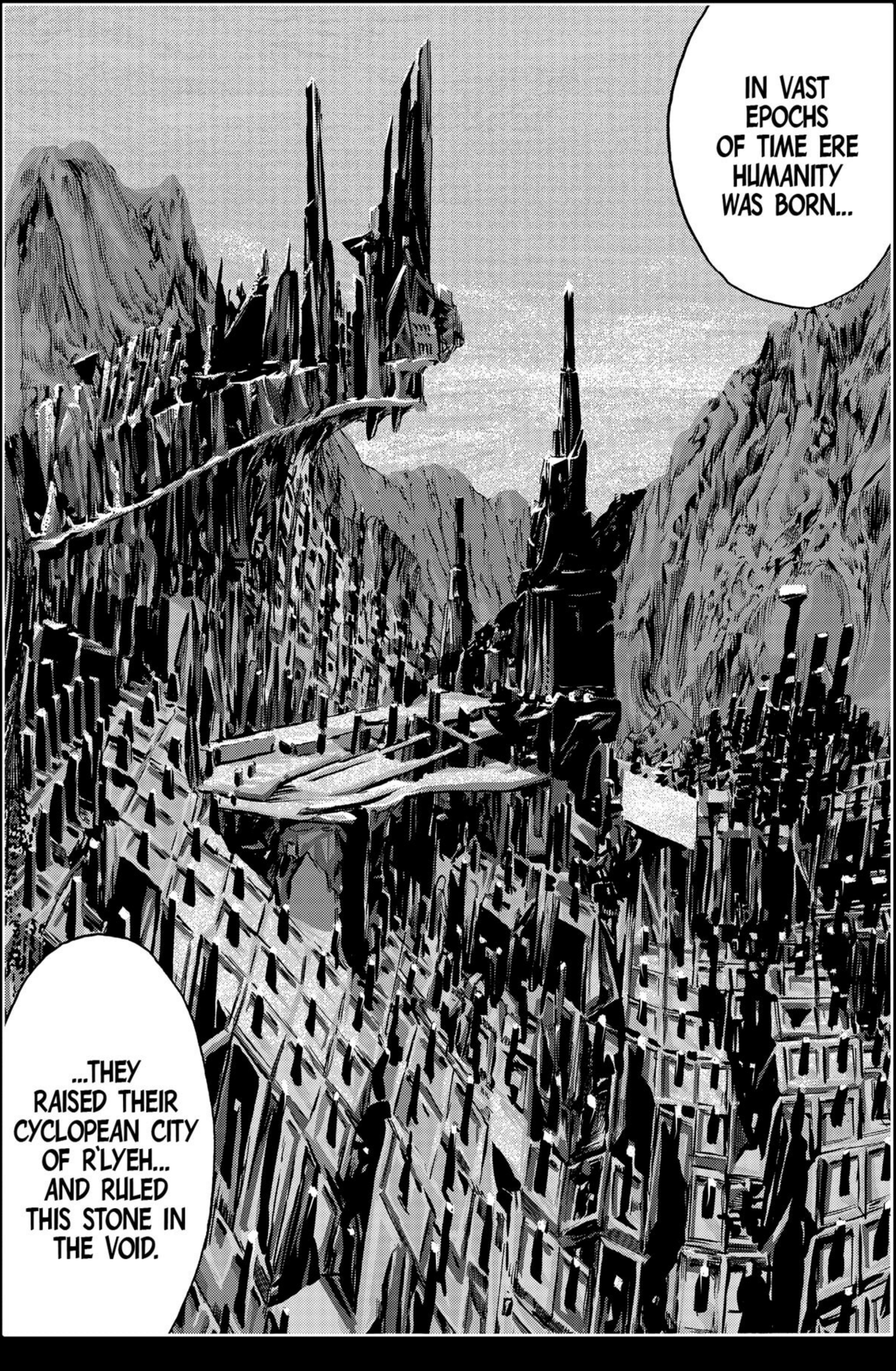

Yet that still would not have altered... what he had seen or felt.

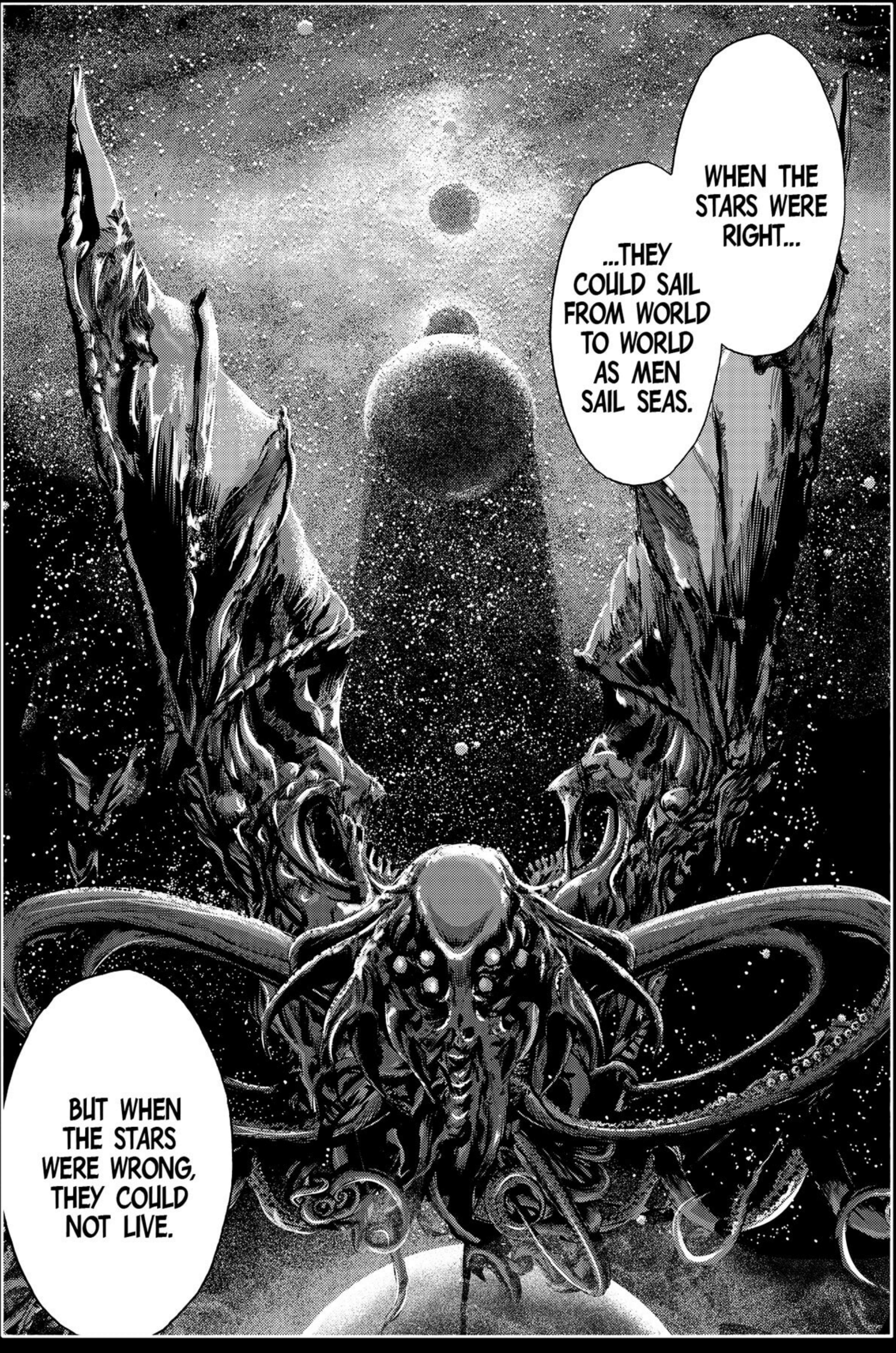

'BOUT HALF OF THOSE ARRESTED WERE MONGRELS.
LARGELY WEST INDIANS OR BRAVA PORTUGUESE FROM THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.
BORN AND BRED ON SHIPS LIKE RATS...
...WORKING AS LOWER GRADE SEAMEN.
WELL, IF IT WAS VOODOO, SEEMS THEY DECIDED CHICKENS WEREN'T ENOUGH FOR 'EM.
THAT'S THE VERY THING...
...THEY ALL CLAIM THEY KILLED NO ONE.
THEY SAY THE KILLING WAS DONE BY...
..."BLACK WINGED ONES" FROM "DEEP IN THE HAUNTED WOODS."
THAT'S NEW.

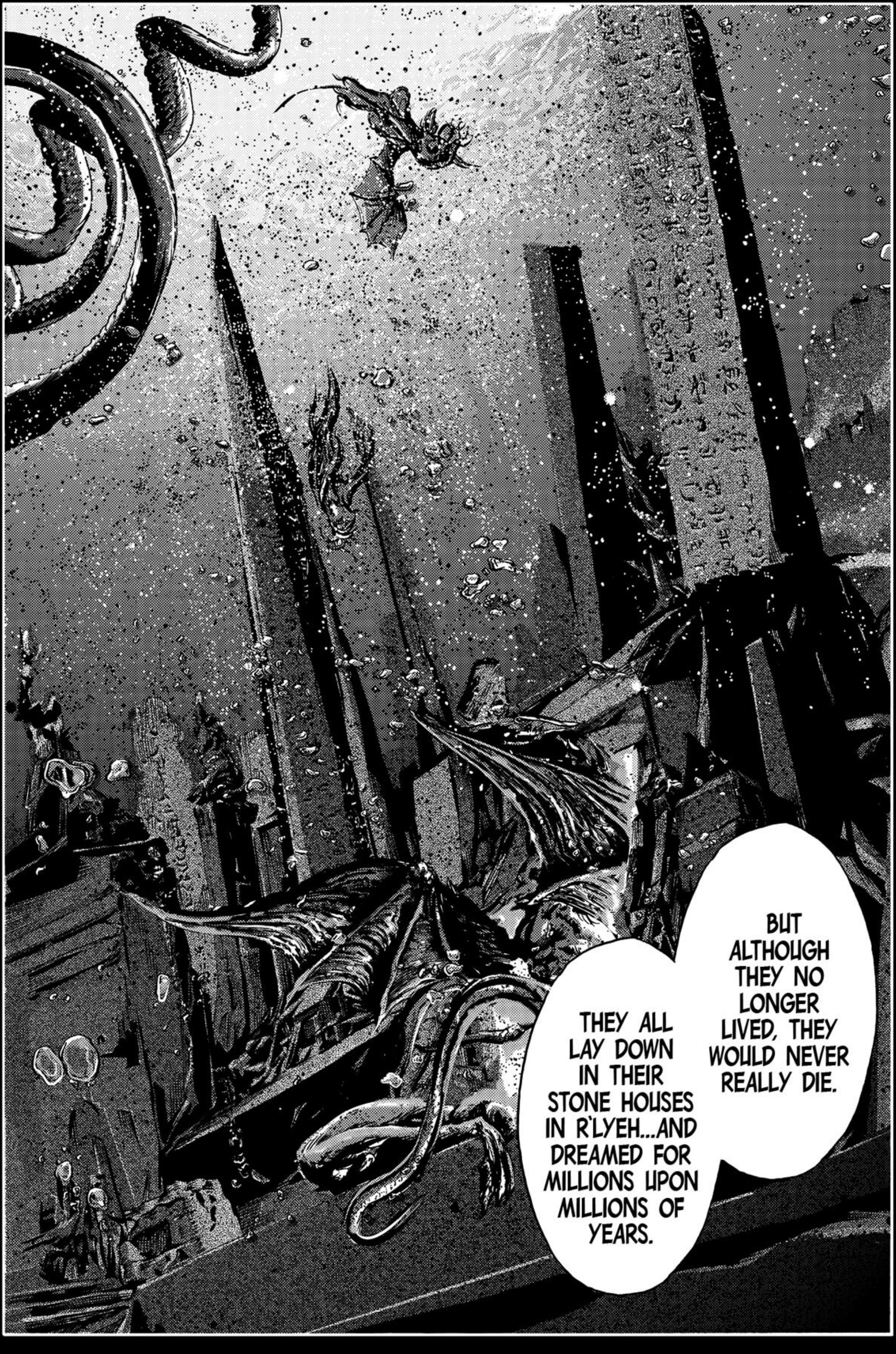

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS, THEN? WHAT ARE THEY...?
WHATEVER THEY ARE, I BET NOT A MAN AMONG THEM IS SANE ENOUGH TO BE HUNG.
THEY'RE LUNATICS.
...

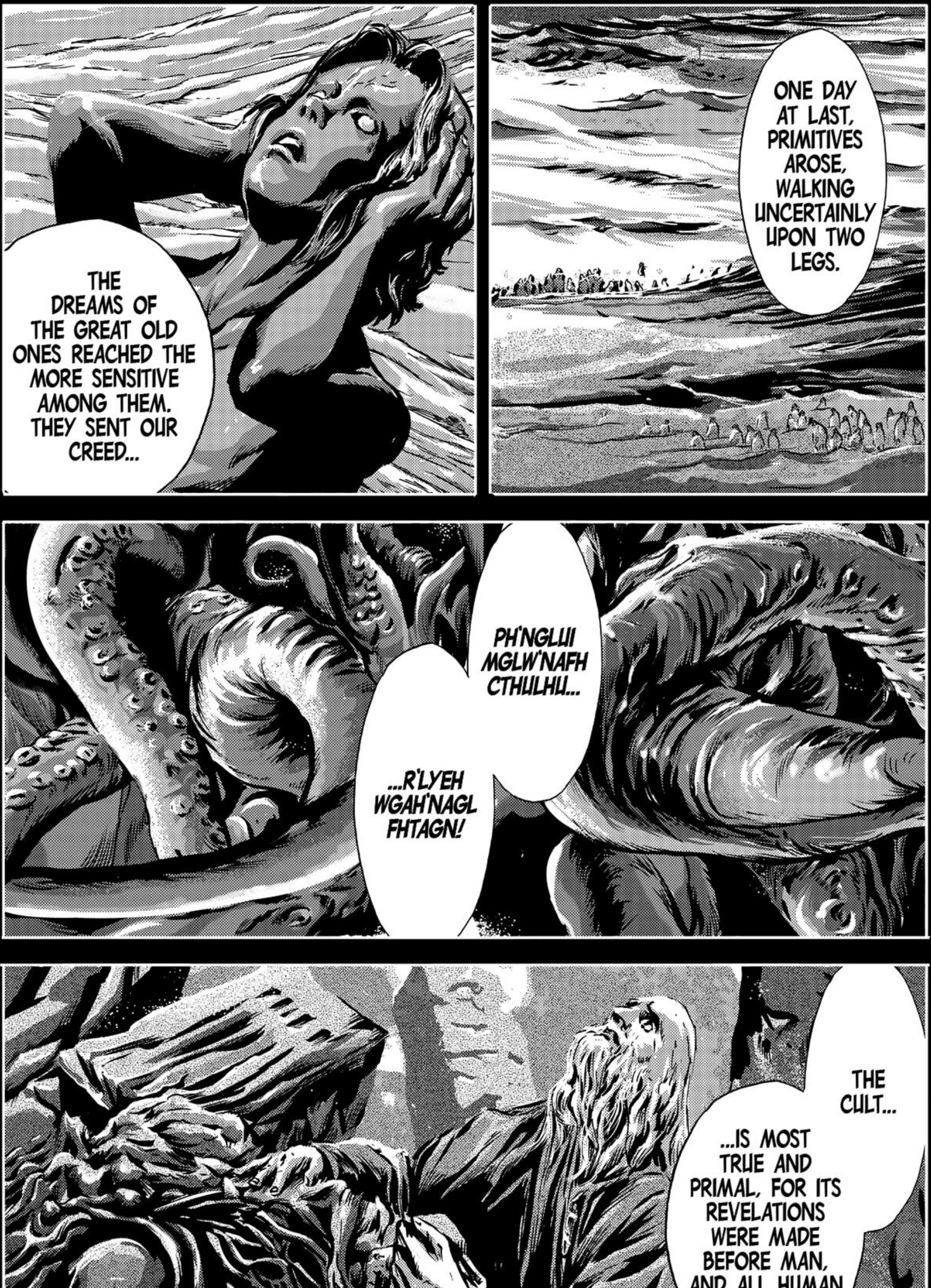

LET'S GO OVER THIS AGAIN.
AND THIS TIME ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS COMPLETELY.
YOUR NAME'S CASTRO.
SAILOR BY TRADE.
SPANISH AND INDIAN BLOOD, YOU SAID.
CLAIM TO BE OVER A HUNDRED, YOU'RE NOT SURE OF YOUR EXACT AGE.
SAYS HERE YOU'VE BEEN TO PORTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.
EVEN TO THE MOUNTAINS OF CHINA... SUPPOSEDLY.
WHAT WERE YOU DOING? GATHERING CONVERTS?
...
heh heh heh

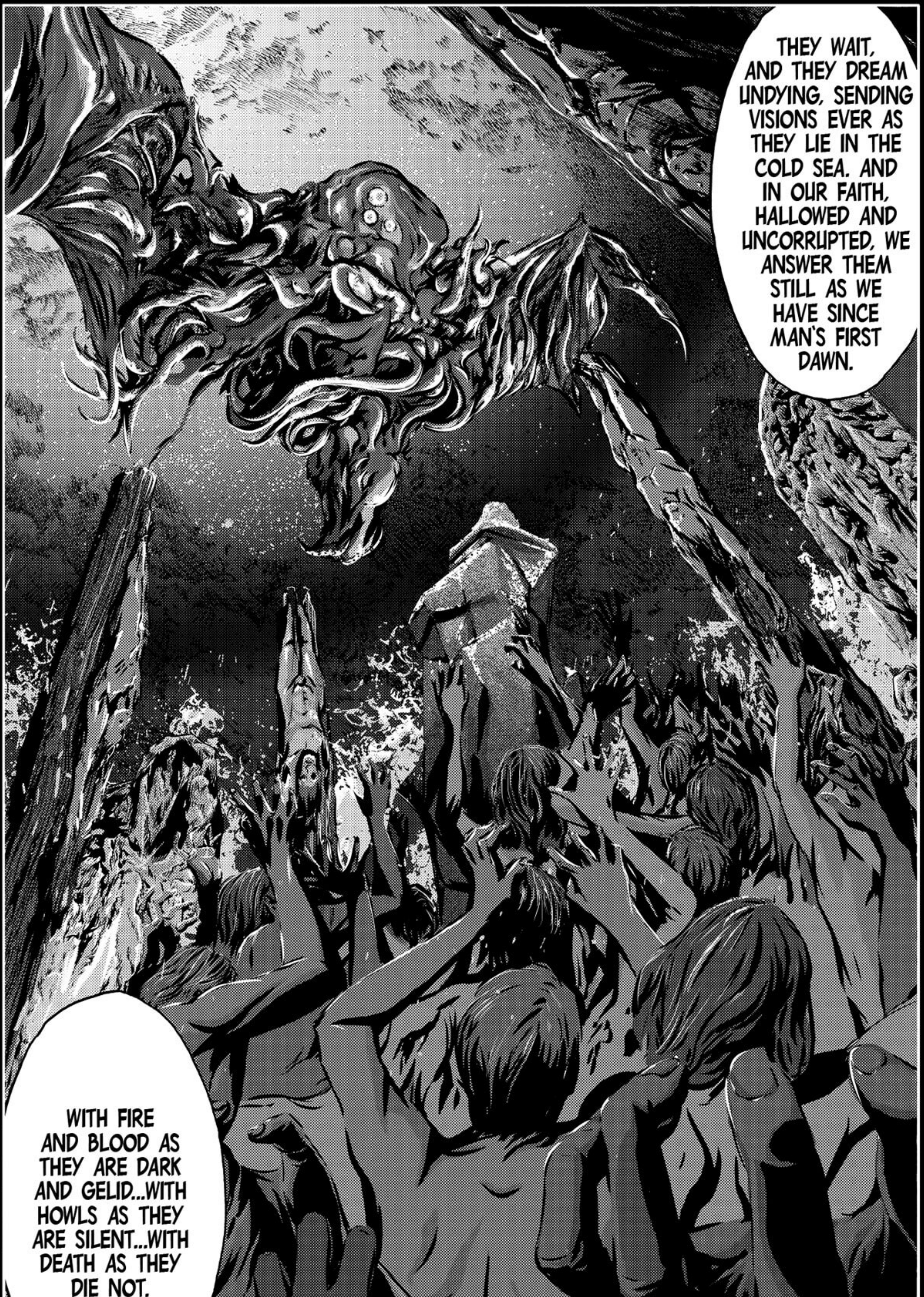

YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY...?
YOUR CULT CUT UP AND KILLED FIVE PEOPLE. HOW MANY BELONG? ARE THERE OTHER GROUPS?
CULT...
FAITH ALSO. BUT FOREMOST, KNOWLEDGE... REAL AS THE FLESH IT IS INSCRIBED IN.
BEFORE WRITING, BEFORE MEMORY, BEFORE TONGUES, THEY HAVE SPOKEN TO US IN OUR DREAMS. THE GREAT OLD ONES.
ALREADY THEY WERE...
...WHEN FROM THE STARS...THEY CAME TO OUR YOUNG WORLD.

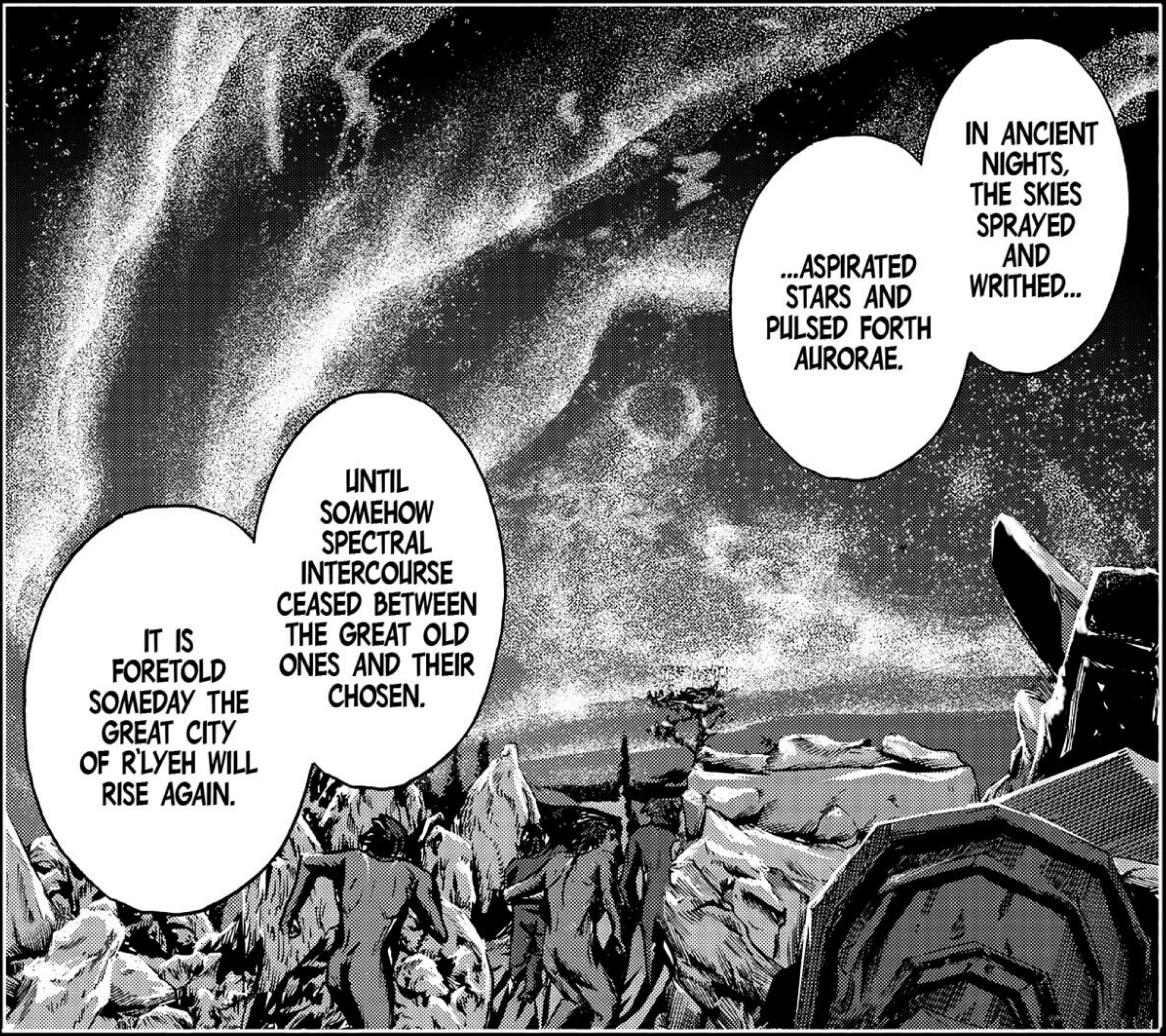

IN VAST EPOCHS OF TIME ERE HUMANITY WAS BORN...
...THEY RAISED THEIR CYCLOPEAN CITY OF R'LYEH... AND RULED THIS STONE IN THE VOID.

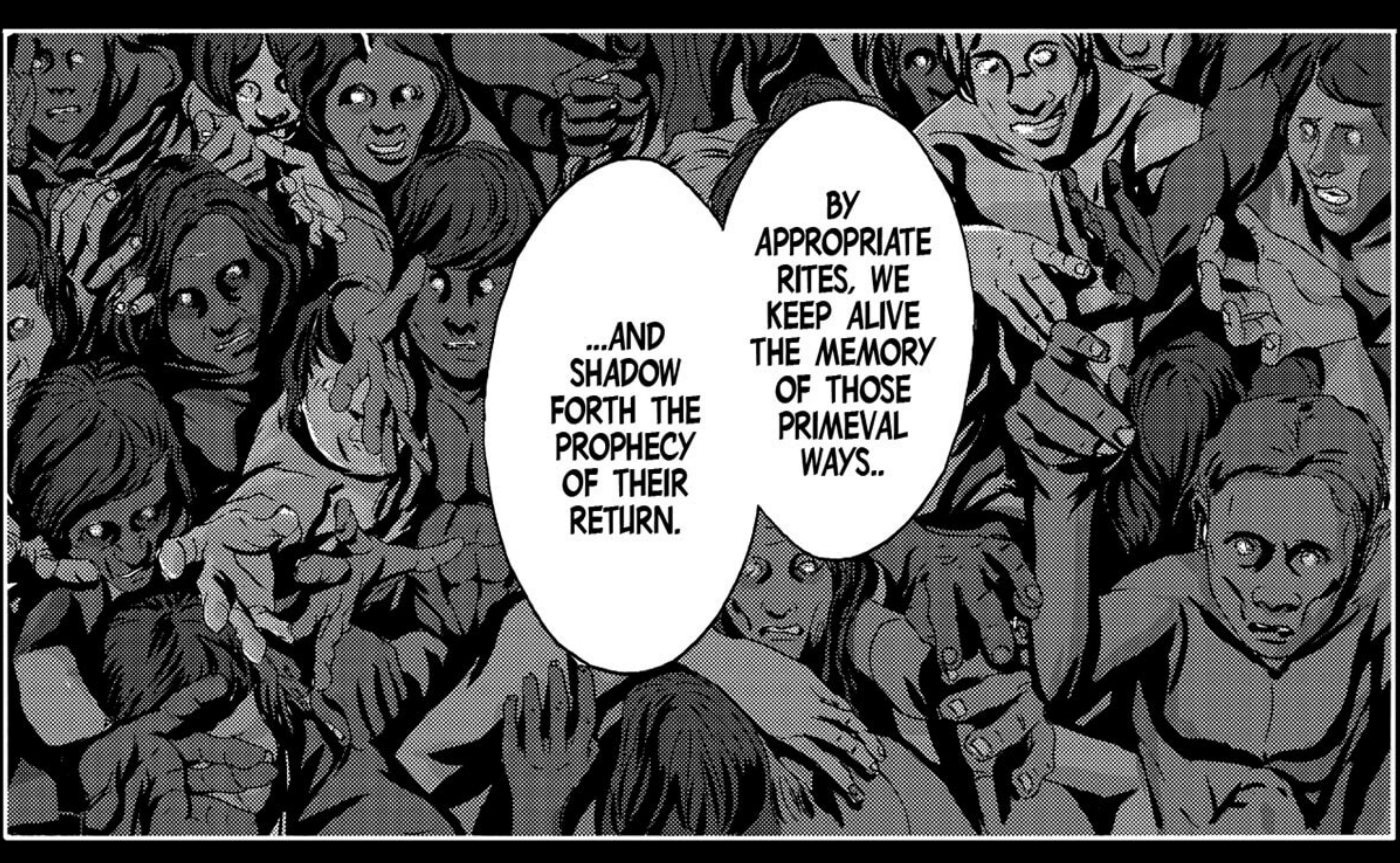

WHEN THE STARS WERE RIGHT...
...THEY COULD SAIL FROM WORLD TO WORLD AS MEN SAIL SEAS.
BUT WHEN THE STARS WERE WRONG, THEY COULD NOT LIVE.

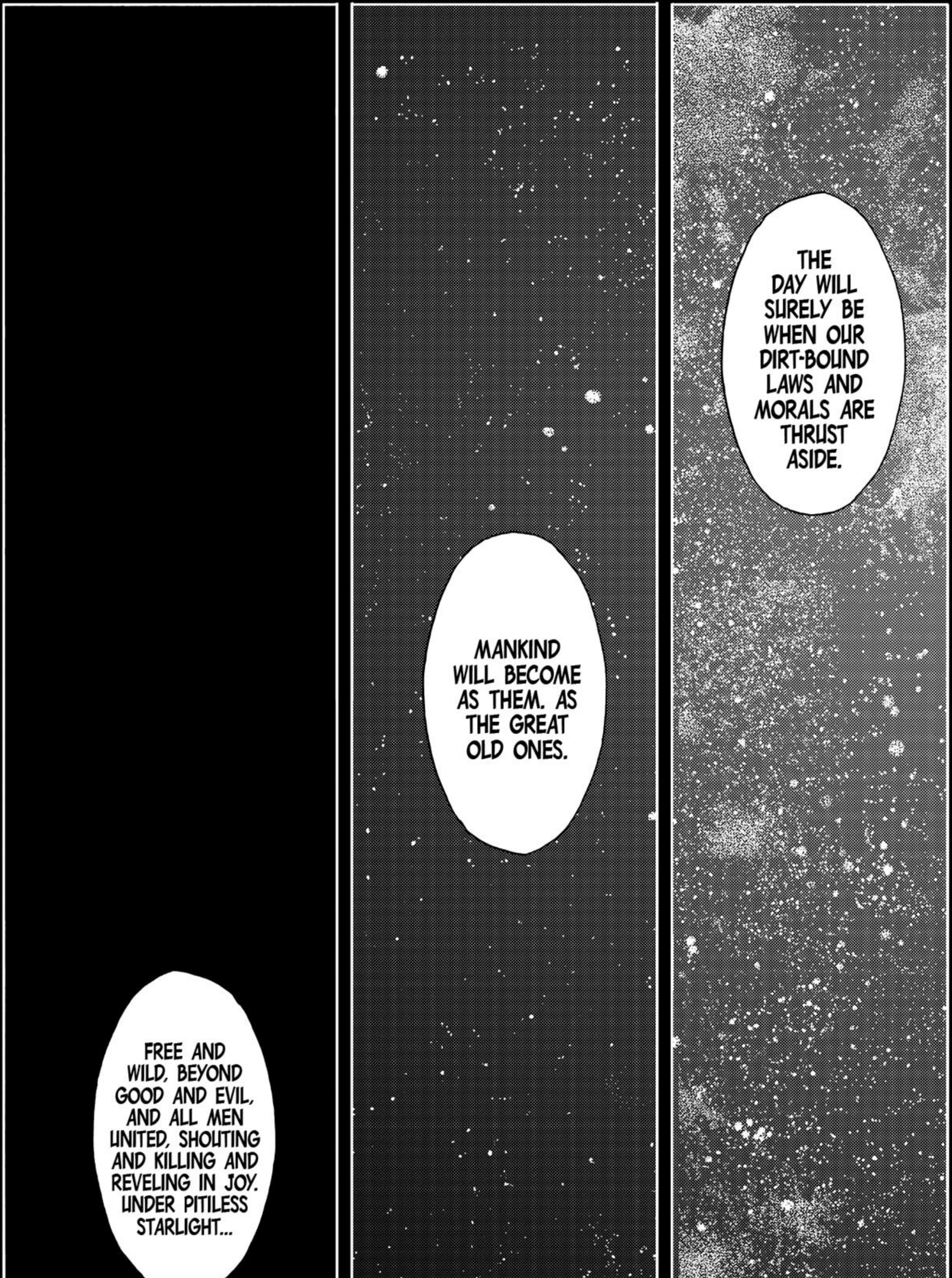

BUT ALTHOUGH THEY NO LONGER LIVED, THEY WOULD NEVER REALLY DIE.
THEY ALL LAY DOWN IN THEIR STONE HOUSES IN R'LYEH...AND DREAMED FOR MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF YEARS.

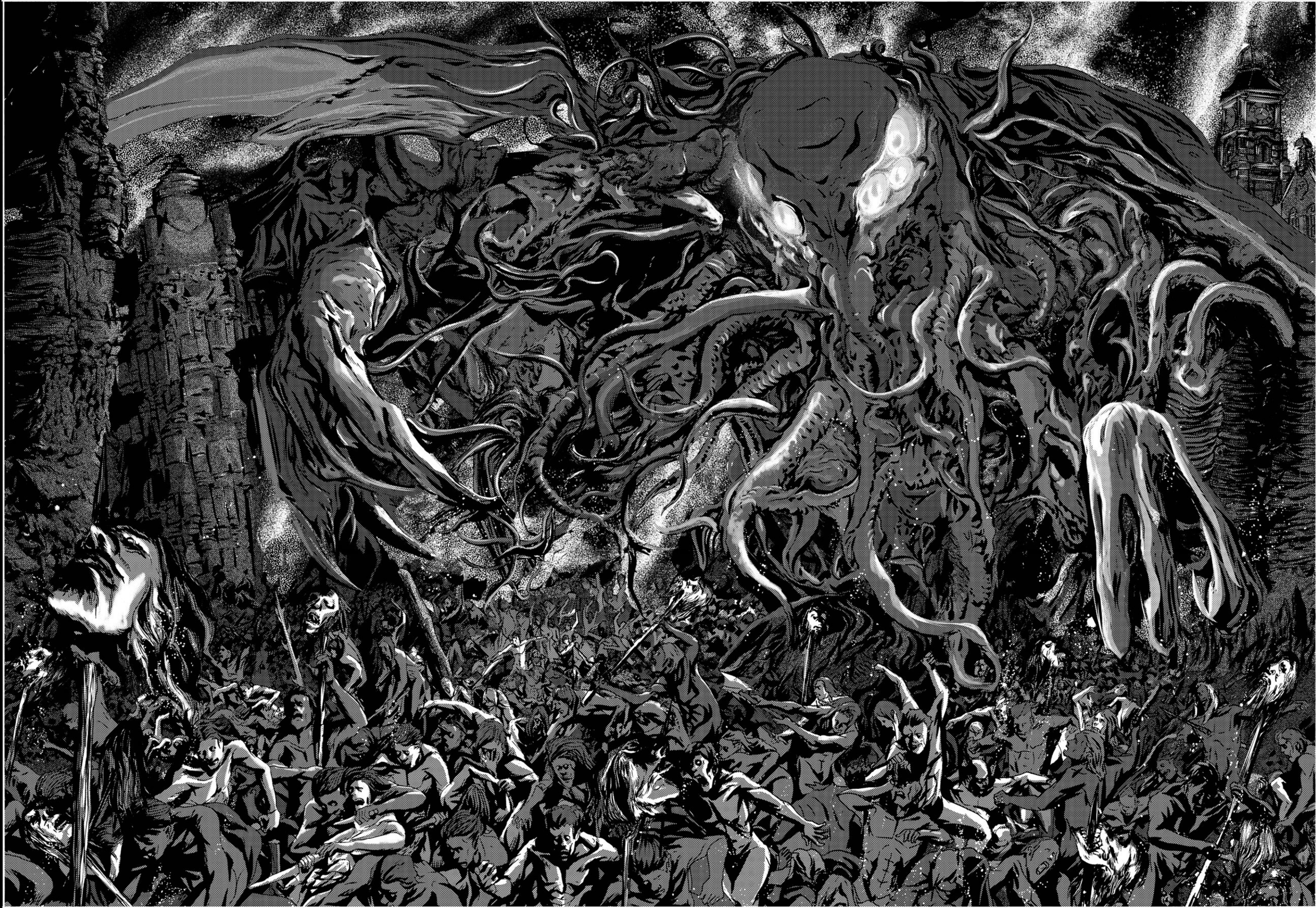

THE DREAMS OF THE GREAT OLD ONES REACHED THE MORE SENSITIVE AMONG THEM. THEY SENT OUR CREED...
ONE DAY AT LAST, PRIMITIVES AROSE, WALKING UNCERTAINLY UPON TWO LEGS.
PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU...
...R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN!
THE CULT...
...IS MOST TRUE AND PRIMAL, FOR ITS REVELATIONS WERE MADE BEFORE MAN, AND ALL HUMAN DELUSIONS.

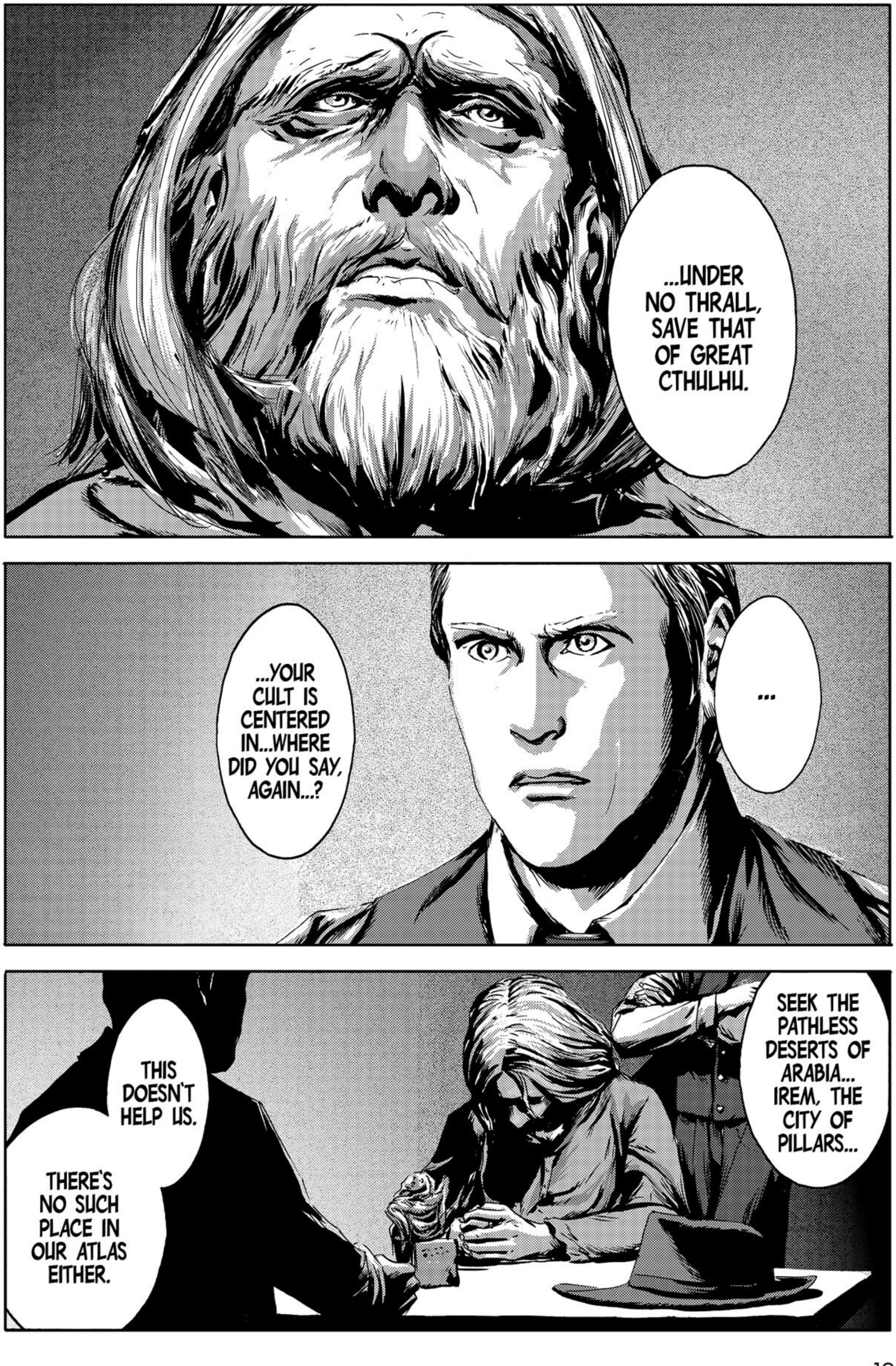

THEY WAIT, AND THEY DREAM UNDYING, SENDING VISIONS EVER AS THEY LIE IN THE COLD SEA. AND IN OUR FAITH, HALLOWED AND UNCORRUPTED, WE ANSWER THEM STILL AS WE HAVE SINCE MAN'S FIRST DAWN.
WITH FIRE AND BLOOD AS THEY ARE DARK AND GELID...WITH HOWLS AS THEY ARE SILENT...WITH DEATH AS THEY DIE NOT.

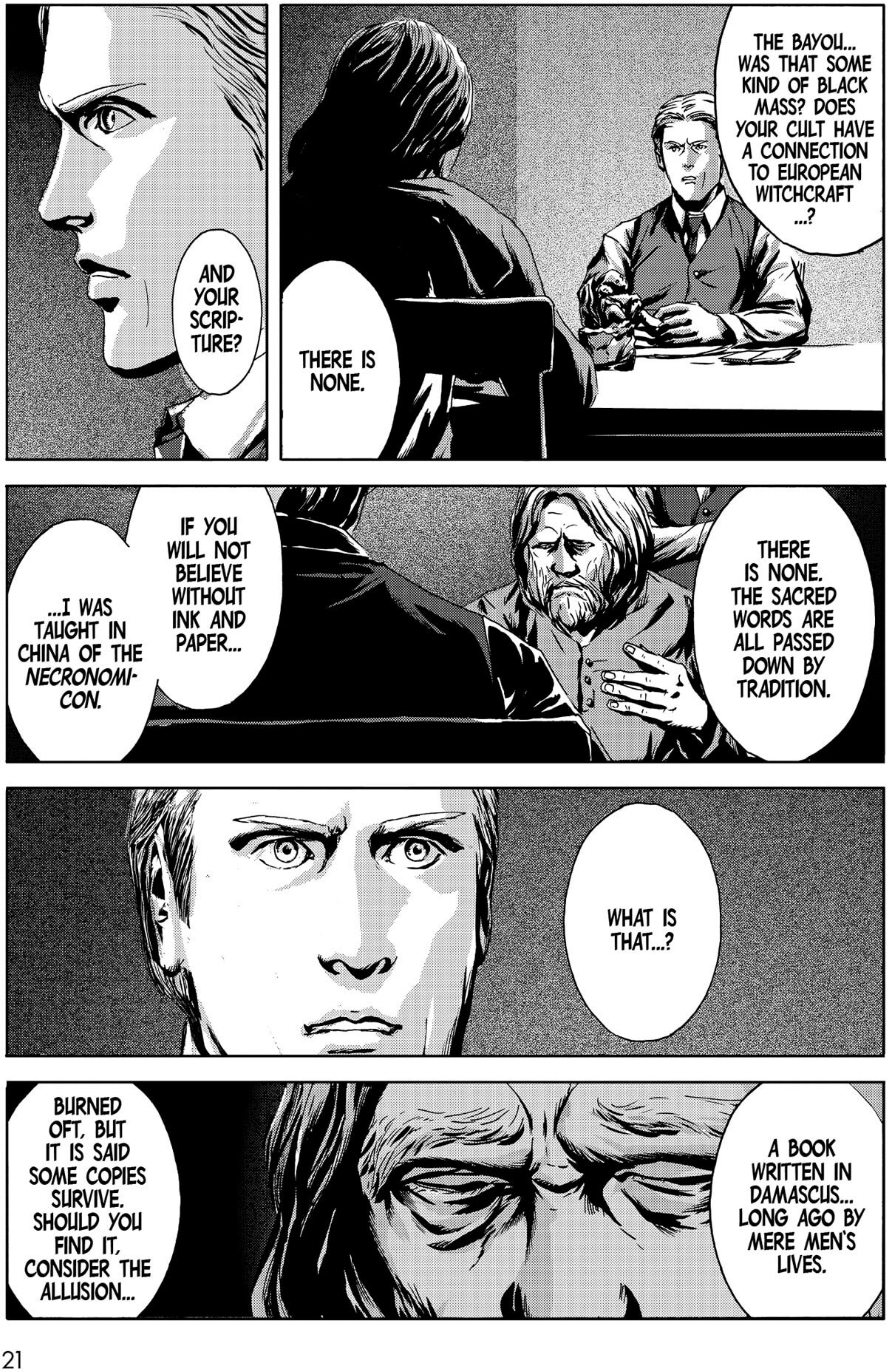

IN ANCIENT NIGHTS, THE SKIES SPRAYED AND WRITHED...
...ASPIRATED STARS AND PULSED FORTH AURORAE.
UNTIL SOMEHOW SPECTRAL INTERCOURSE CEASED BETWEEN THE GREAT OLD ONES AND THEIR CHOSEN.
IT IS FORETOLD SOMEDAY THE GREAT CITY OF R'LYEH WILL RISE AGAIN.

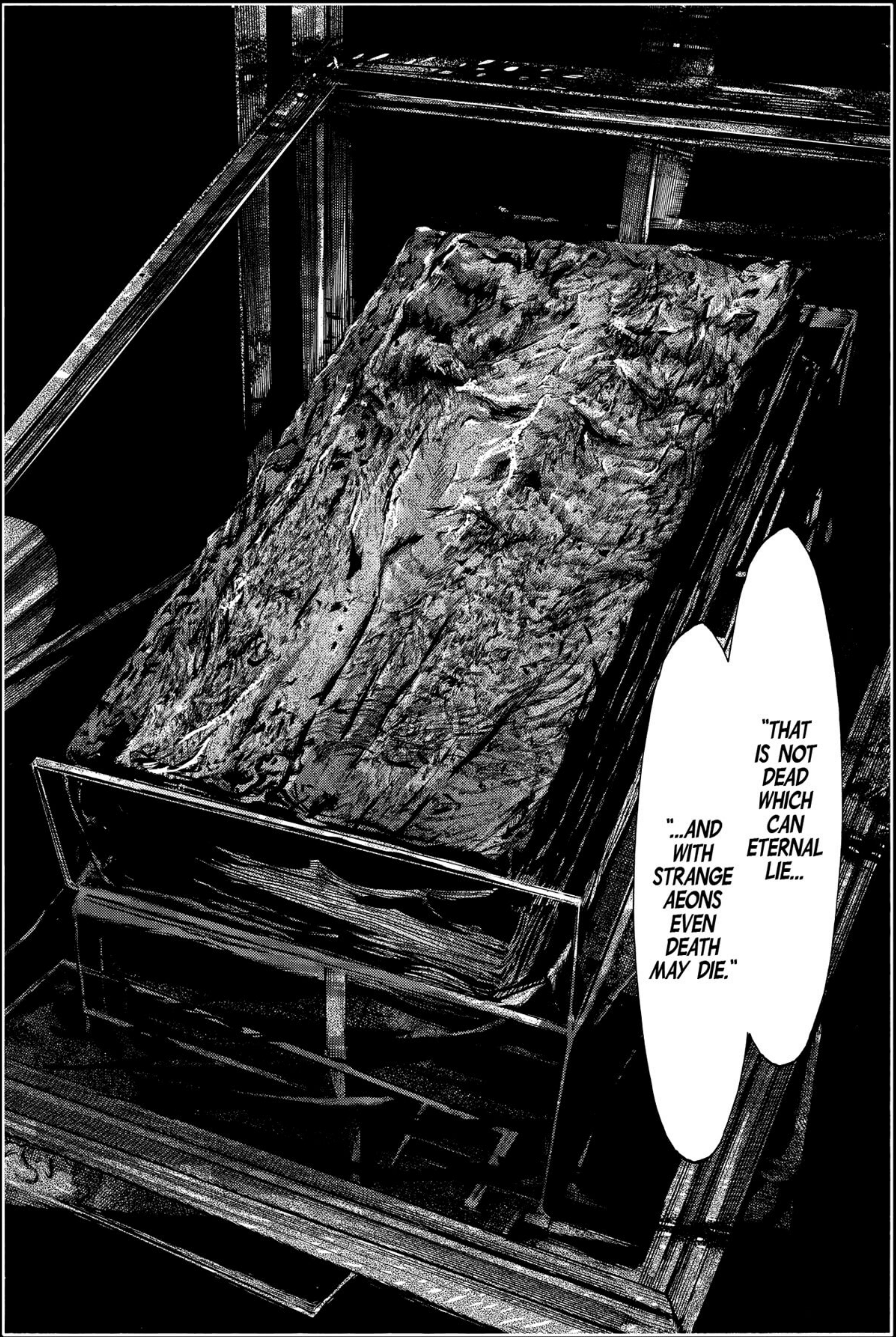

BY APPROPRIATE RITES, WE KEEP ALIVE THE MEMORY OF THOSE PRIMEVAL WAYS..
...AND SHADOW FORTH THE PROPHECY OF THEIR RETURN.

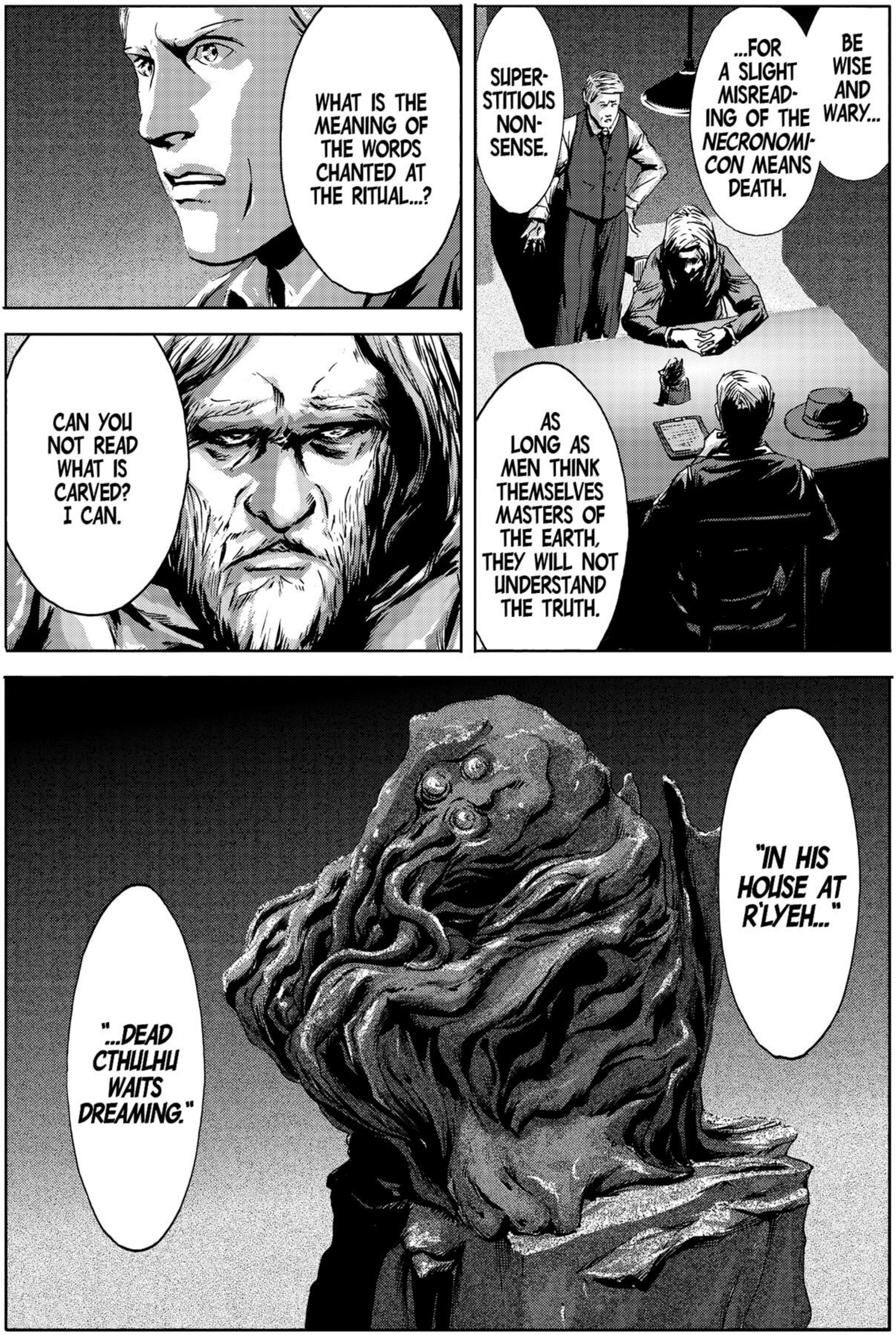

THE DAY WILL SURELY BE WHEN OUR DIRT-BOUND LAWS AND MORALS ARE THRUST ASIDE.
MANKIND WILL BECOME AS THEM. AS THE GREAT OLD ONES.
FREE AND WILD, BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL, AND ALL MEN UNITED, SHOUTING AND KILLING AND REVELING IN JOY. UNDER PITILESS STARLIGHT...

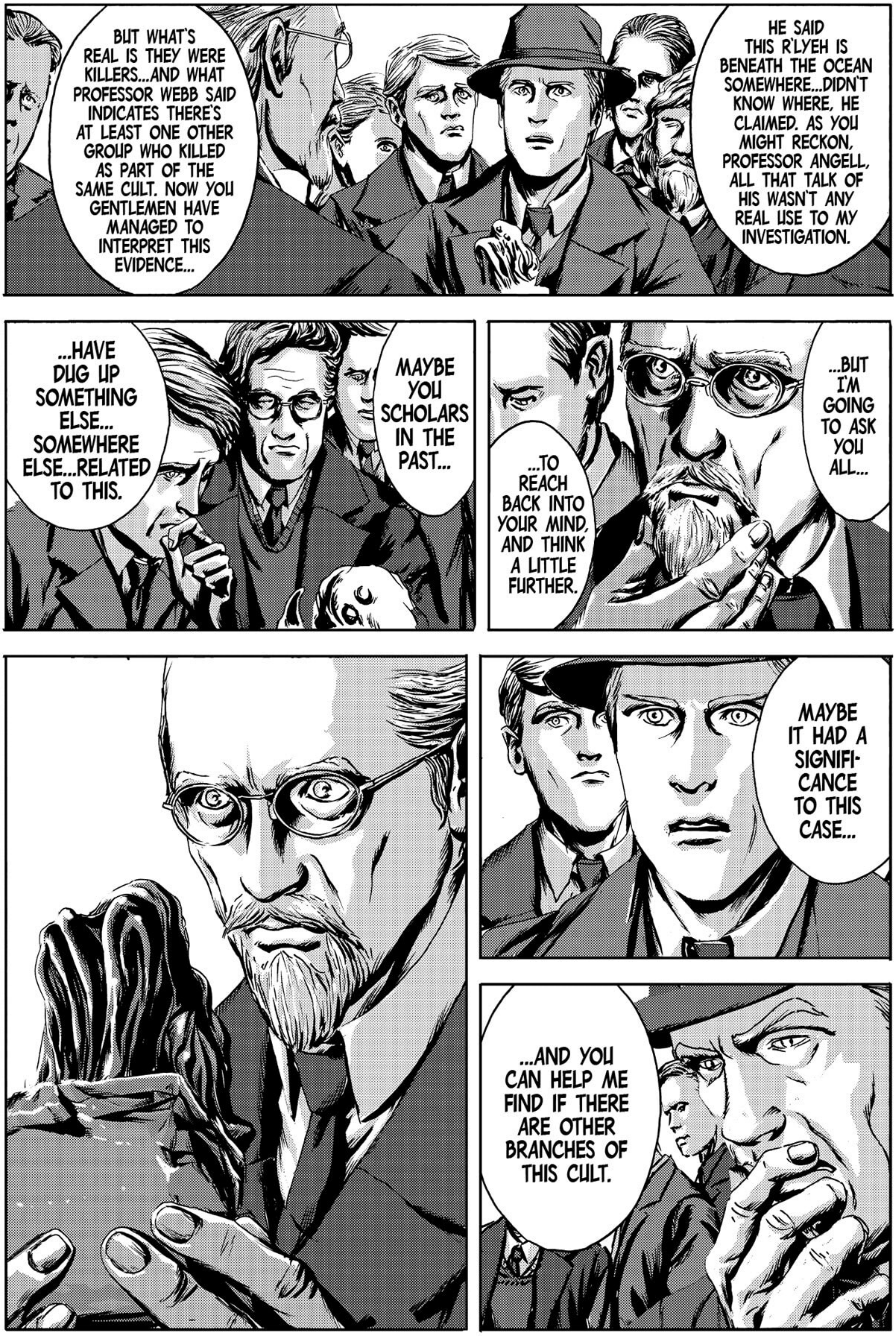


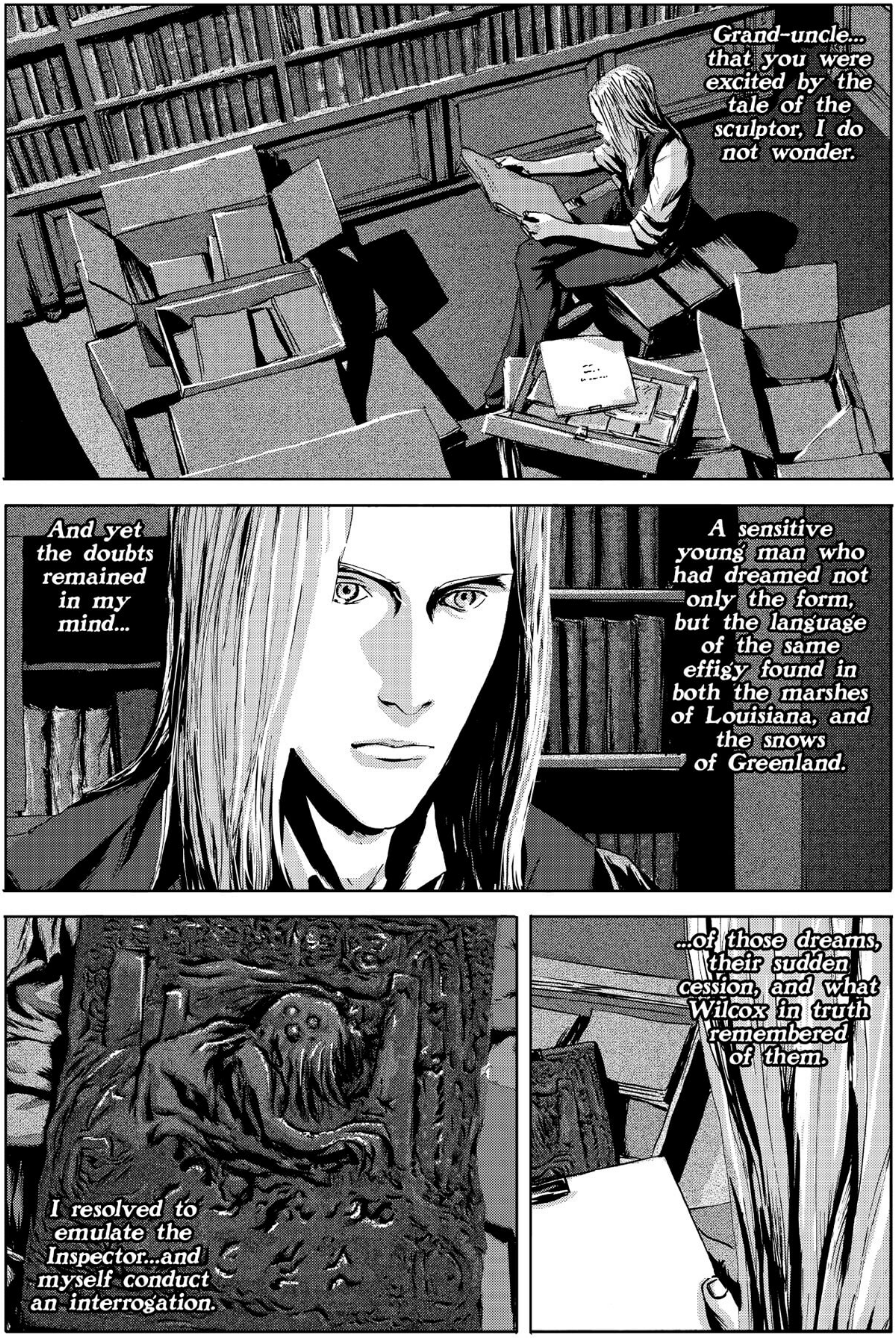

...UNDER NO THRALL, SAVE THAT OF GREAT CTHULHU.
...
...YOUR CULT IS CENTERED IN...WHERE DID YOU SAY, AGAIN...?
SEEK THE PATHLESS DESERTS OF ARABIA... IREM, THE CITY OF PILLARS...
THIS DOESN'T HELP US.
THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE IN OUR ATLAS EITHER.

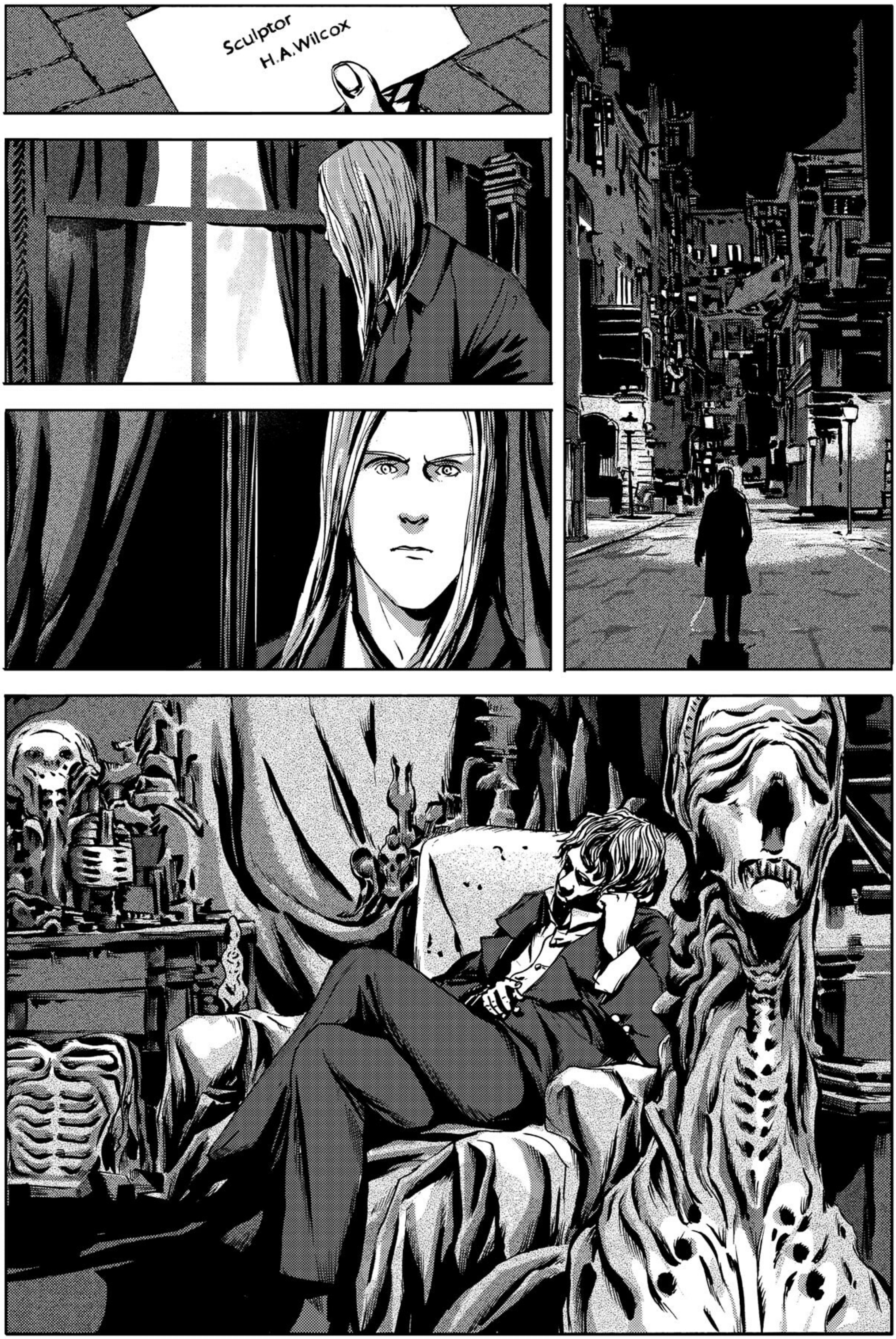

THE BAYOU... WAS THAT SOME KIND OF BLACK MASS? DOES YOUR CULT HAVE A CONNECTION TO EUROPEAN WITCHCRAFT ...?
THERE IS NONE.
AND YOUR SCRIPTURE?
THERE IS NONE. THE SACRED WORDS ARE ALL PASSED DOWN BY TRADITION.
IF YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE WITHOUT INK AND PAPER...
...I WAS TAUGHT IN CHINA OF THE *NECRONOMICON.*
WHAT IS THAT...?
A BOOK WRITTEN IN DAMASCUS... LONG AGO BY MERE MEN'S LIVES.
BURNED OFT, BUT IT IS SAID SOME COPIES SURVIVE. SHOULD YOU FIND IT, CONSIDER THE ALLUSION...


"THAT IS NOT DEAD WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIE...
"...AND WITH STRANGE AEONS EVEN DEATH MAY DIE."


BE WISE AND WARY...
...FOR A SLIGHT MISREADING OF THE *NECRONOMICON* MEANS DEATH.
SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE.
AS LONG AS MEN THINK THEMSELVES MASTERS OF THE EARTH, THEY WILL NOT UNDERSTAND THE TRUTH.
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORDS CHANTED AT THE RITUAL...?
CAN YOU NOT READ WHAT IS CARVED? I CAN.
"IN HIS HOUSE AT R'LYEH..."
"...DEAD CTHULHU WAITS DREAMING."


HE SAID THIS R'LYEH IS BENEATH THE OCEAN SOMEWHERE...DIDN'T KNOW WHERE, HE CLAIMED. AS YOU MIGHT RECKON, PROFESSOR ANGELL, ALL THAT TALK OF HIS WASN'T ANY REAL USE TO MY INVESTIGATION.
BUT WHAT'S REAL IS THEY WERE KILLERS...AND WHAT PROFESSOR WEBB SAID INDICATES THERE'S AT LEAST ONE OTHER GROUP WHO KILLED AS PART OF THE SAME CULT. NOW YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE MANAGED TO INTERPRET THIS EVIDENCE...
...HAVE DUG UP SOMETHING ELSE... SOMEWHERE ELSE...RELATED TO THIS.
MAYBE YOU SCHOLARS IN THE PAST...
...BUT I'M GOING TO ASK YOU ALL...
...TO REACH BACK INTO YOUR MIND, AND THINK A LITTLE FURTHER.
MAYBE IT HAD A SIGNIFICANCE TO THIS CASE...
...AND YOU CAN HELP ME FIND IF THERE ARE OTHER BRANCHES OF THIS CULT.

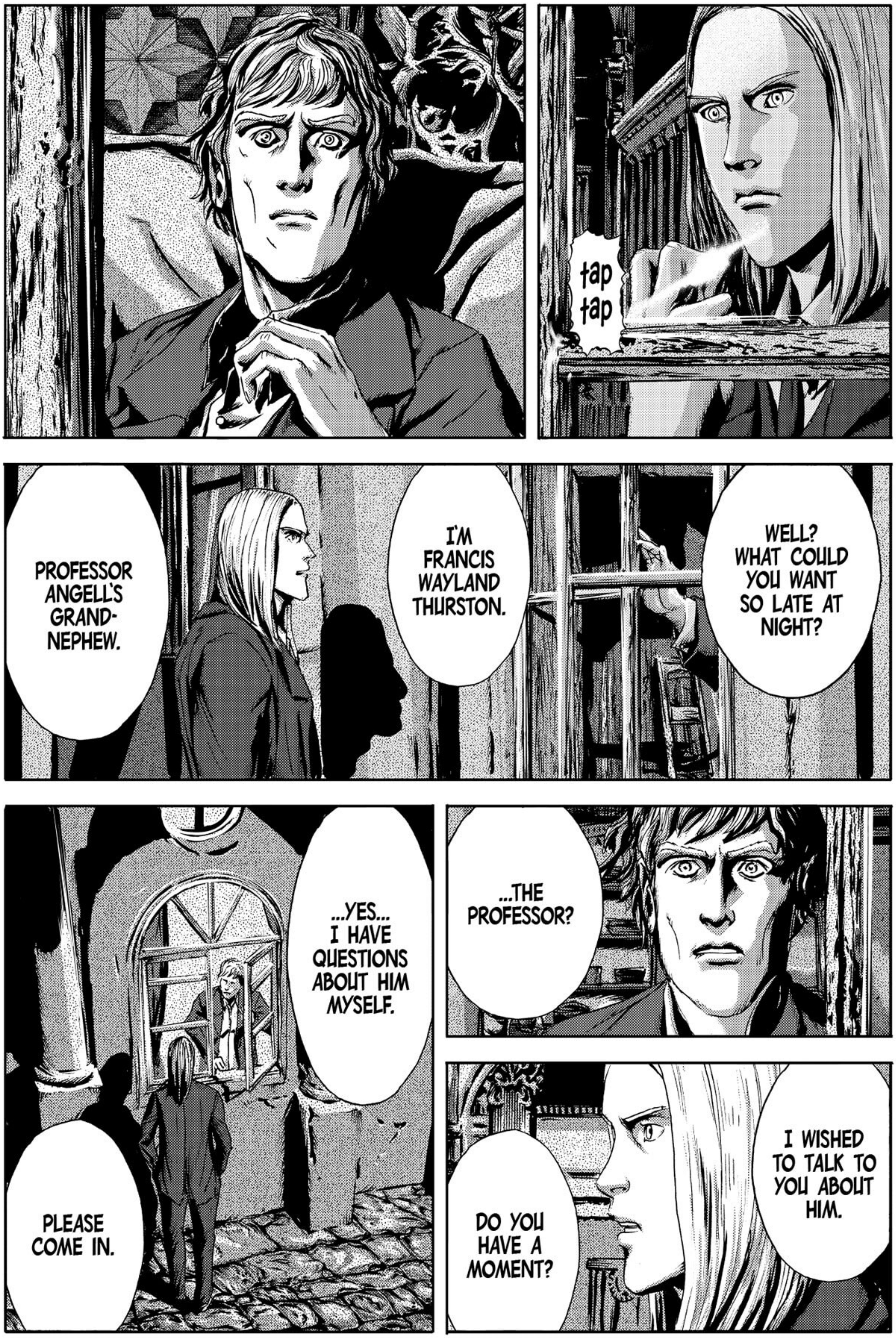

Grand-uncle... that you were excited by the tale of the sculptor, I do not wonder.
And yet the doubts remained in my mind...
A sensitive young man who had dreamed not only the form, but the language of the same effigy found in both the marshes of Louisiana, and the snows of Greenland.
I resolved to emulate the Inspector...and myself conduct an interrogation.
...of those dreams, their sudden cession, and what Wilcox in truth remembered of them.

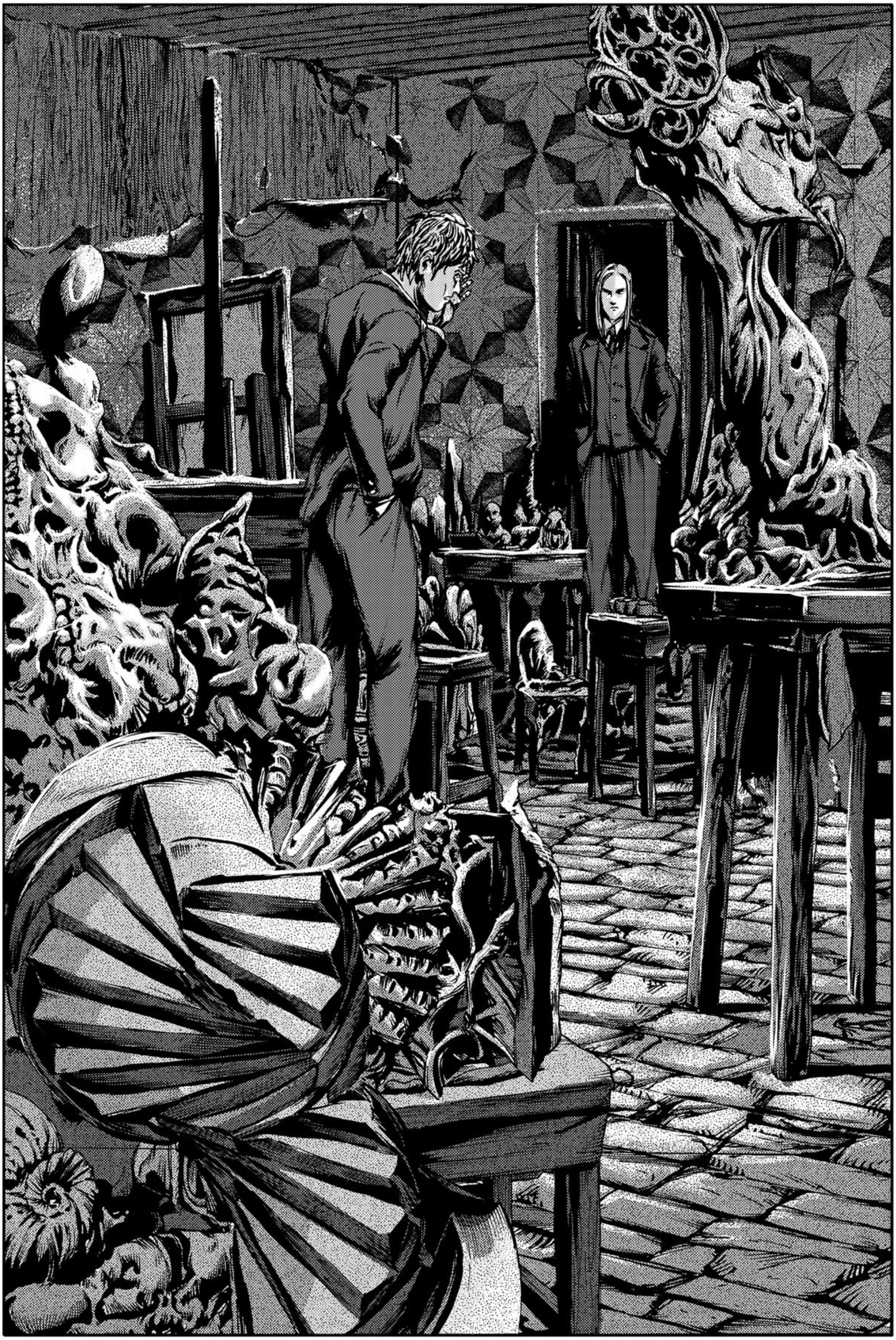

Sculptor
H.A.Wilcox

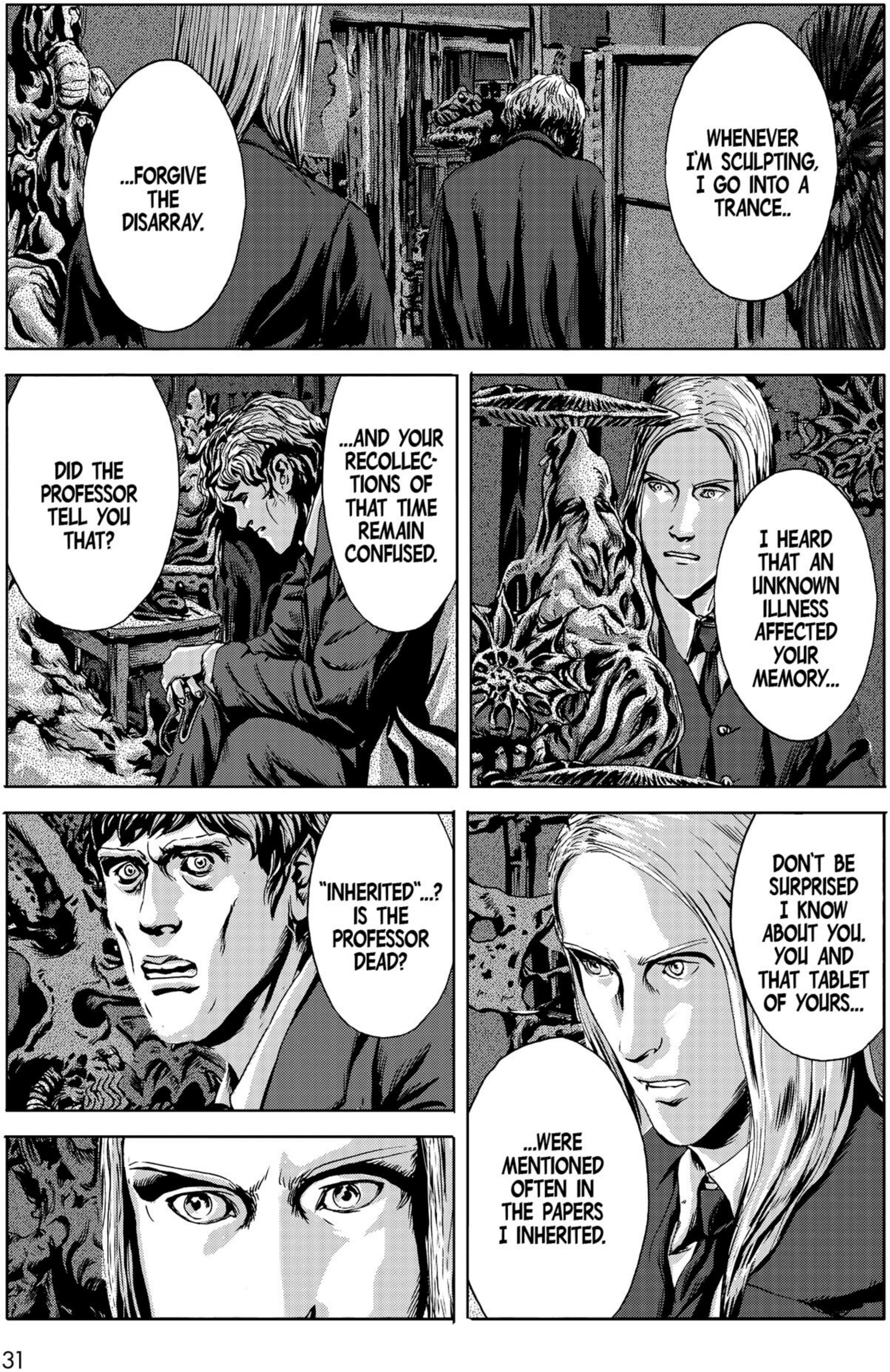
Chapter Four

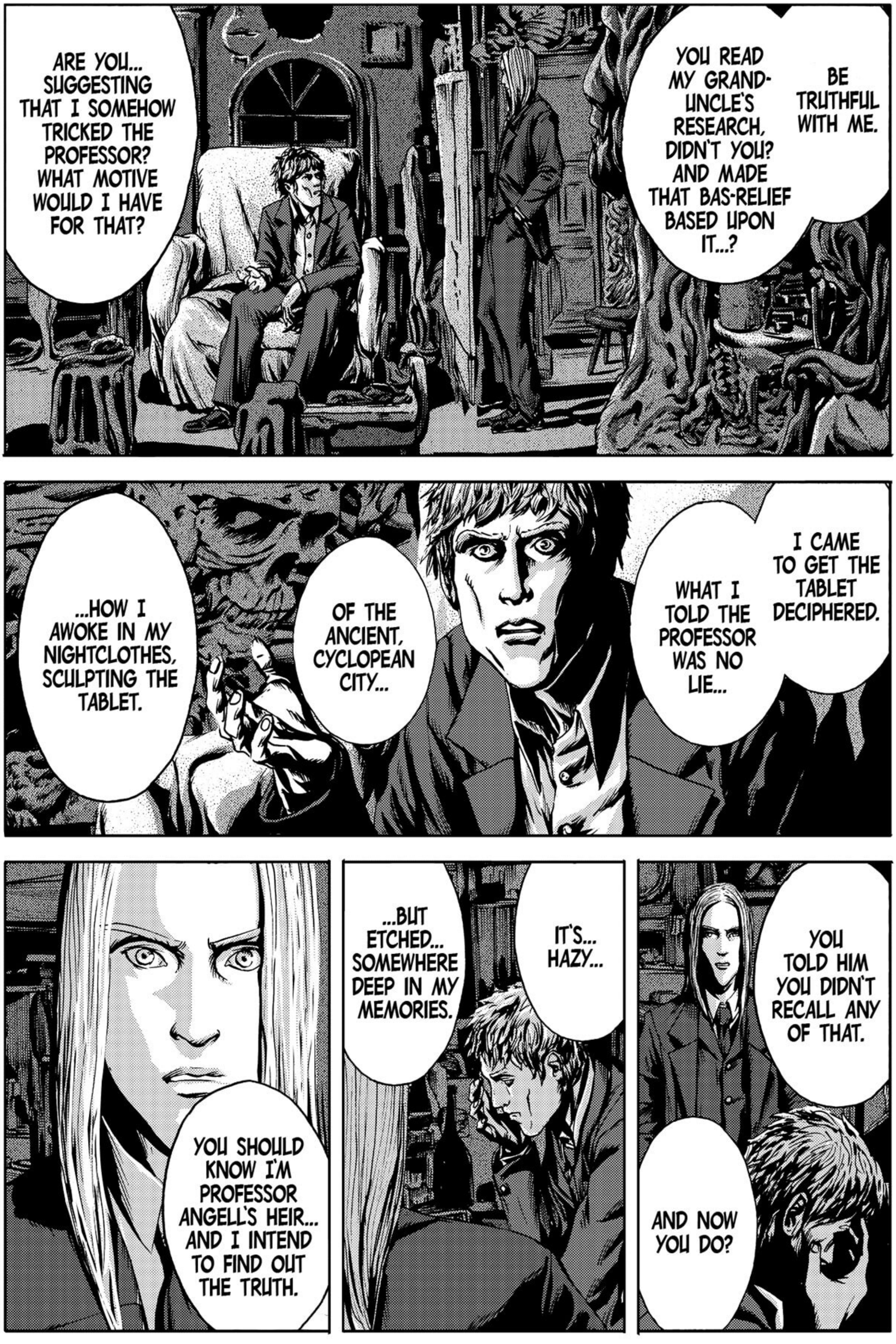
THE TERRIBLE STATUE

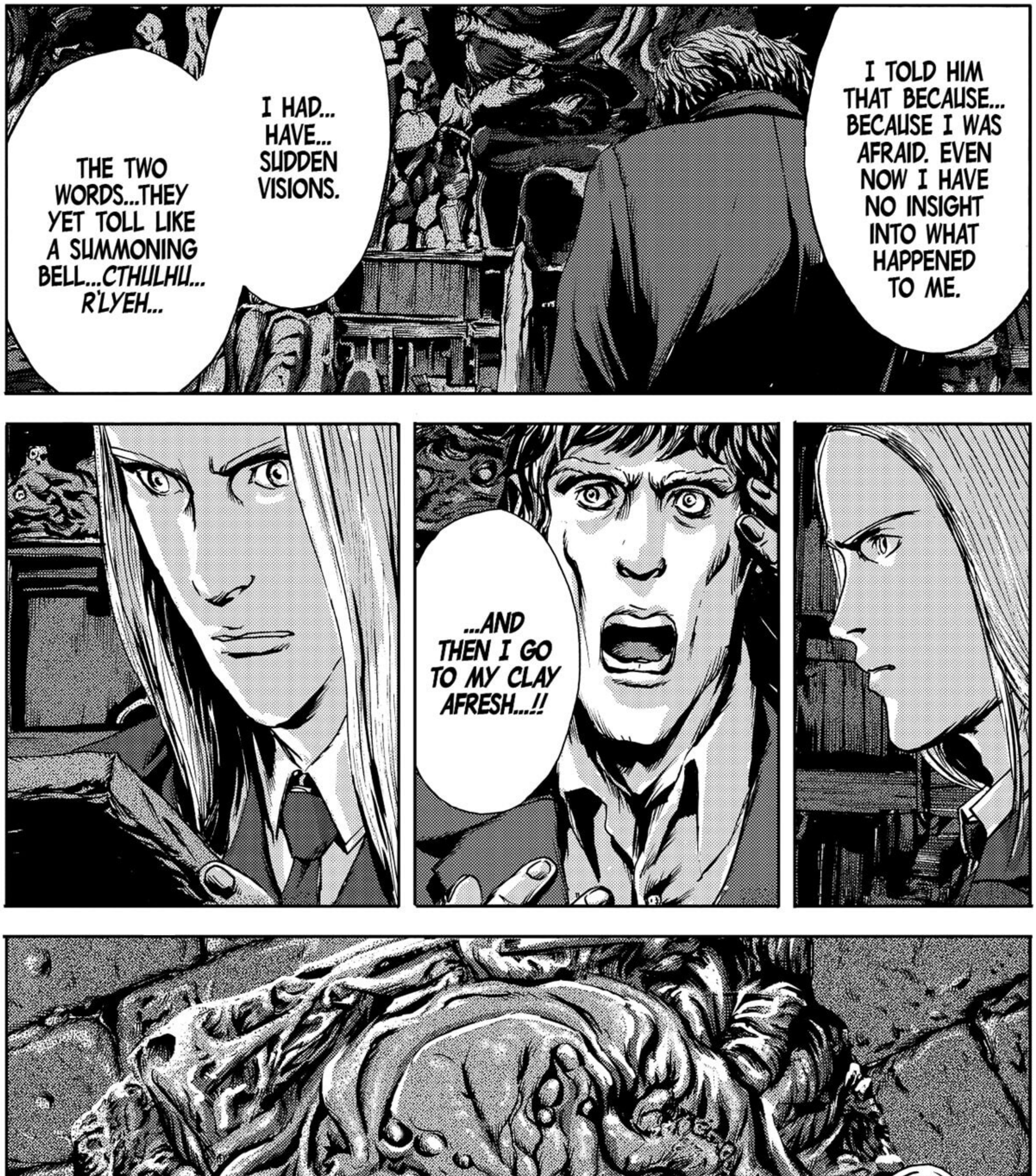
奇怪な像

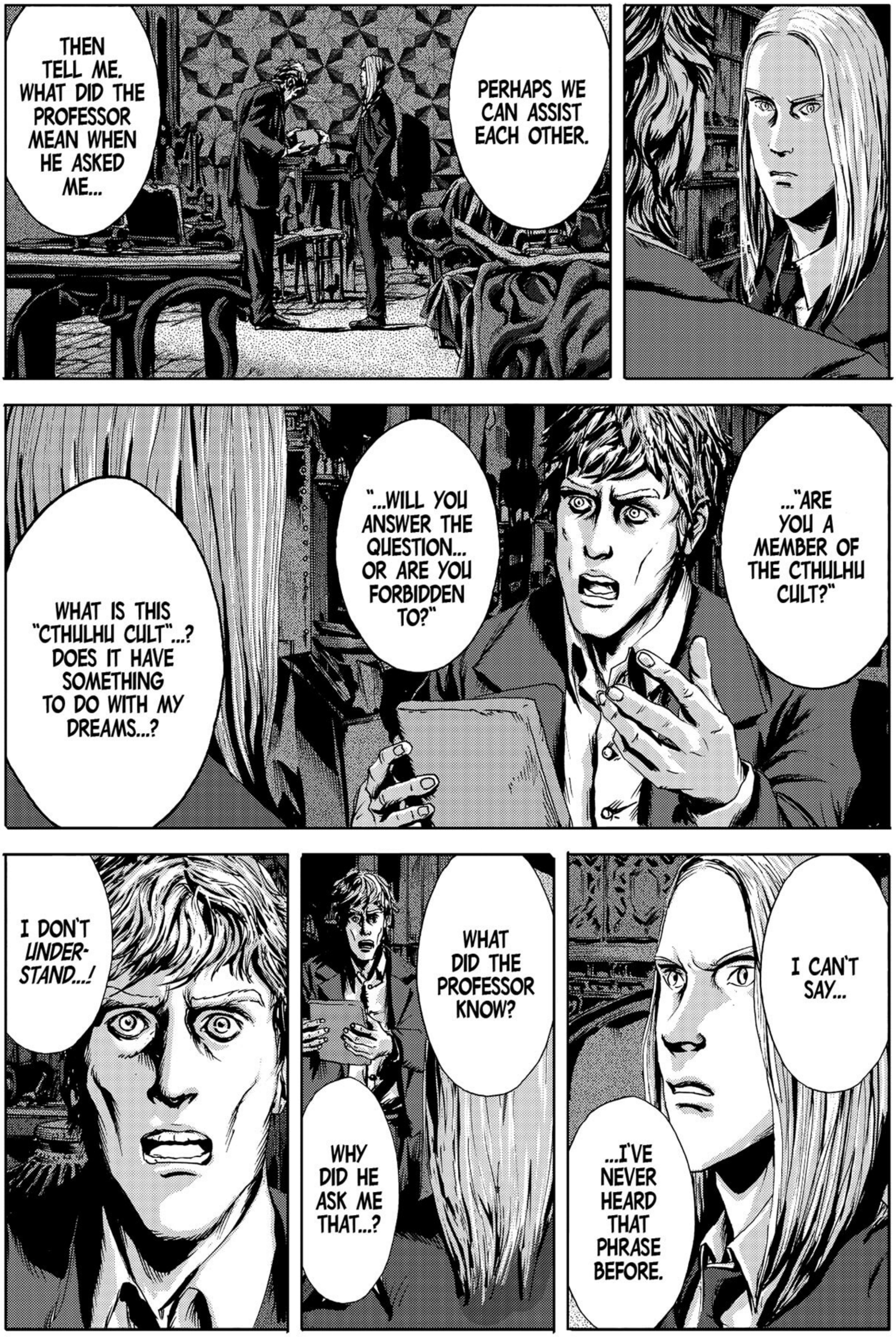

tap tap
WELL? WHAT COULD YOU WANT SO LATE AT NIGHT?
I'M FRANCIS WAYLAND THURSTON.
PROFESSOR ANGELL'S GRAND-NEPHEW.
...THE PROFESSOR?
I WISHED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HIM.
DO YOU HAVE A MOMENT?
...YES... I HAVE QUESTIONS ABOUT HIM MYSELF.
PLEASE COME IN.

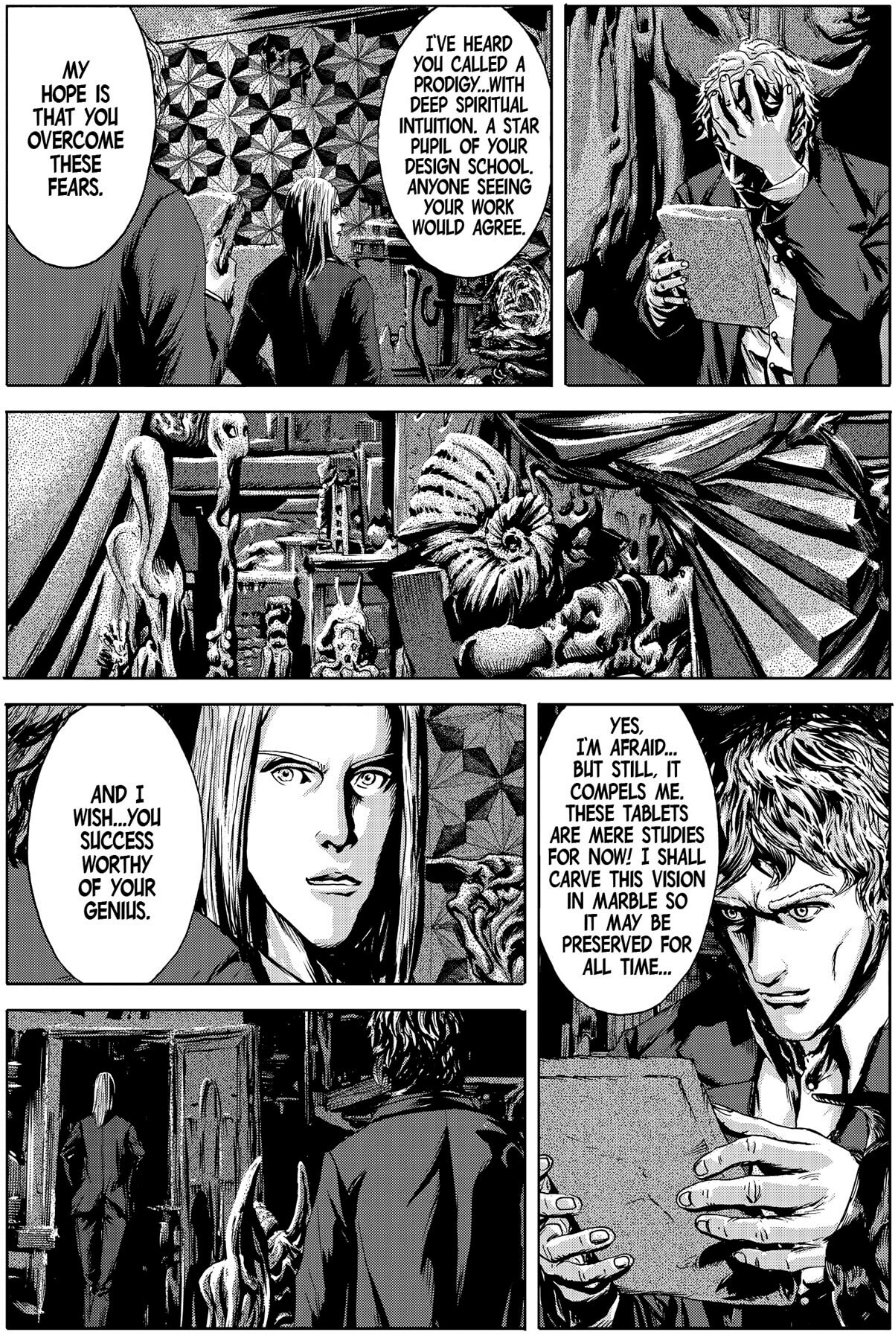


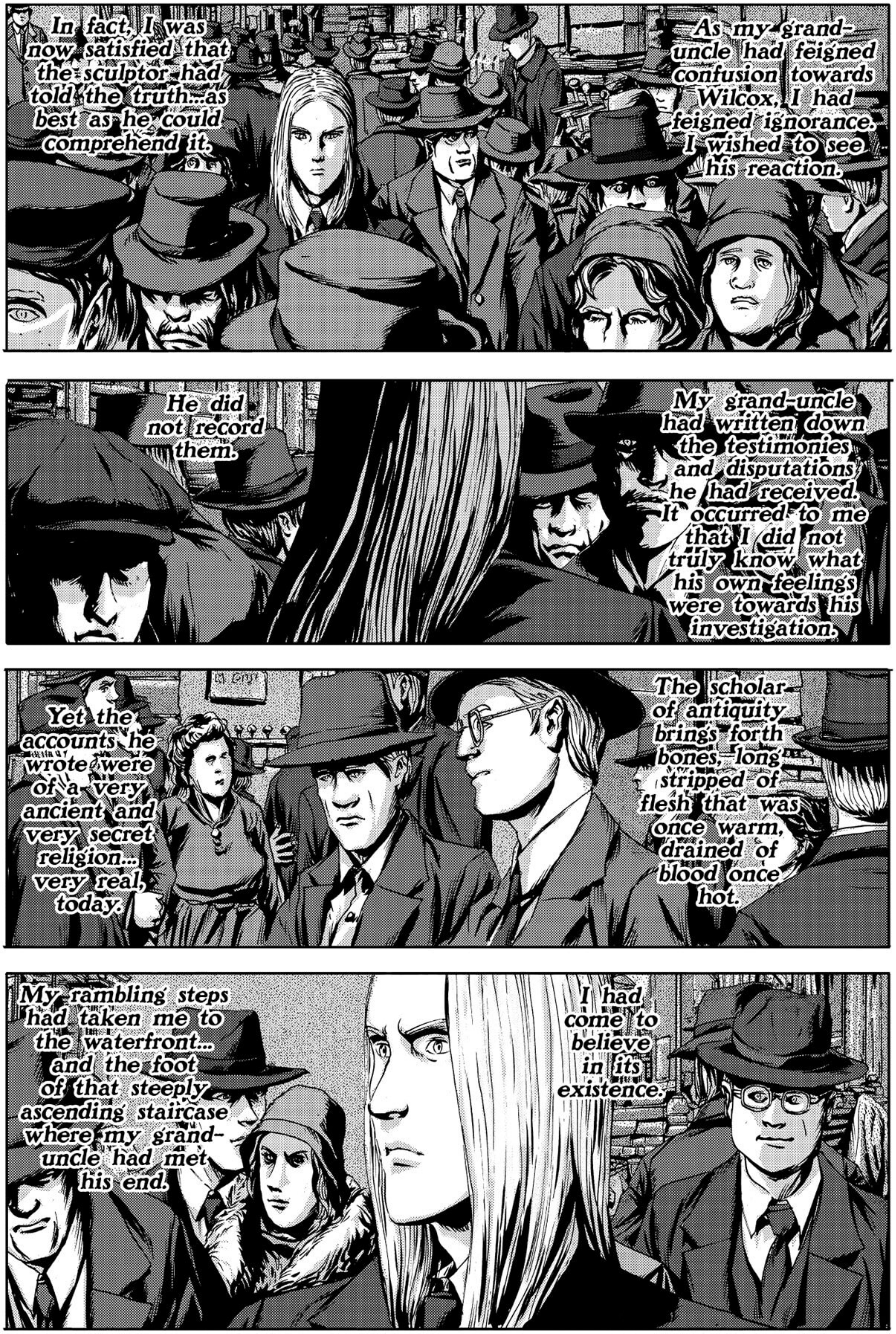

WHENEVER I'M SCULPTING, I GO INTO A TRANCE..
...FORGIVE THE DISARRAY.
I HEARD THAT AN UNKNOWN ILLNESS AFFECTED YOUR MEMORY...
...AND YOUR RECOLLECTIONS OF THAT TIME REMAIN CONFUSED.
DID THE PROFESSOR TELL YOU THAT?
DON'T BE SURPRISED I KNOW ABOUT YOU. YOU AND THAT TABLET OF YOURS...
...WERE MENTIONED OFTEN IN THE PAPERS I INHERITED.
"INHERITED"...? IS THE PROFESSOR DEAD?

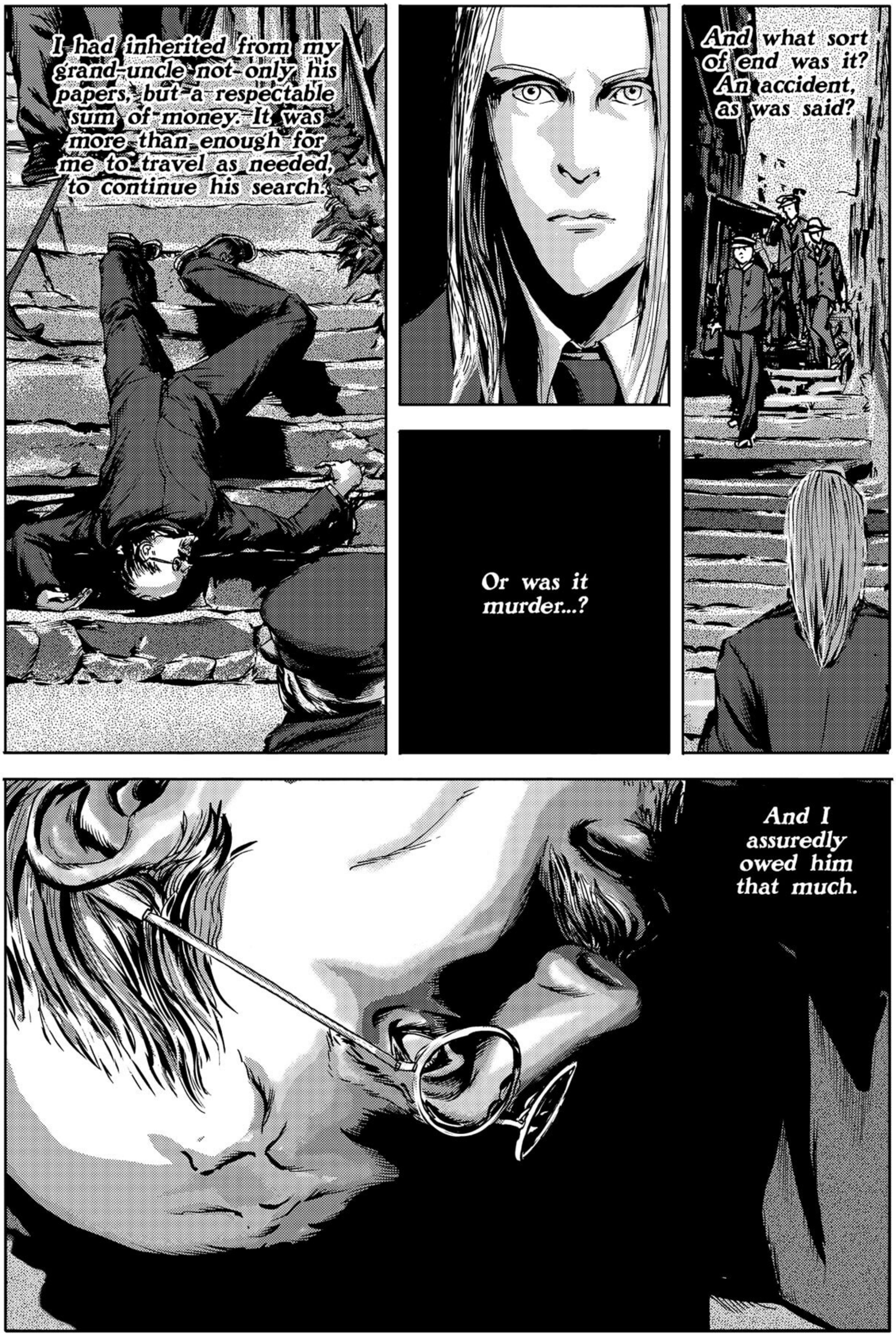

BE TRUTHFUL WITH ME.
YOU READ MY GRAND-UNCLE'S RESEARCH, DIDN'T YOU? AND MADE THAT BAS-RELIEF BASED UPON IT...?
ARE YOU... SUGGESTING THAT I SOMEHOW TRICKED THE PROFESSOR? WHAT MOTIVE WOULD I HAVE FOR THAT?
I CAME TO GET THE TABLET DECIPHERED.
WHAT I TOLD THE PROFESSOR WAS NO LIE...
OF THE ANCIENT, CYCLOPEAN CITY...
...HOW I AWOKE IN MY NIGHTCLOTHES, SCULPTING THE TABLET.
YOU TOLD HIM YOU DIDN'T RECALL ANY OF THAT.
AND NOW YOU DO?
IT'S... HAZY...
...BUT ETCHED... SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY MEMORIES.
YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M PROFESSOR ANGELL'S HEIR... AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH.

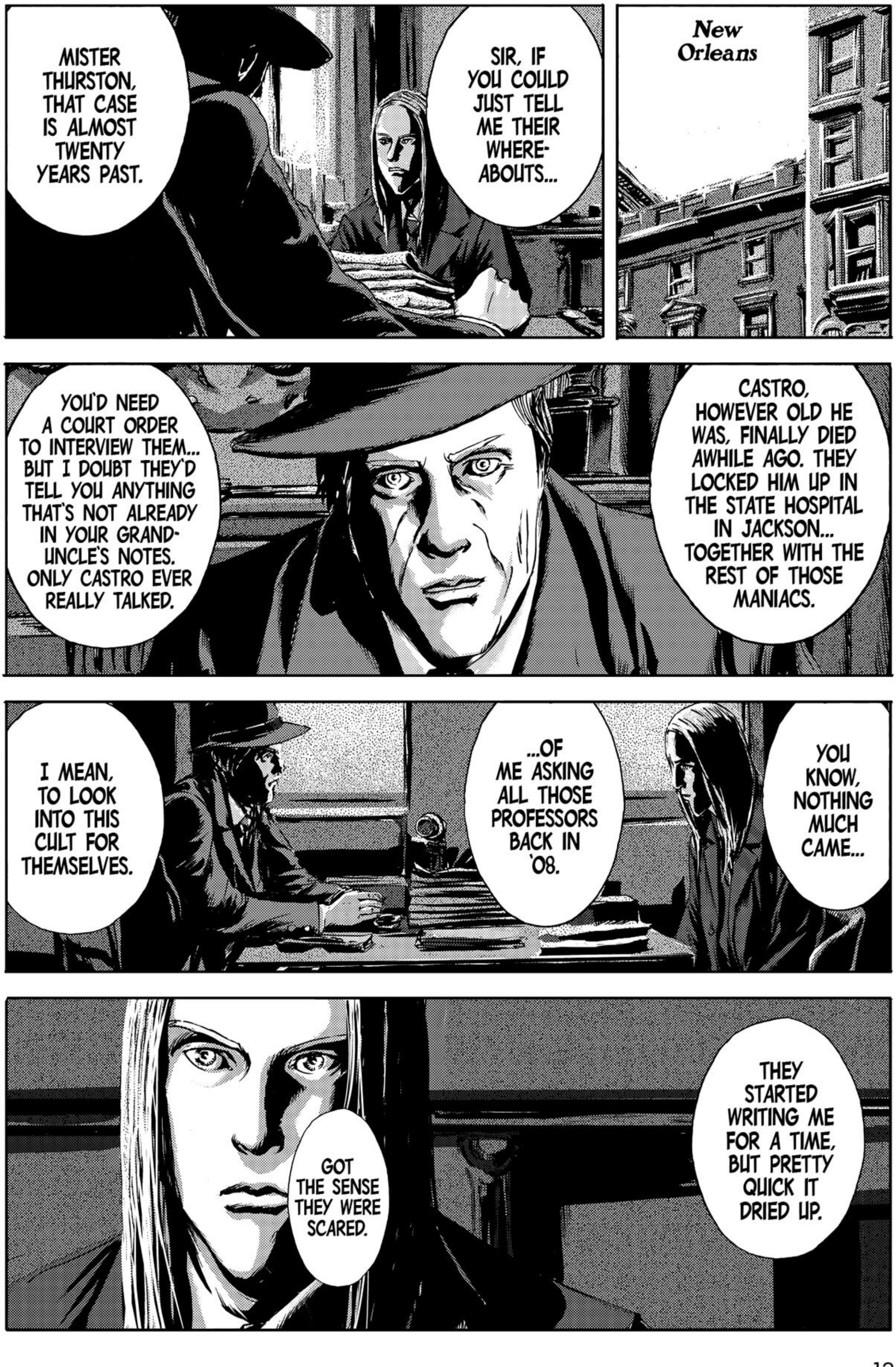

I TOLD HIM THAT BECAUSE... BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID. EVEN NOW I HAVE NO INSIGHT INTO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.
I HAD... HAVE... SUDDEN VISIONS.
THE TWO WORDS...THEY YET TOLL LIKE A SUMMONING BELL...*CTHULHU... R'LYEH...*
...AND THEN I GO TO MY CLAY AFRESH...!!

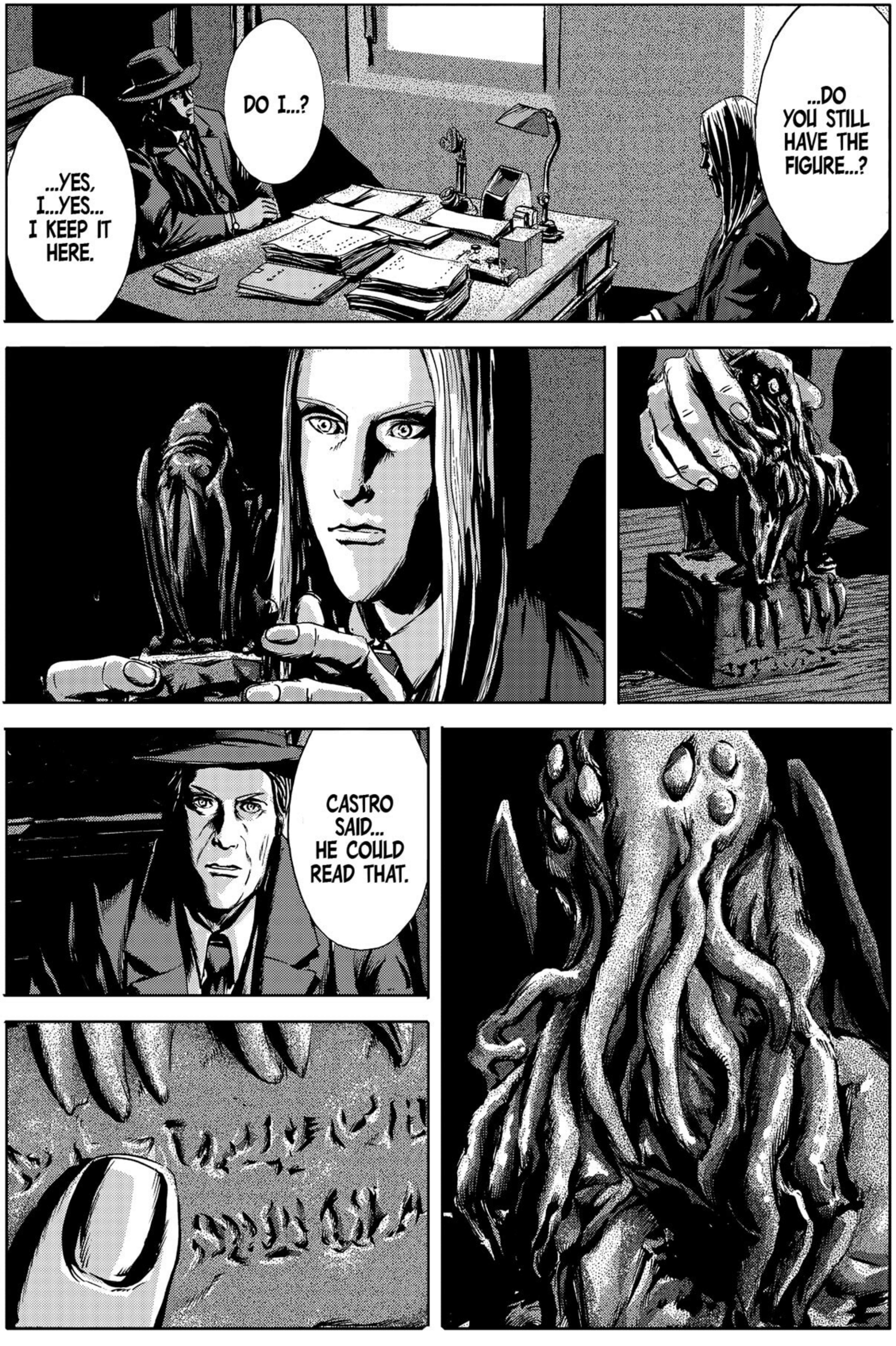

PERHAPS WE CAN ASSIST EACH OTHER.
THEN TELL ME. WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR MEAN WHEN HE ASKED ME...
..."ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE CTHULHU CULT?"
"...WILL YOU ANSWER THE QUESTION... OR ARE YOU FORBIDDEN TO?"
WHAT IS THIS "CTHULHU CULT"...? DOES IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY DREAMS...?
I CAN'T SAY...
...I'VE NEVER HEARD THAT PHRASE BEFORE.
WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR KNOW?
WHY DID HE ASK ME THAT...?
I DON'T *UNDERSTAND...!*

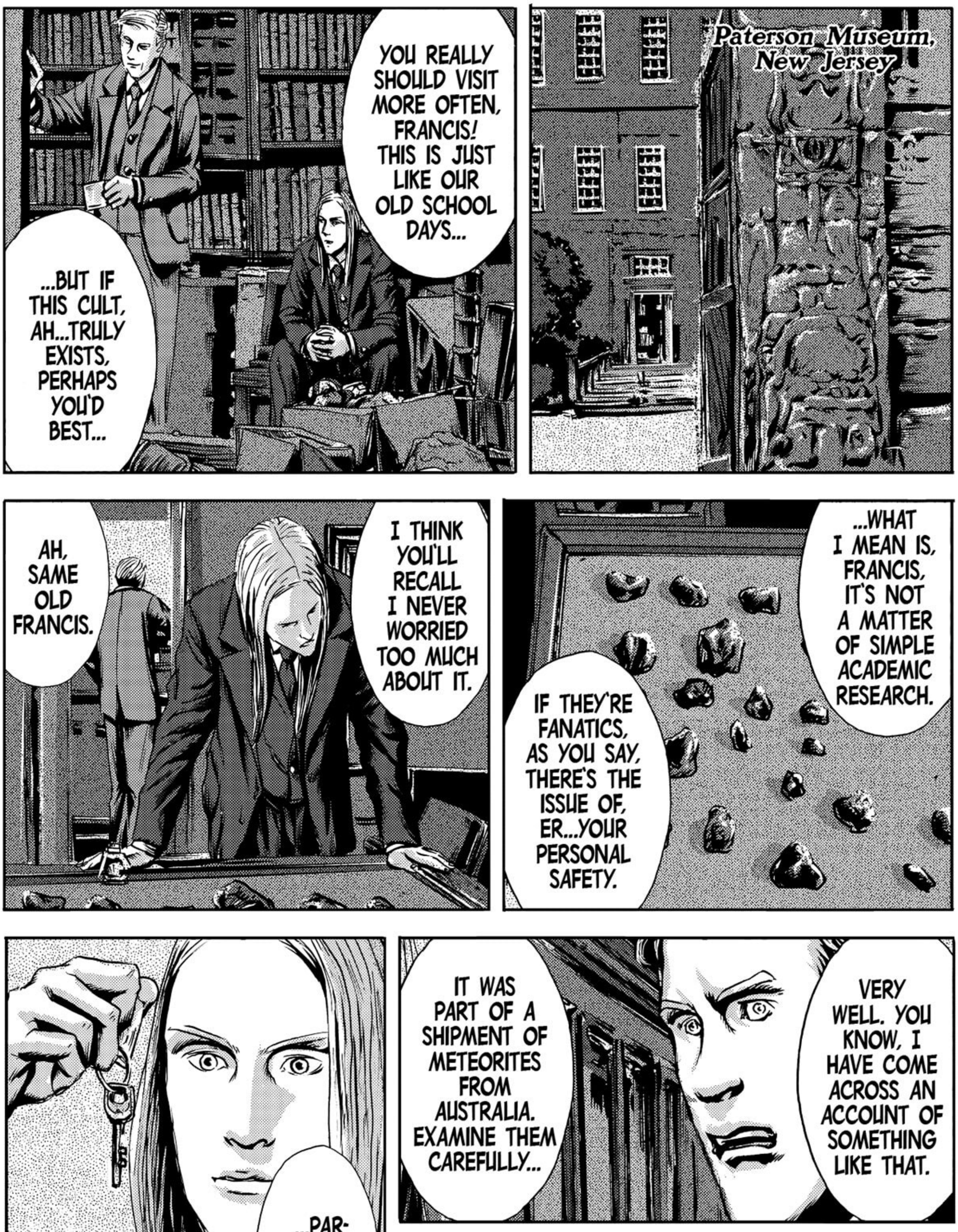

MY HOPE IS THAT YOU OVERCOME THESE FEARS.
I'VE HEARD YOU CALLED A PRODIGY...WITH DEEP SPIRITUAL INTUITION. A STAR PUPIL OF YOUR DESIGN SCHOOL. ANYONE SEEING YOUR WORK WOULD AGREE.
AND I WISH...YOU SUCCESS WORTHY OF YOUR GENIUS.
YES, I'M AFRAID... BUT STILL, IT COMPELS ME. THESE TABLETS ARE MERE STUDIES FOR NOW! I SHALL CARVE THIS VISION IN MARBLE SO IT MAY BE PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME...

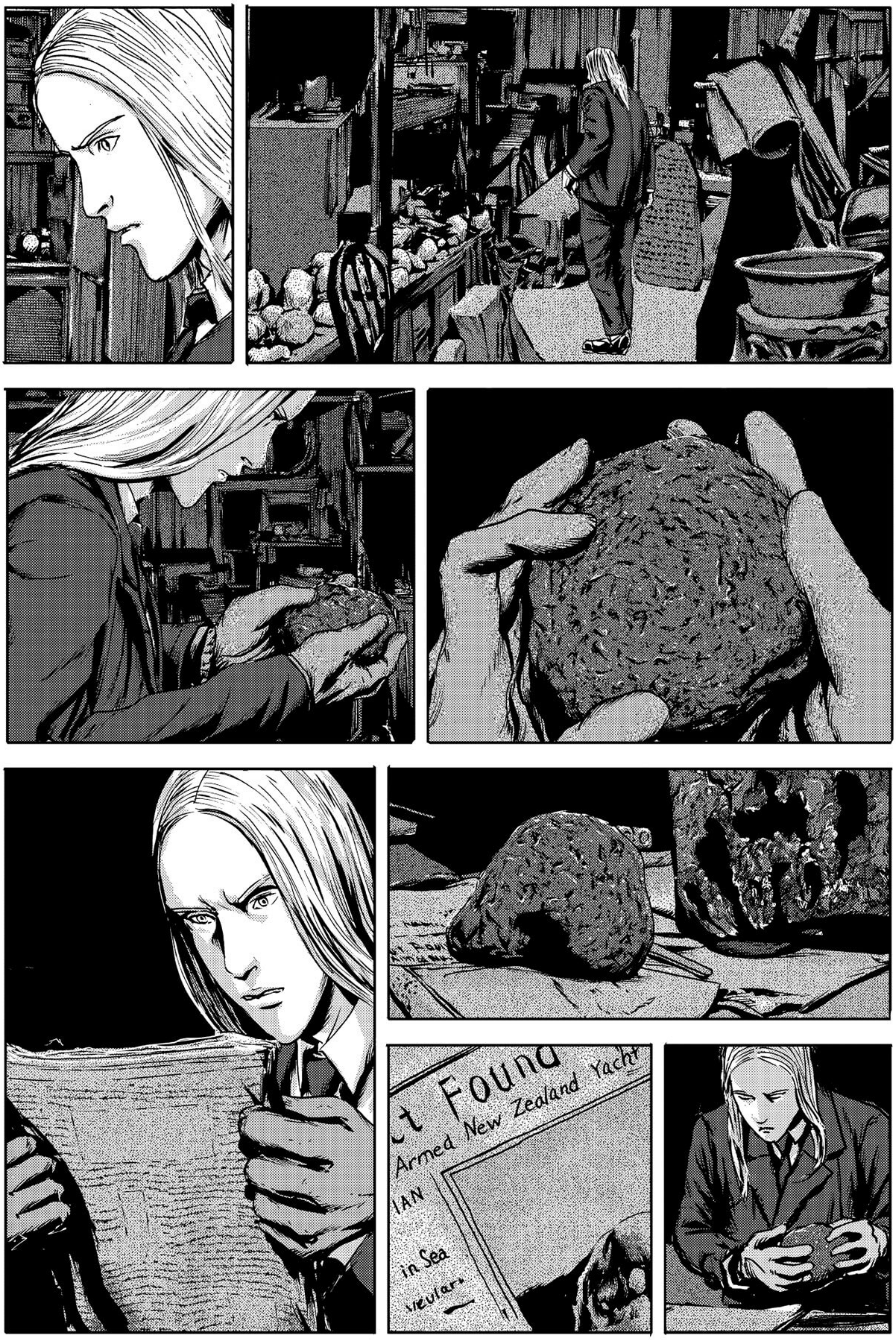

In fact, I was now satisfied that the sculptor had told the truth...as best as he could comprehend it.
As my grand-uncle had feigned confusion towards Wilcox, I had feigned ignorance. I wished to see his reaction.
He did not record them.
My grand-uncle had written down the testimonies and disputations he had received. It occurred to me that I did not truly know what his own feelings were towards his investigation.
Yet the accounts he wrote were of a very ancient and very secret religion... very real, today.
The scholar of antiquity brings forth bones, long stripped of flesh that was once warm, drained of blood once hot.
My rambling steps had taken me to the waterfront... and the foot of that steeply ascending staircase where my grand-uncle had met his end.
I had come to believe in its existence.

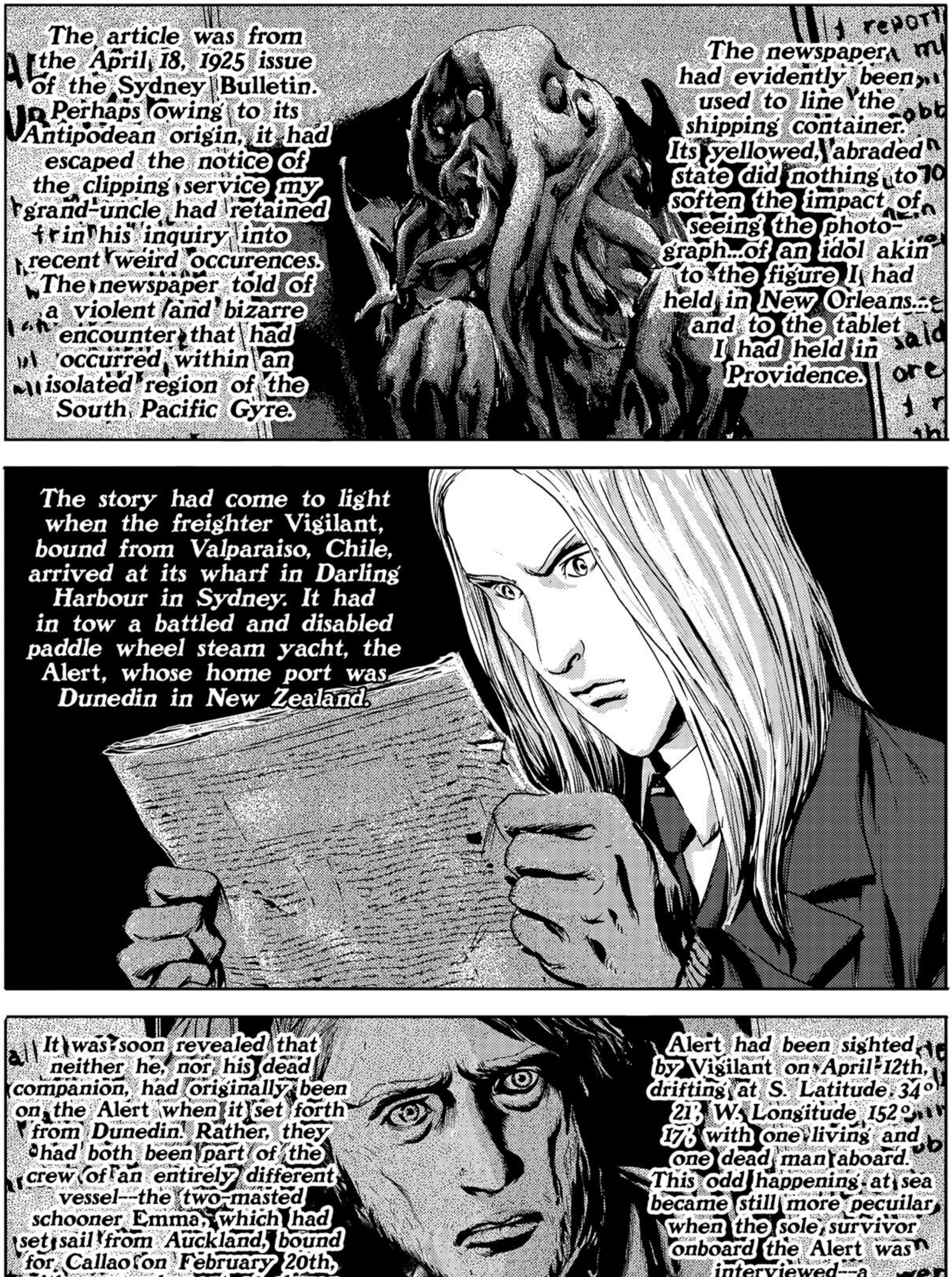

And what sort of end was it? An accident, as was said?
Or was it murder...?
I had inherited from my grand-uncle not only his papers, but a respectable sum of money. It was more than enough for me to travel as needed, to continue his search.
And I assuredly owed him that much.

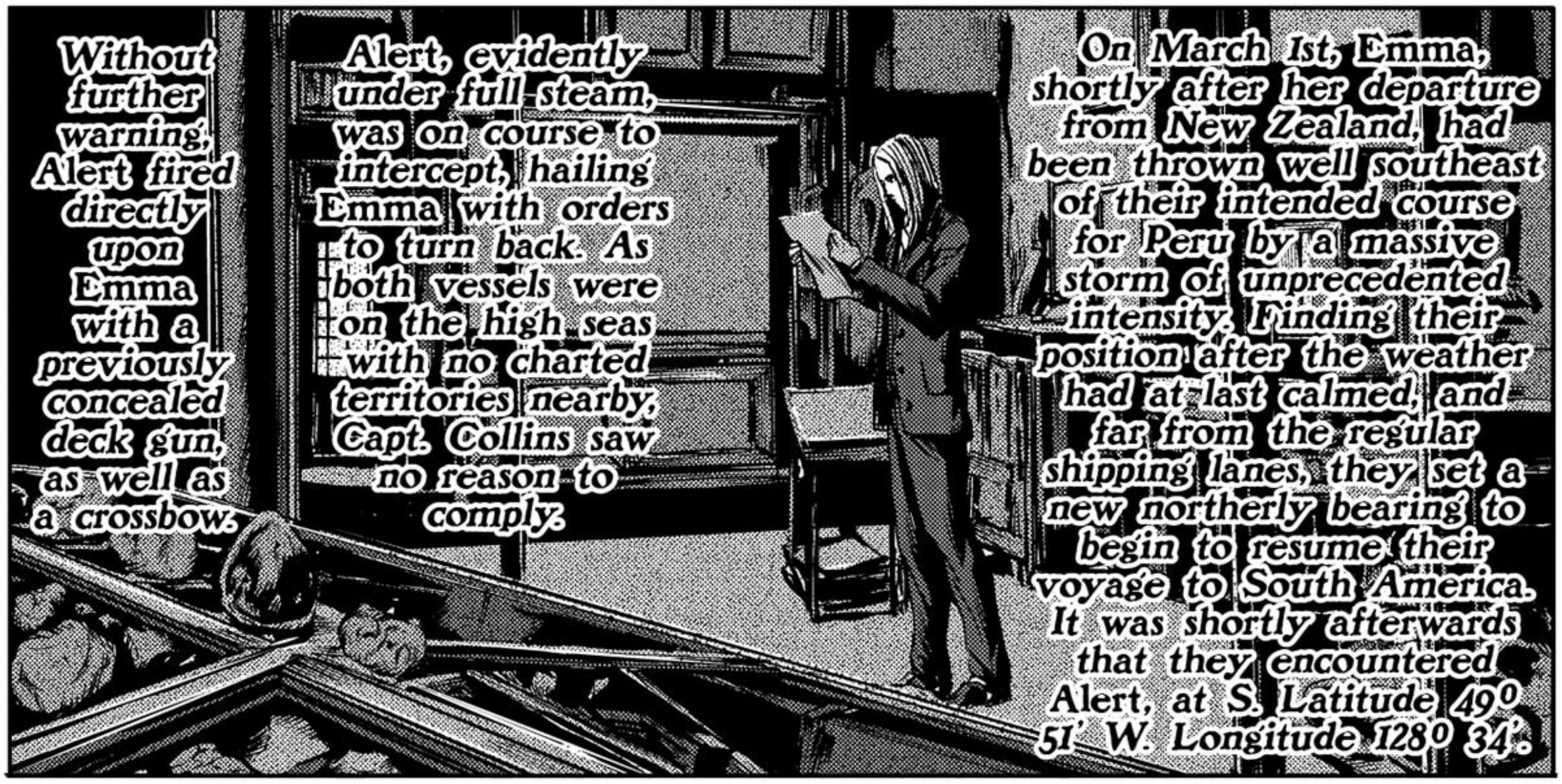

New Orleans
SIR, IF YOU COULD JUST TELL ME THEIR WHEREABOUTS...
MISTER THURSTON, THAT CASE IS ALMOST TWENTY YEARS PAST.
CASTRO, HOWEVER OLD HE WAS, FINALLY DIED AWHILE AGO. THEY LOCKED HIM UP IN THE STATE HOSPITAL IN JACKSON... TOGETHER WITH THE REST OF THOSE MANIACS.
YOU'D NEED A COURT ORDER TO INTERVIEW THEM... BUT I DOUBT THEY'D TELL YOU ANYTHING THAT'S NOT ALREADY IN YOUR GRAND-UNCLE'S NOTES. ONLY CASTRO EVER REALLY TALKED.
YOU KNOW, NOTHING MUCH CAME...
...OF ME ASKING ALL THOSE PROFESSORS BACK IN '08.
I MEAN, TO LOOK INTO THIS CULT FOR THEMSELVES.
THEY STARTED WRITING ME FOR A TIME, BUT PRETTY QUICK IT DRIED UP.
GOT THE SENSE THEY WERE SCARED.


...DO YOU STILL HAVE THE FIGURE...?
DO I...?
...YES, I...YES... I KEEP IT HERE.
CASTRO SAID... HE COULD READ THAT.


Paterson Museum, New Jersey
YOU REALLY SHOULD VISIT MORE OFTEN, FRANCIS! THIS IS JUST LIKE OUR OLD SCHOOL DAYS...
...BUT IF THIS CULT, AH...TRULY EXISTS, PERHAPS YOU'D BEST...
...WHAT I MEAN IS, FRANCIS, IT'S NOT A MATTER OF SIMPLE ACADEMIC RESEARCH.
IF THEY'RE FANATICS, AS YOU SAY, THERE'S THE ISSUE OF, ER...YOUR PERSONAL SAFETY.
I THINK YOU'LL RECALL I NEVER WORRIED TOO MUCH ABOUT IT.
AH, SAME OLD FRANCIS.
VERY WELL. YOU KNOW, I HAVE COME ACROSS AN ACCOUNT OF SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
IT WAS PART OF A SHIPMENT OF METEORITES FROM AUSTRALIA. EXAMINE THEM CAREFULLY...
...PARTICULARLY UNDERNEATH.


t Found
Armed New Zealand Yacht
IAN
in Sea
rticulars


The article was from the April 18, 1925 issue of the Sydney Bulletin. Perhaps owing to its Antipodean origin, it had escaped the notice of the clipping service my grand-uncle had retained in his inquiry into recent weird occurences. The newspaper told of a violent and bizarre encounter that had occurred within an isolated region of the South Pacific Gyre.
The newspaper had evidently been used to line the shipping container. Its yellowed, abraded state did nothing to soften the impact of seeing the photograph...of an idol akin to the figure I had held in New Orleans... and to the tablet I had held in Providence.
The story had come to light when the freighter Vigilant, bound from Valparaiso, Chile, arrived at its wharf in Darling Harbour in Sydney. It had in tow a battled and disabled paddle wheel steam yacht, the Alert, whose home port was Dunedin in New Zealand.
Alert had been sighted by Vigilant on April 12th, drifting at S. Latitude 34° 21', W. Longitude 152° 17', with one living and one dead man aboard. This odd happening at sea became still more peculiar when the sole survivor onboard the Alert was interviewed--a Norweigan sailor named Gustaf Johansen...who clutched to himself the strange idol in the photograph.
It was soon revealed that neither he, nor his dead companion, had originally been on the Alert when it set forth from Dunedin. Rather, they had both been part of the crew of an entirely different vessel--the two-masted schooner Emma, which had set sail from Auckland, bound for Callao on February 20th, with a complement of eleven men. Ten, including the body accompanying Johansen, had perished. Of the Emma's crew, Second Mate Johansen alone now lived.


On March 1st, Emma, shortly after her departure from New Zealand, had been thrown well southeast of their intended course for Peru by a massive storm of unprecedented intensity. Finding their position after the weather had at last calmed, and far from the regular shipping lanes, they set a new northerly bearing to begin to resume their voyage to South America. It was shortly afterwards that they encountered Alert, at S. Latitude 49° 51' W. Longitude 128° 34'.
Alert, evidently under full steam, was on course to intercept, hailing Emma with orders to turn back. As both vessels were on the high seas with no charted territories nearby, Capt. Collins saw no reason to comply.
Without further warning, Alert fired directly upon Emma with a previously concealed deck gun, as well as a crossbow.

Three of the Emma's crew, including Capt. Collins and First Mate Green, were killed in the initial attack. With the Emma taking on water from cannon shot, Johansen, now in command, reckoned their only chance was to close with Alert, board the ship, and seize the enemy vessel for themselves.

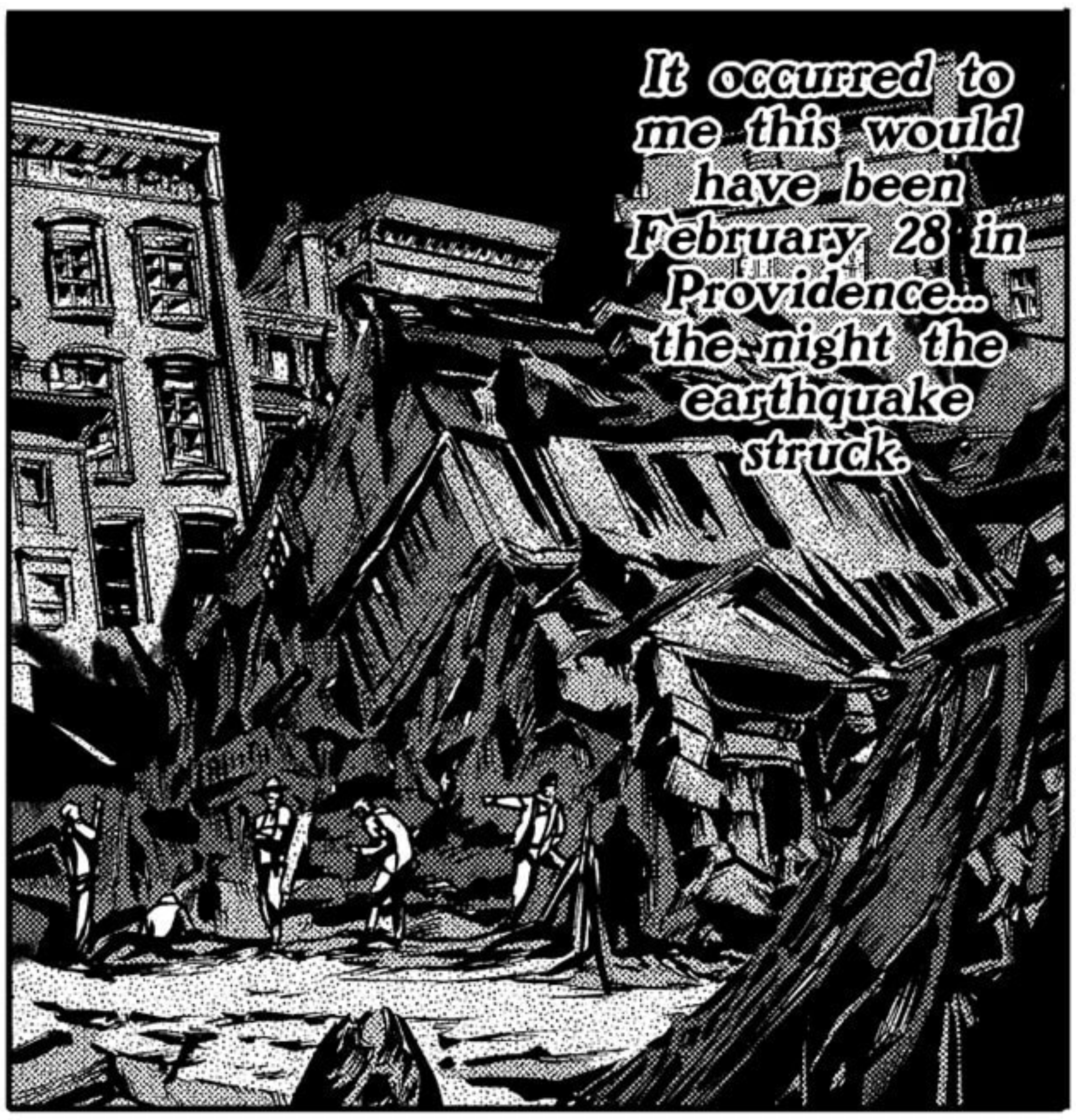
The desperate foray succeeded, but while considering heir next action, Emma's eight surviving crew members, now on the commandeered Alert, spotted an island entirely absent from any charts, as if thrown up by the recent convulsions of the sea.

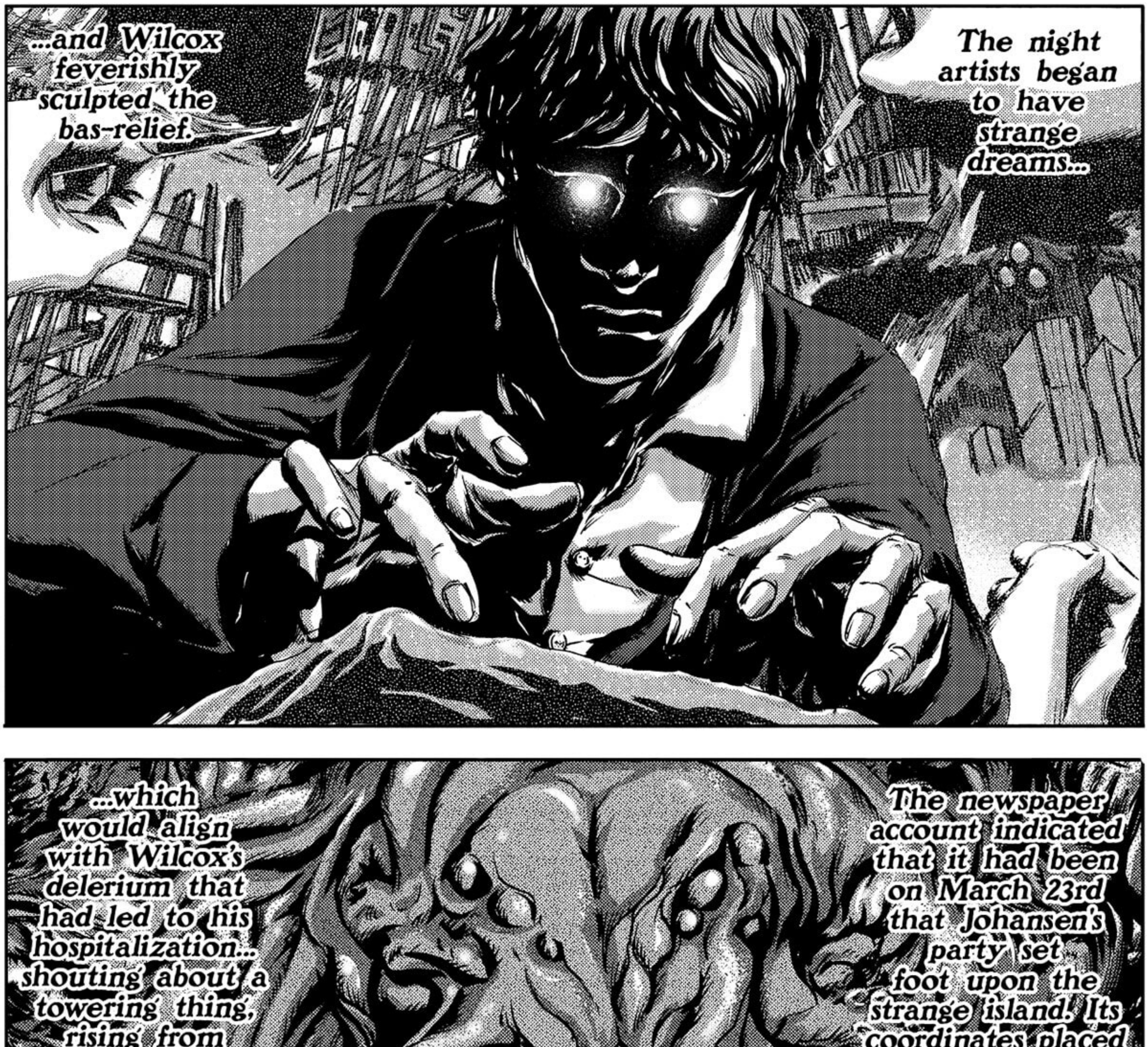
They landed on the island, and it was apparently here that six of the remaining eight died, although Johansen was queerly reticent about this part of his story.

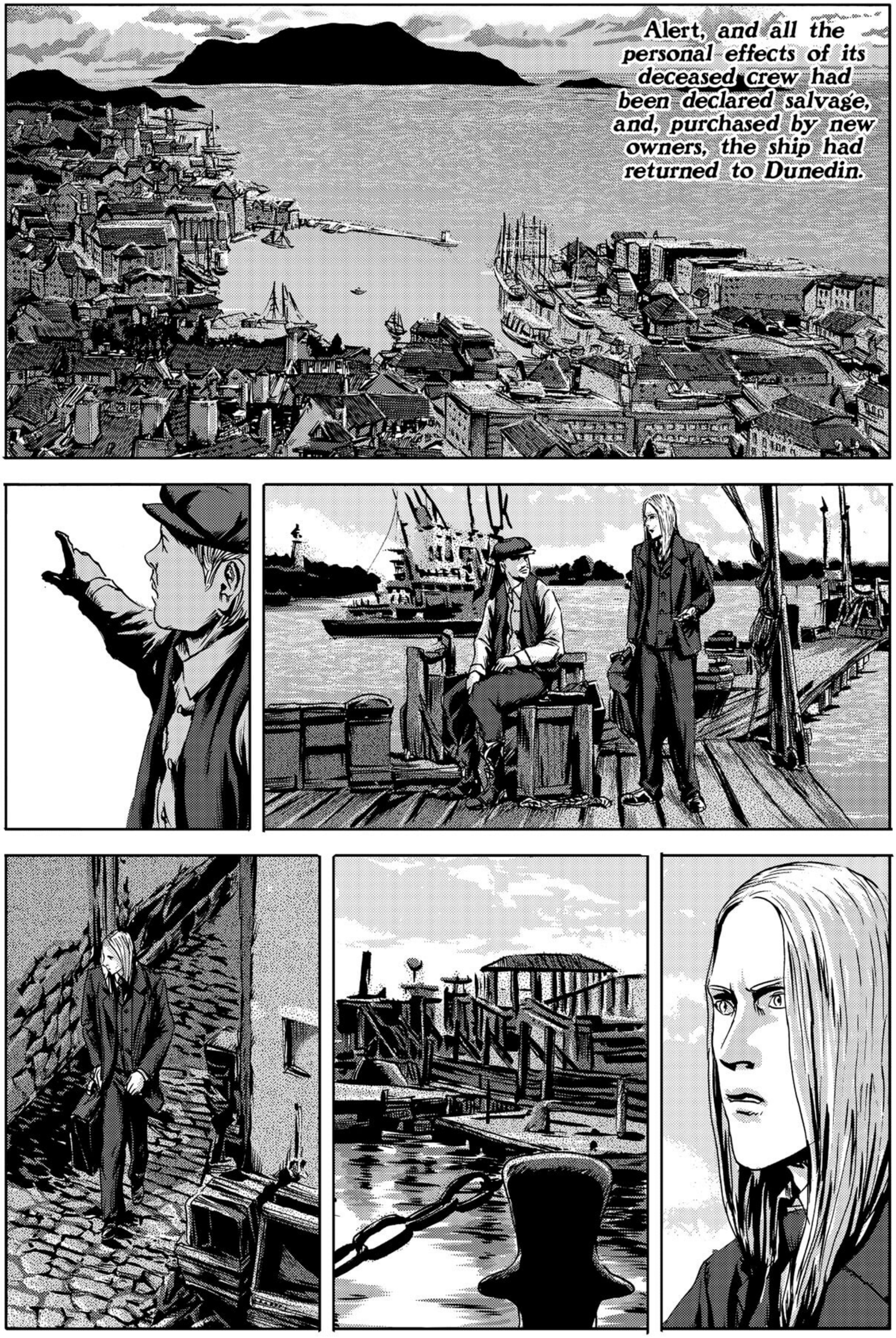
The two survivors, Johansen and Able Seaman William Briden, made their way from the island onboard Alert. Short of fuel and supplies, it soon began to drift, and only Johansen remained alive when the vessel was finally rescued by Vigilant and taken under tow to Sydney.

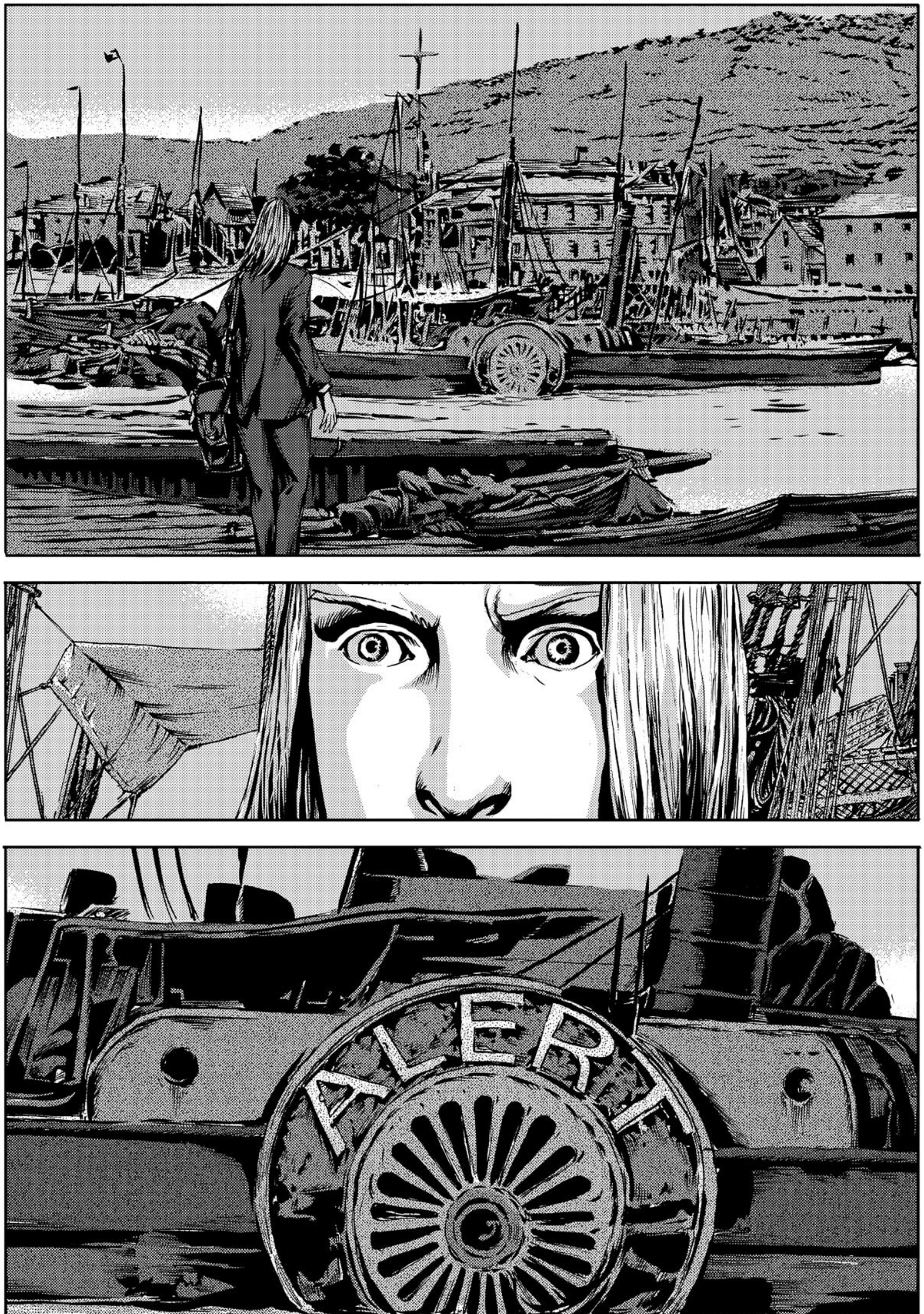
As Johansen's was the only testimony to the whole affair, the newspaper had naturally cabled their correspondent in New Zealand with an inquiry into Alert and its history. Alert, it seemed, was an old inter-island trading vessel, sporting antiquated but deadly brass cannon, and rumored to not be above occasional piracy. The ship had a bizarre and evil reputation--not least because of its curiously tattooed crew, and tales surrounding their habitual torchlit revels on shore leave in Dunedin, held in an isolated forest of the Sliverpeaks.

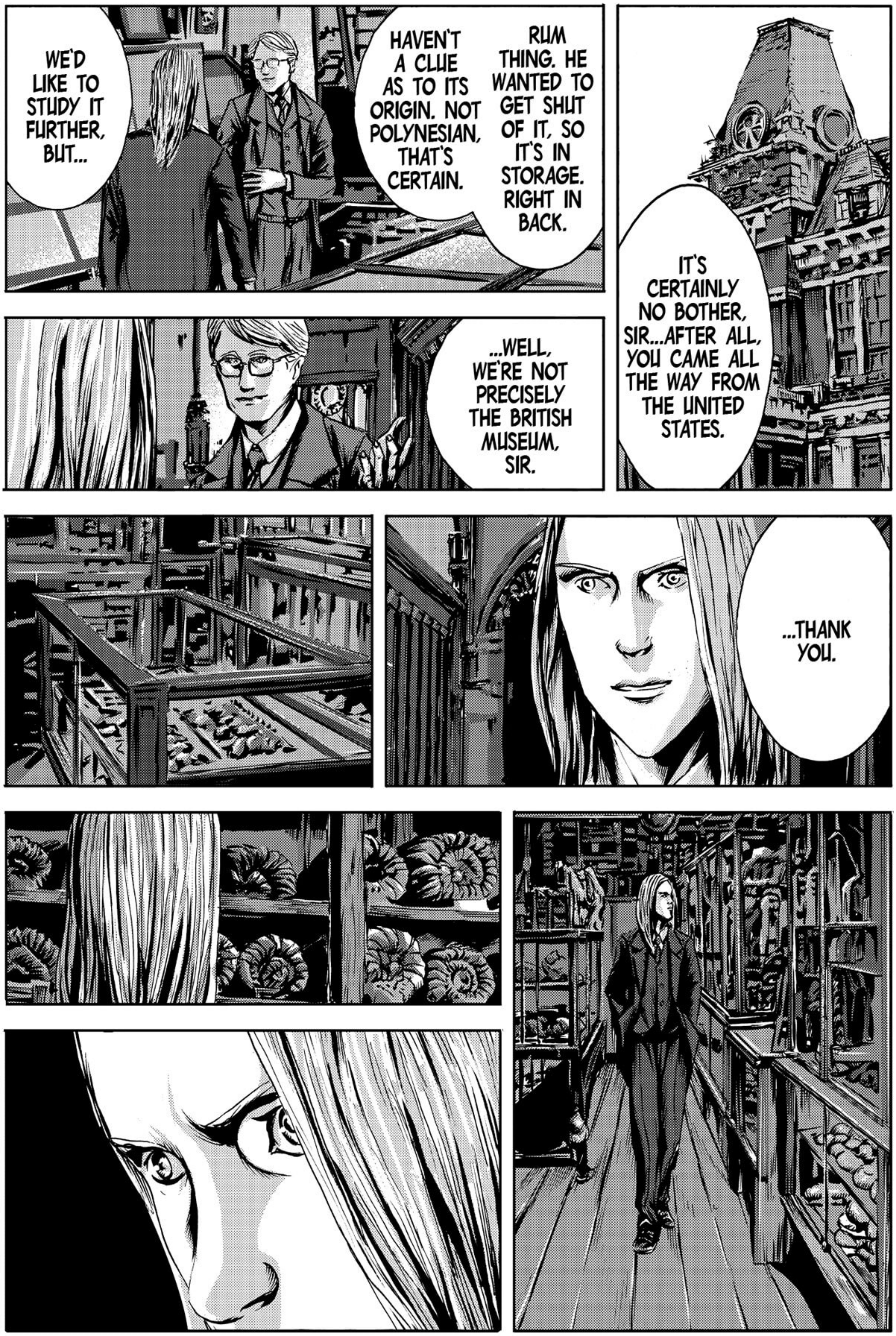
The great storm that seemed to have initiated this chain of events had been on March 1, New Zealand time.

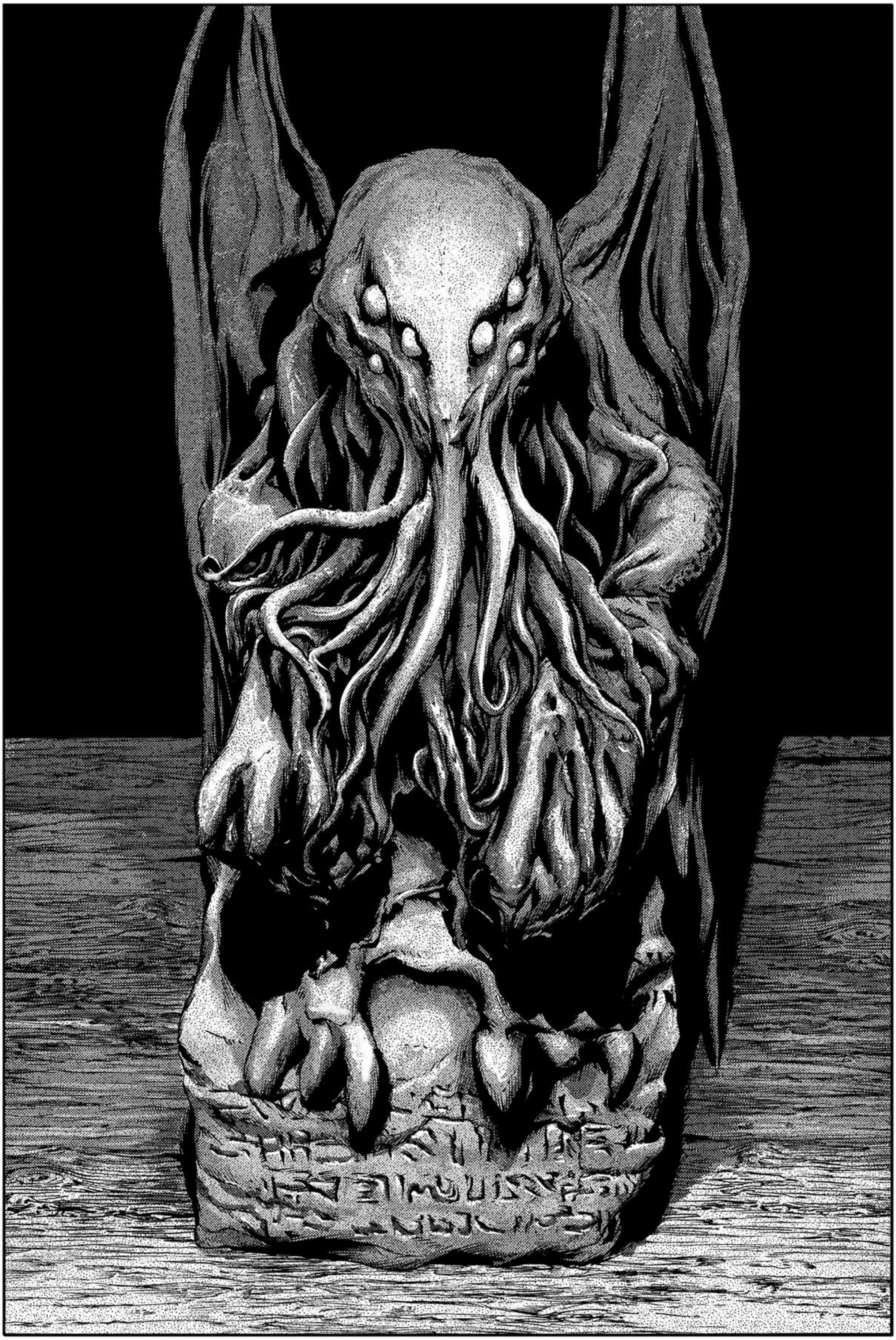

It occurred to me this would have been February 28 in Providence... the night the earthquake struck.

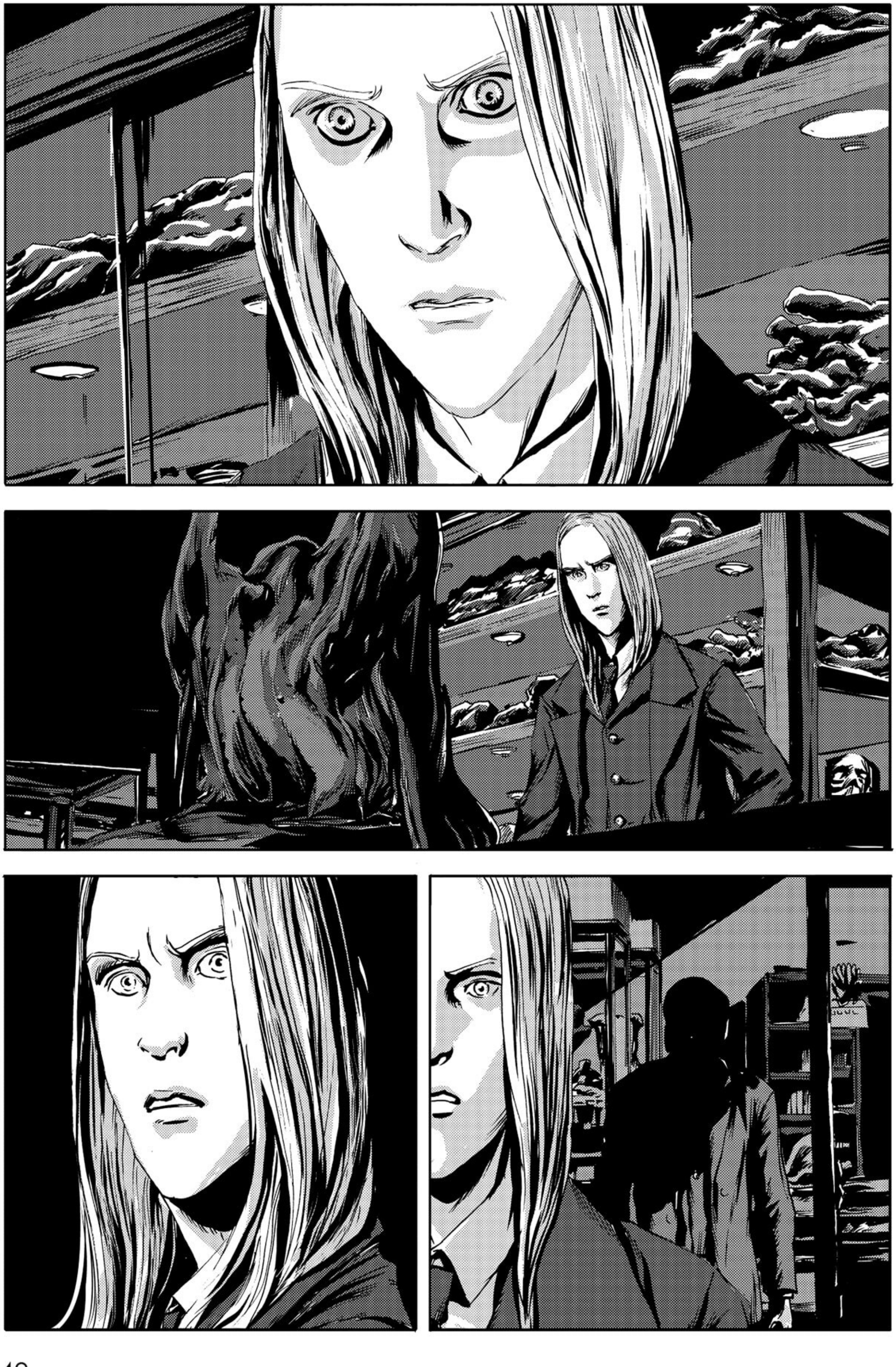

The night artists began to have strange dreams...
...and Wilcox feverishly sculpted the bas-relief.
The newspaper account indicated that it had been on March 23rd that Johansen's party set foot upon the strange island. Its coordinates placed it in the Western Hemisphere...
...which would align with Wilcox's delerium that had led to his hospitalization... shouting about a towering thing, rising from the seas in he dark...
...many eyes... writhing.

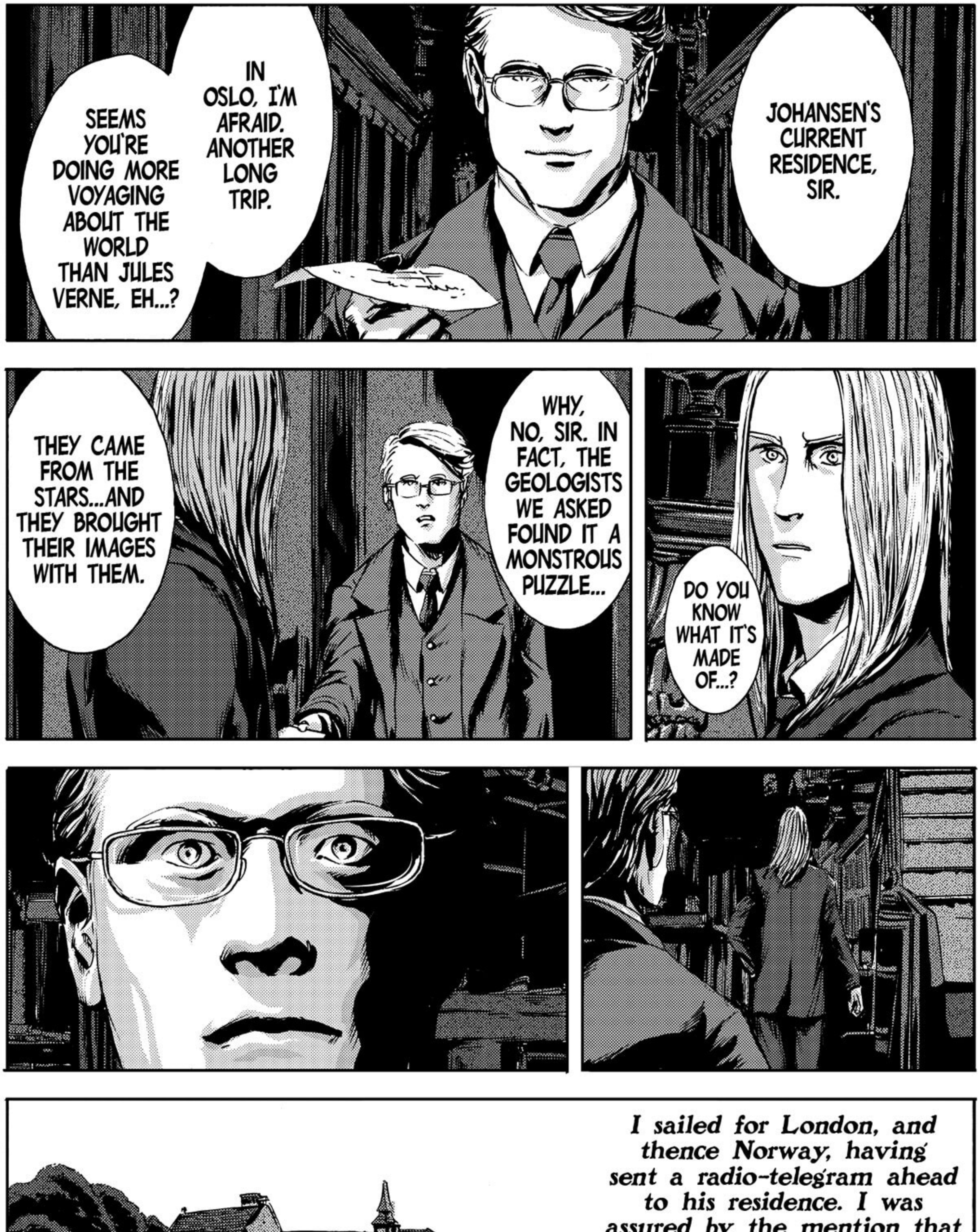

Alert, and all the personal effects of its deceased crew had been declared salvage, and, purchased by new owners, the ship had returned to Dunedin.


ALERT

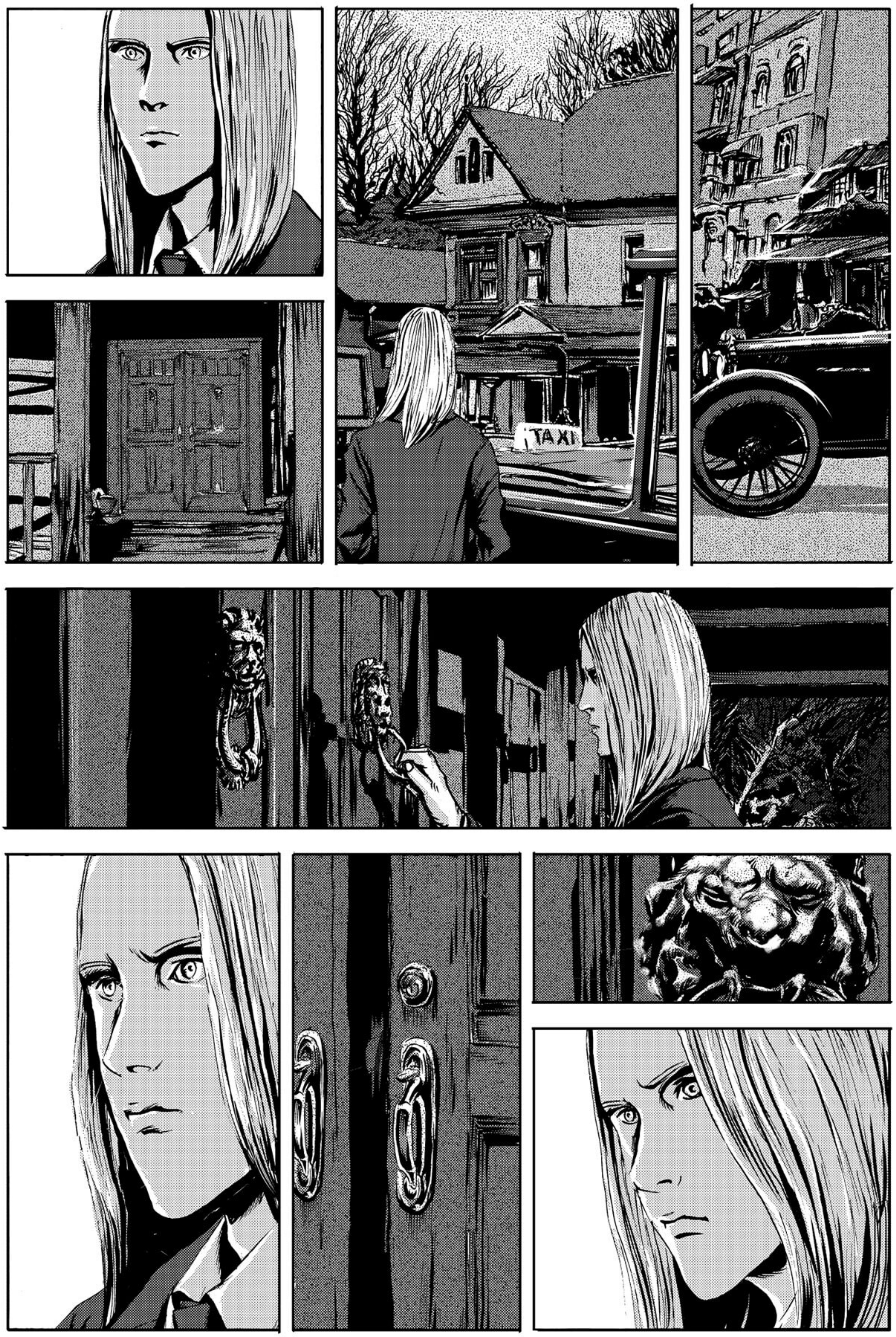

RUM THING. HE WANTED TO GET SHUT OF IT, SO IT'S IN STORAGE. RIGHT IN BACK.
HAVEN'T A CLUE AS TO ITS ORIGIN. NOT POLYNESIAN, THAT'S CERTAIN.
WE'D LIKE TO STUDY IT FURTHER, BUT...
IT'S CERTAINLY NO BOTHER, SIR...AFTER ALL, YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM THE UNITED STATES.
...WELL, WE'RE NOT PRECISELY THE BRITISH MUSEUM, SIR.
...THANK YOU.

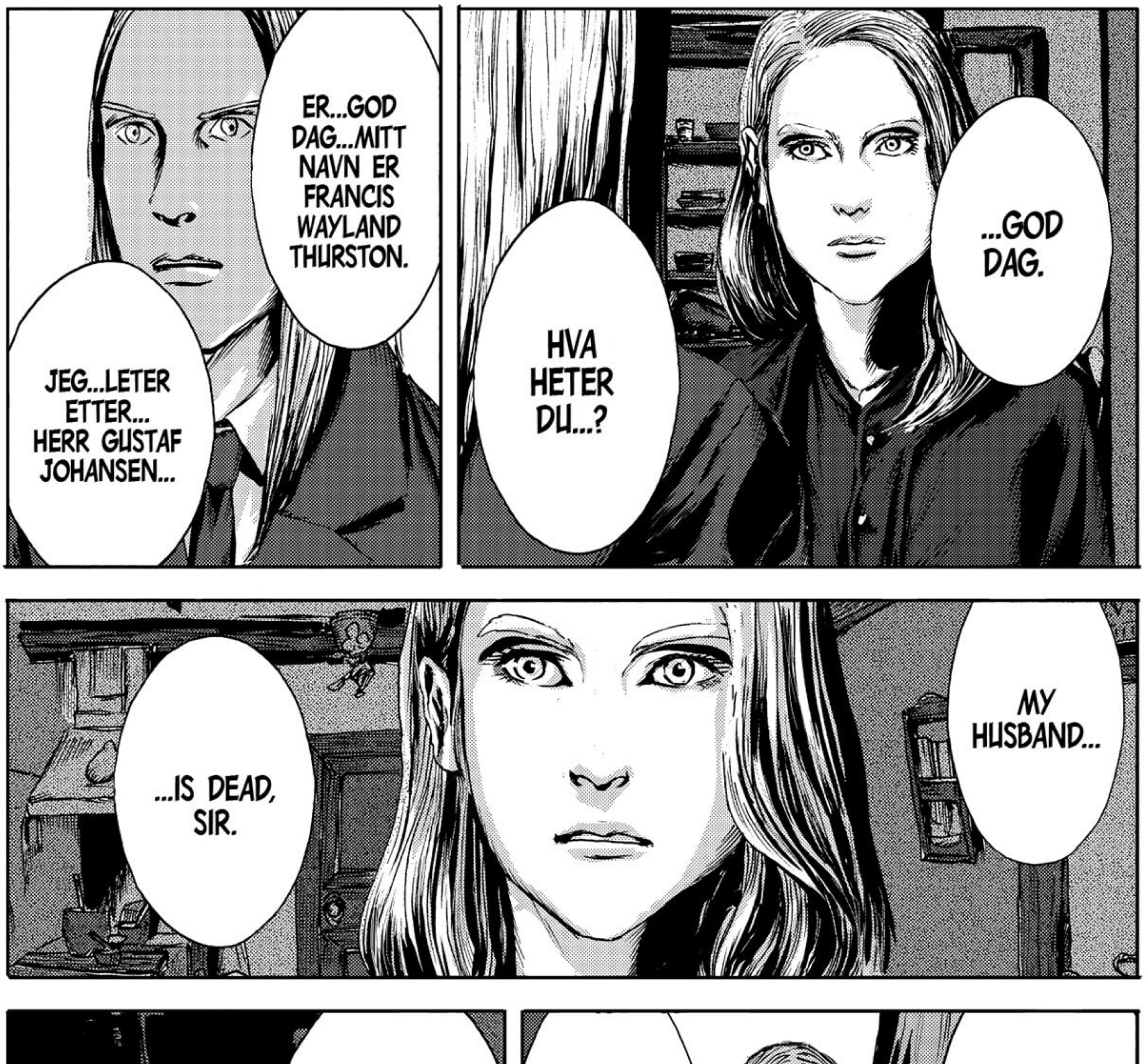


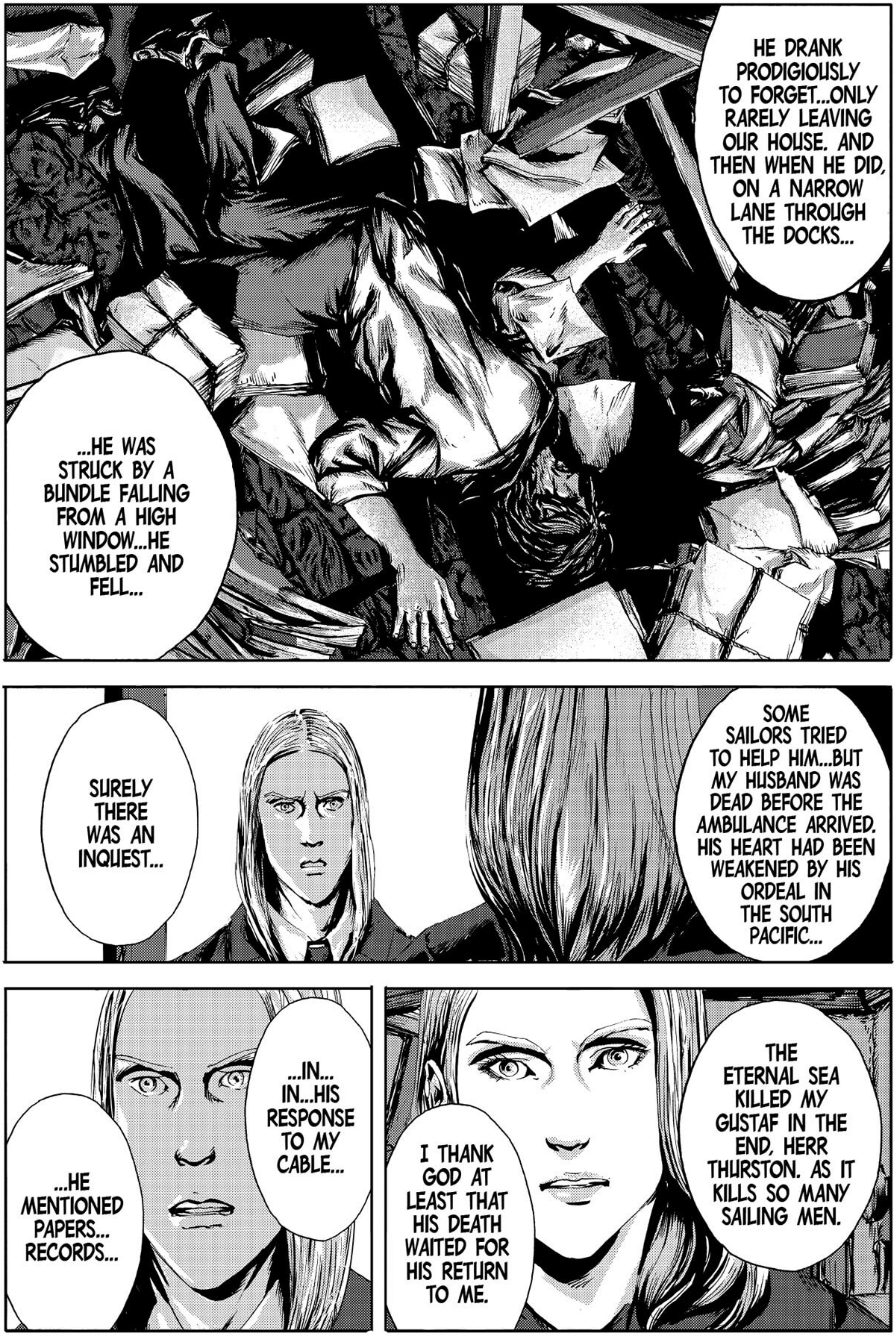


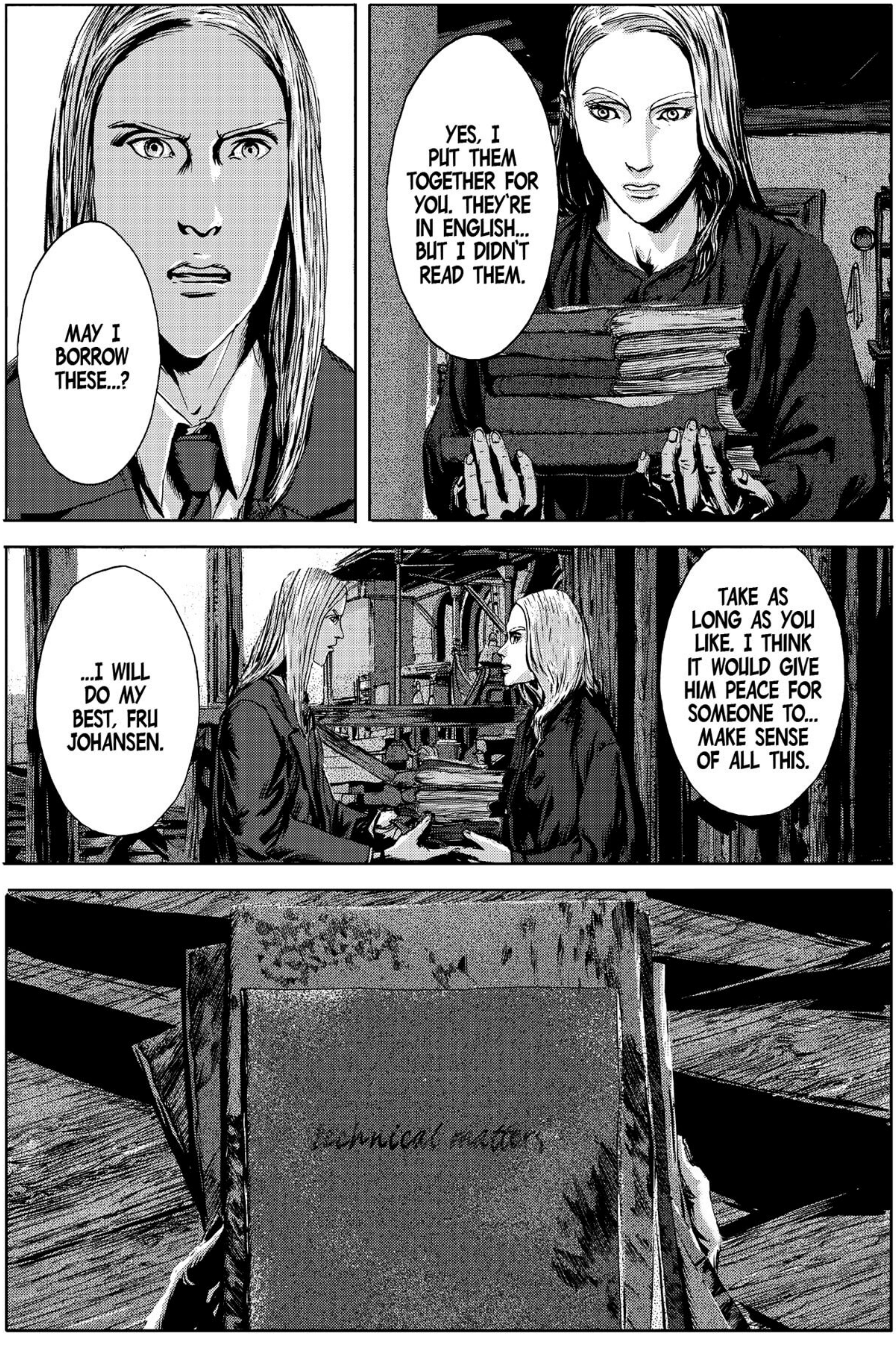

JOHANSEN'S CURRENT RESIDENCE, SIR.
IN OSLO, I'M AFRAID. ANOTHER LONG TRIP.
SEEMS YOU'RE DOING MORE VOYAGING ABOUT THE WORLD THAN JULES VERNE, EH...?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S MADE OF...?
WHY, NO, SIR. IN FACT, THE GEOLOGISTS WE ASKED FOUND IT A MONSTROUS PUZZLE...
THEY CAME FROM THE STARS...AND THEY BROUGHT THEIR IMAGES WITH THEM.

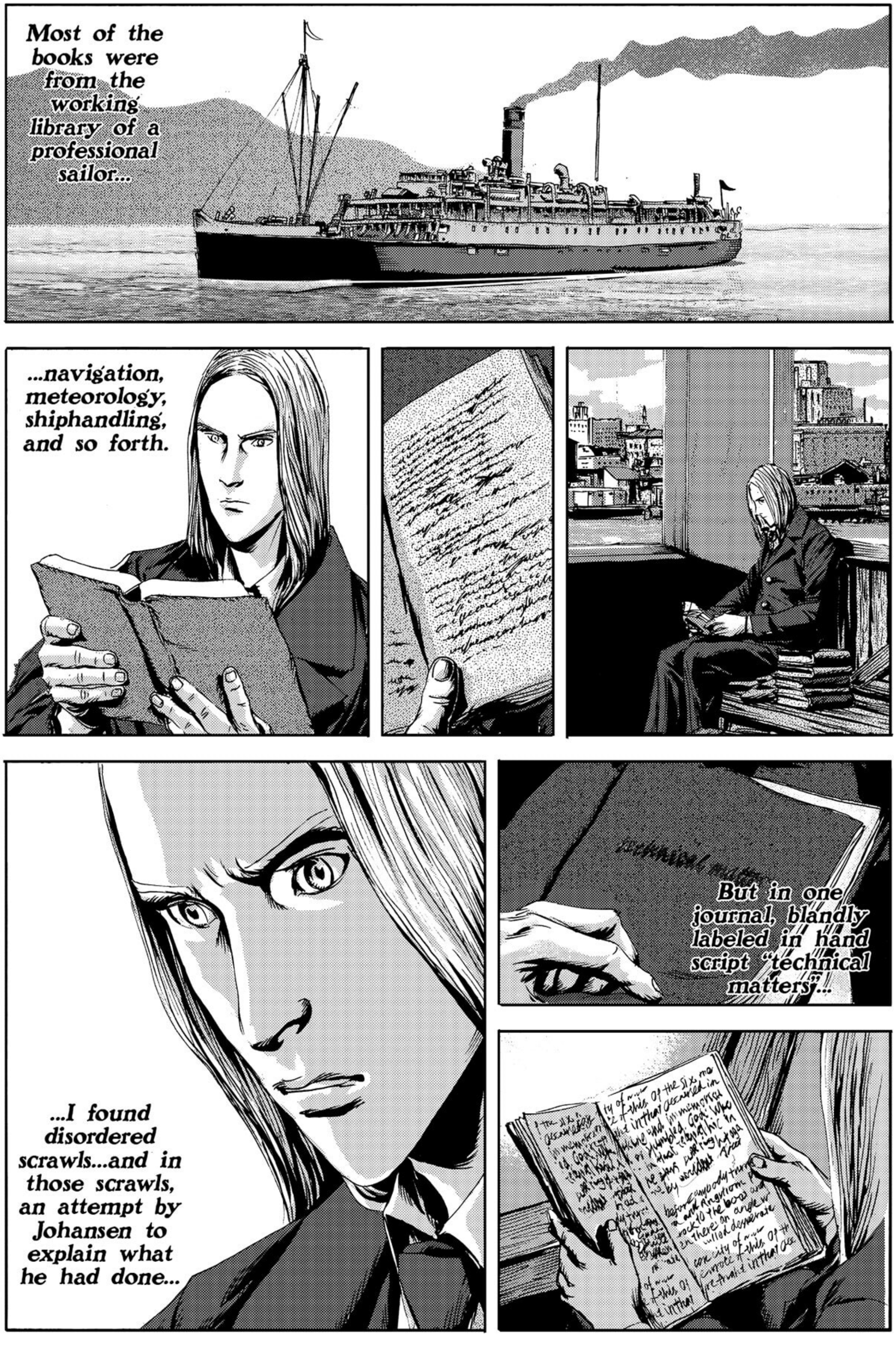
I sailed for London, and thence Norway, having sent a radio-telegram ahead to his residence. I was assured by the mention that Johansen had given his testimony in English, for I had learned no more than a few phrases of Norsk.

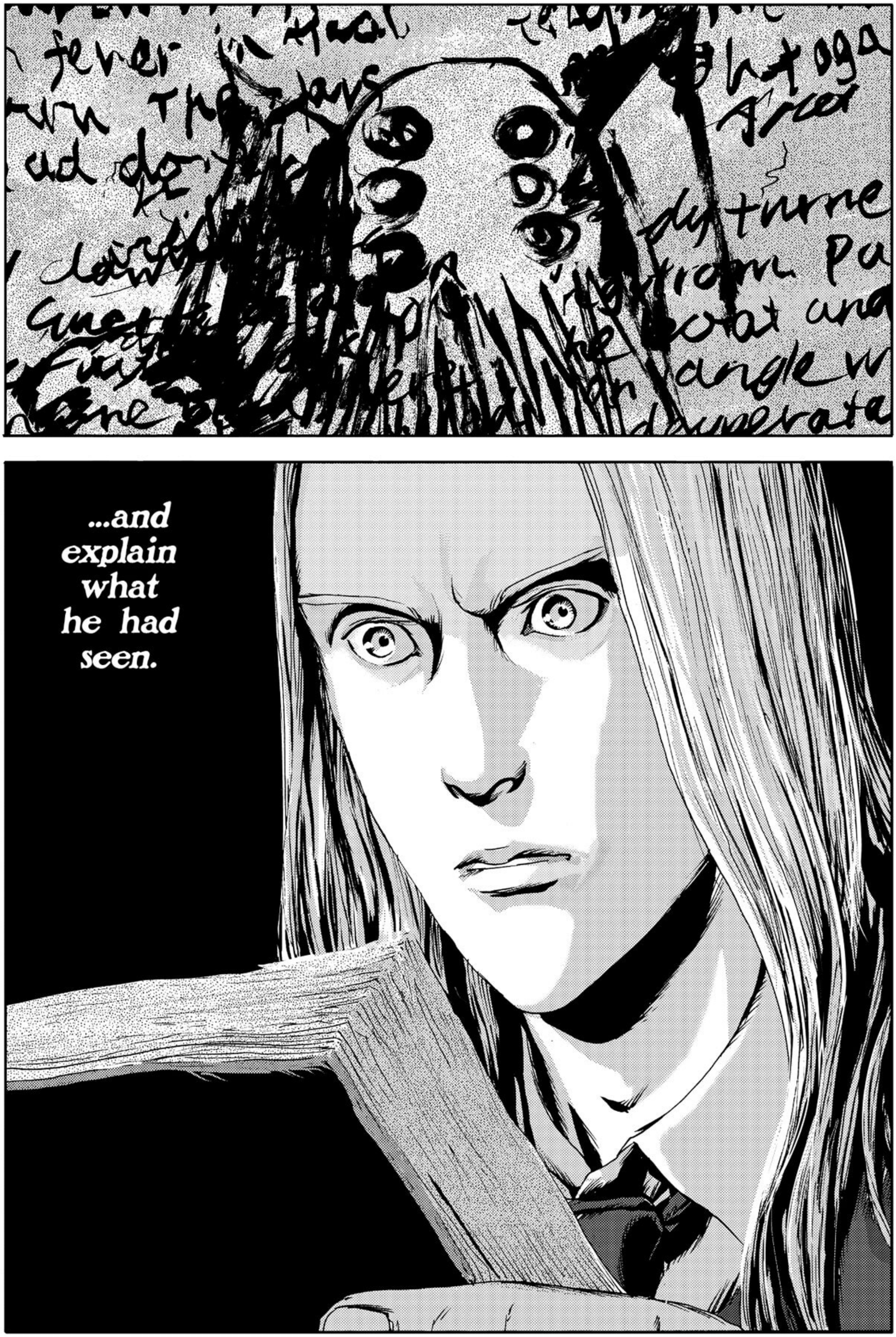

TAXI


...GOD DAG.
HVA HETER DU...?
ER...GOD DAG...MITT NAVN ER FRANCIS WAYLAND THURSTON.
JEG...LETER ETTER... HERR GUSTAF JOHANSEN...
MY HUSBAND...
...IS DEAD, SIR.
I...I AM VERY SORRY, FRU JOHANSEN...
...WHEN I CABLED, I HAD NO IDEA THAT...
IT WAS A FEW DAYS AFTERWARDS.
MY POOR GUSTAF COULD NOT HAVE LASTED MUCH LONGER.
HE CAME BACK HOME LIKE... A LIVING GHOST...
...TOO CLOSE TO THE SPIRITS OF ALL HIS FRIENDS WHO DIED.


HE DRANK PRODIGIOUSLY TO FORGET...ONLY RARELY LEAVING OUR HOUSE. AND THEN WHEN HE DID, ON A NARROW LANE THROUGH THE DOCKS...
...HE WAS STRUCK BY A BUNDLE FALLING FROM A HIGH WINDOW...HE STUMBLED AND FELL...
SOME SAILORS TRIED TO HELP HIM...BUT MY HUSBAND WAS DEAD BEFORE THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED. HIS HEART HAD BEEN WEAKENED BY HIS ORDEAL IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
SURELY THERE WAS AN INQUEST...
THE ETERNAL SEA KILLED MY GUSTAF IN THE END, HERR THURSTON. AS IT KILLS SO MANY SAILING MEN.
I THANK GOD AT LEAST THAT HIS DEATH WAITED FOR HIS RETURN TO ME.
...IN... IN...HIS RESPONSE TO MY CABLE...
...HE MENTIONED PAPERS... RECORDS...


YES, I PUT THEM TOGETHER FOR YOU. THEY'RE IN ENGLISH... BUT I DIDN'T READ THEM.
MAY I BORROW THESE...?
TAKE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. I THINK IT WOULD GIVE HIM PEACE FOR SOMEONE TO... MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS.
...I WILL DO MY BEST, FRU JOHANSEN.
technical matters

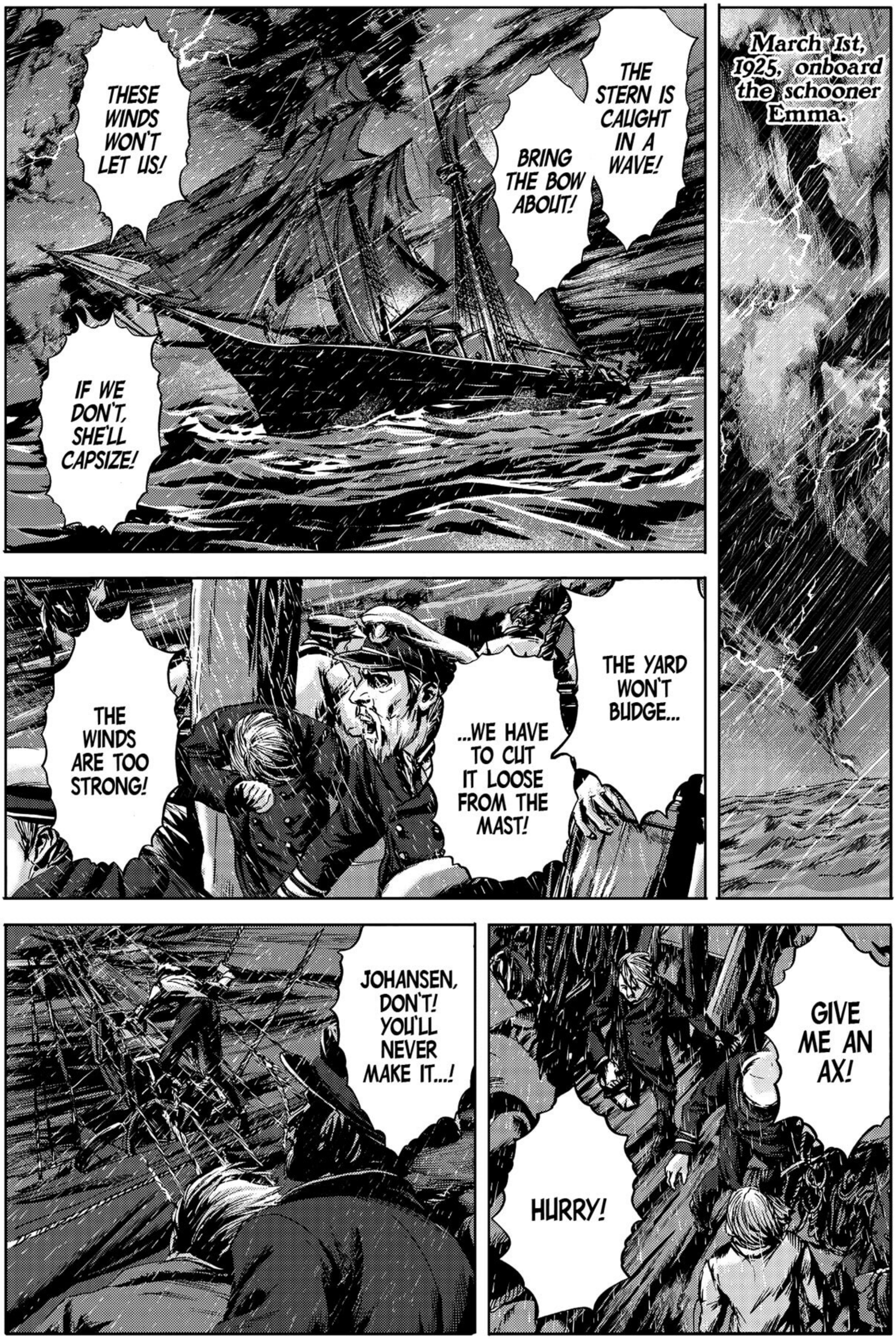

Most of the books were from the working library of a professional sailor...
...navigation, meteorology, shiphandling, and so forth.
But in one journal, blandly labeled in hand script "technical matters"...
...I found disordered scrawls...and in those scrawls, an attempt by Johansen to explain what he had done...

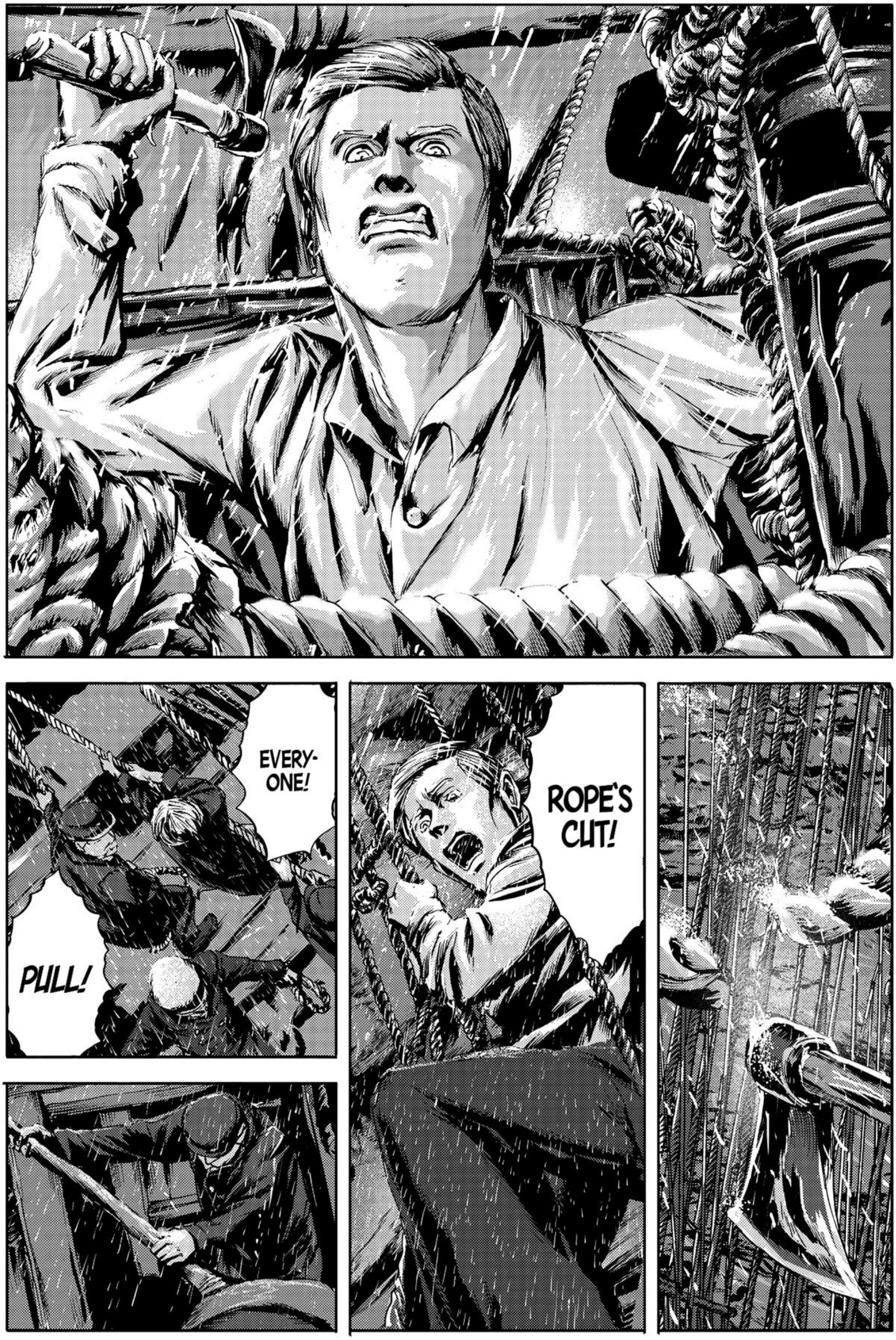

fever in ritual
the stars
dyturre
boat and
angle w
desperate
...and explain what he had seen.

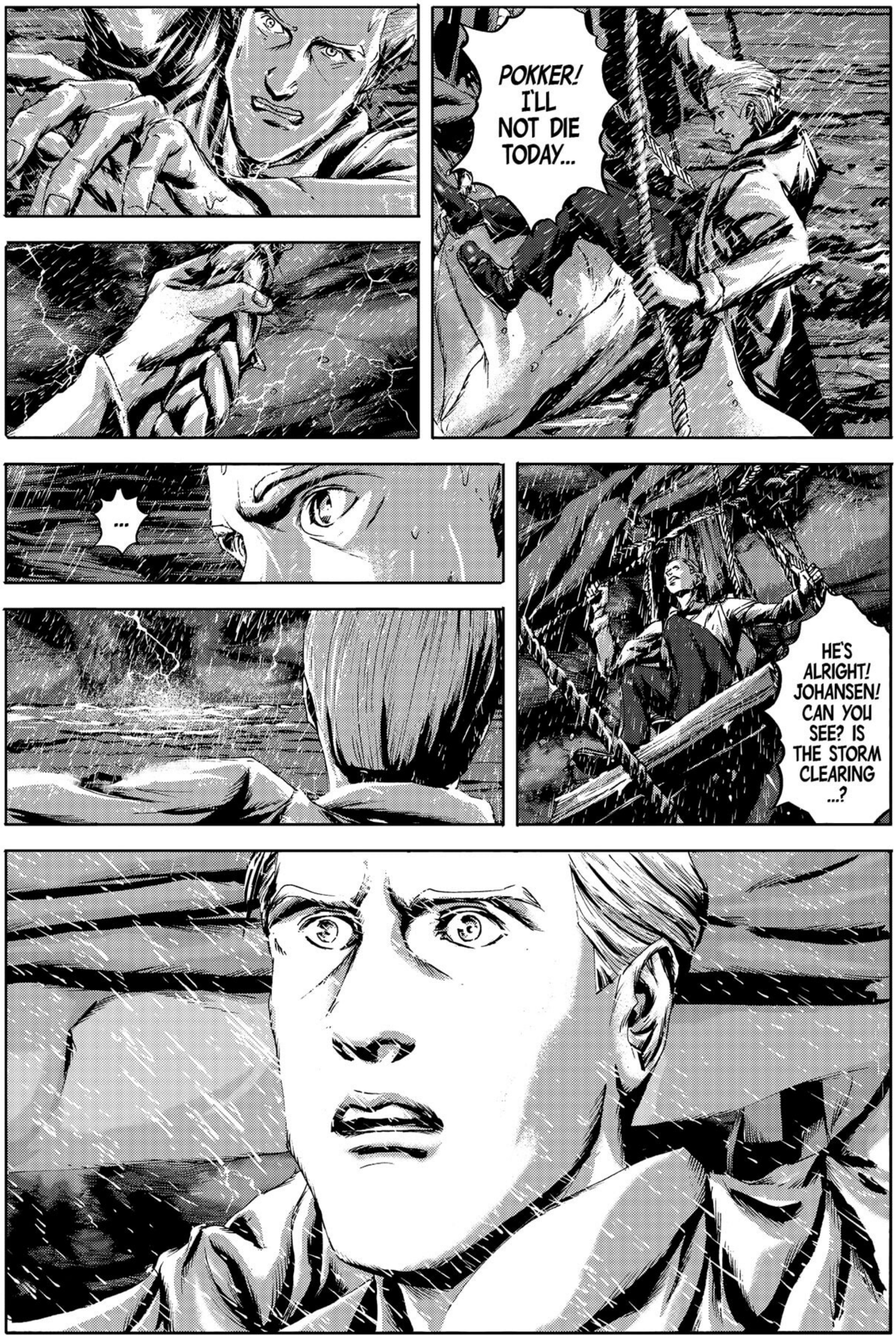
Chapter Five

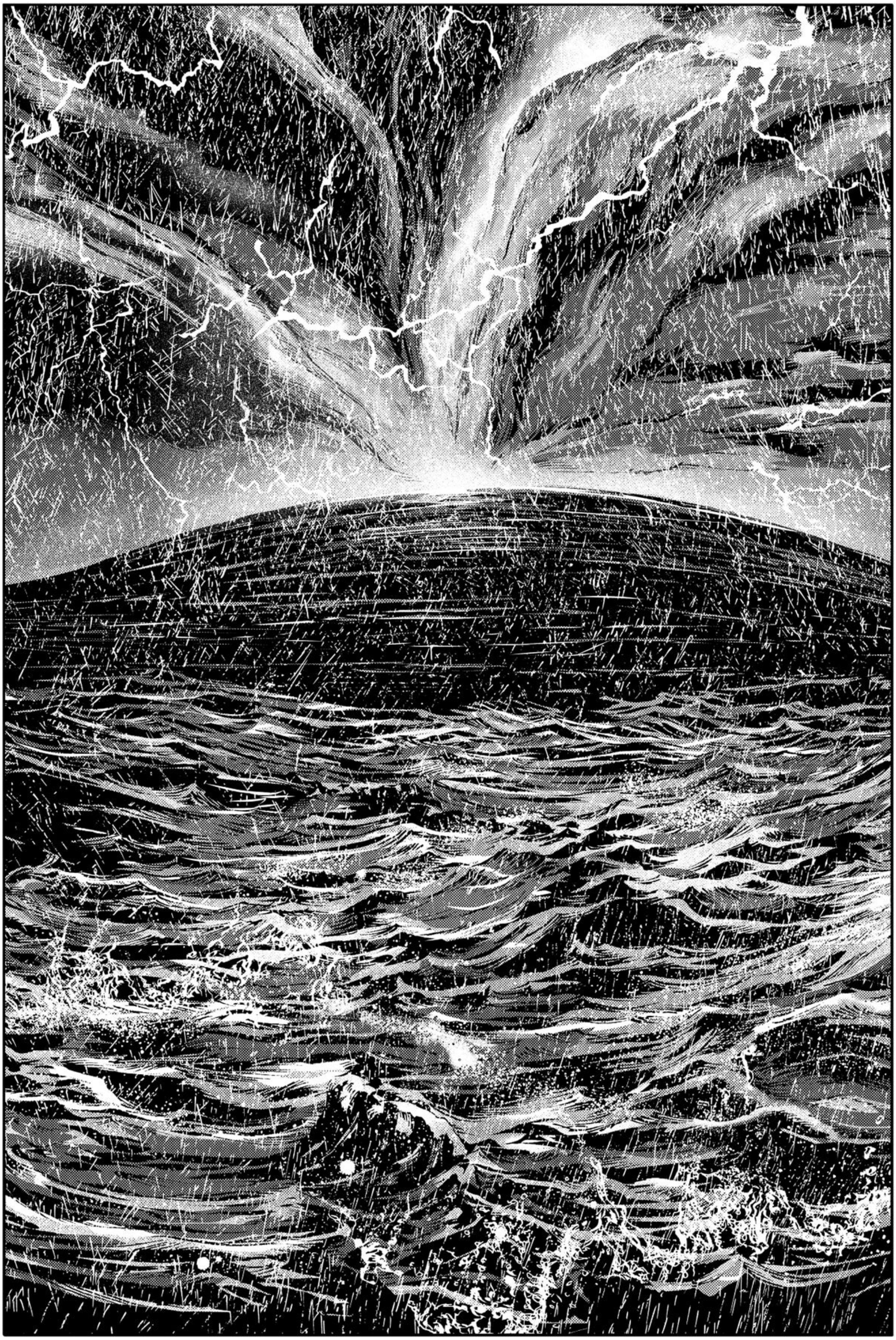
THE MADNESS FROM THE SEA

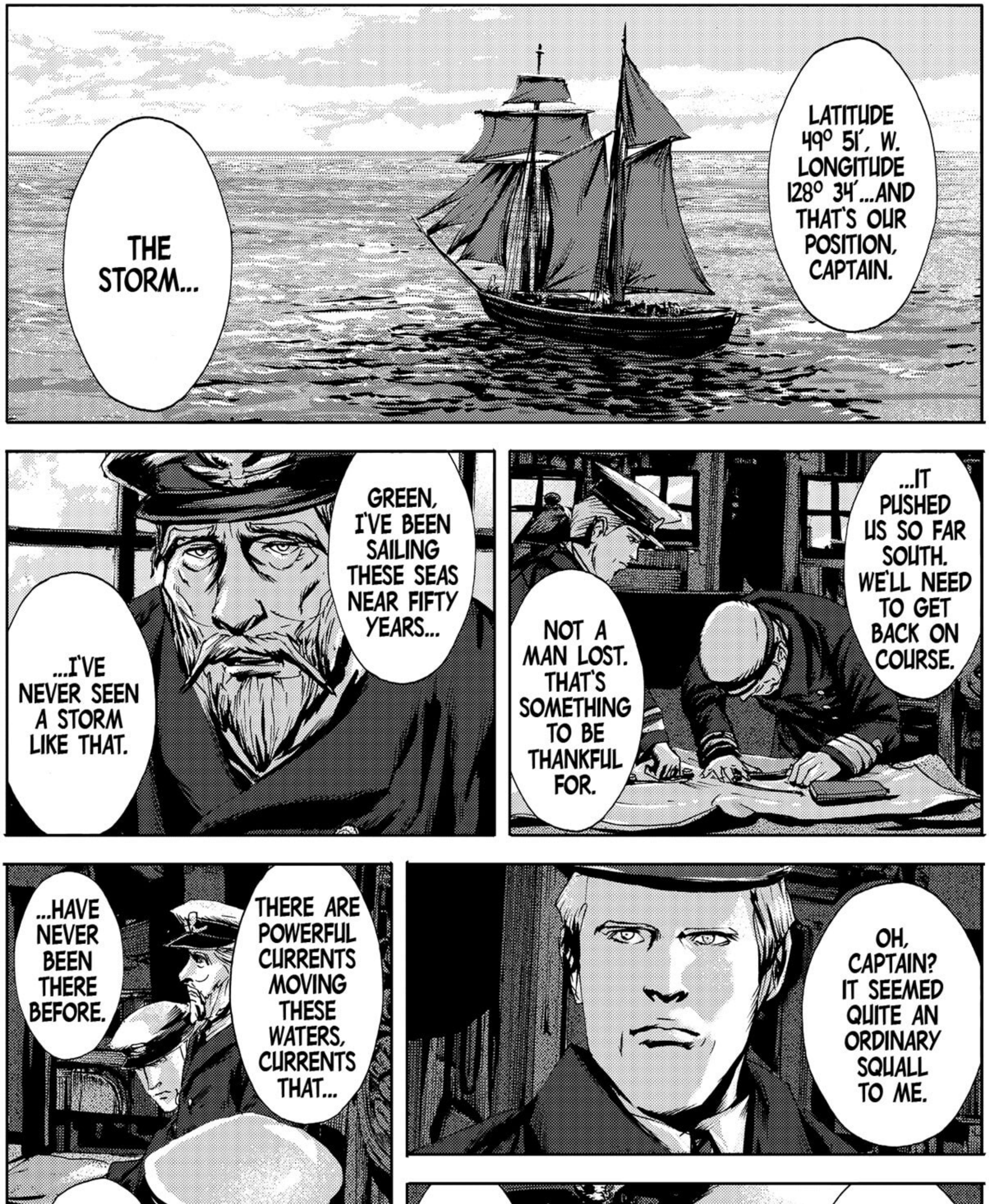
海からの狂気

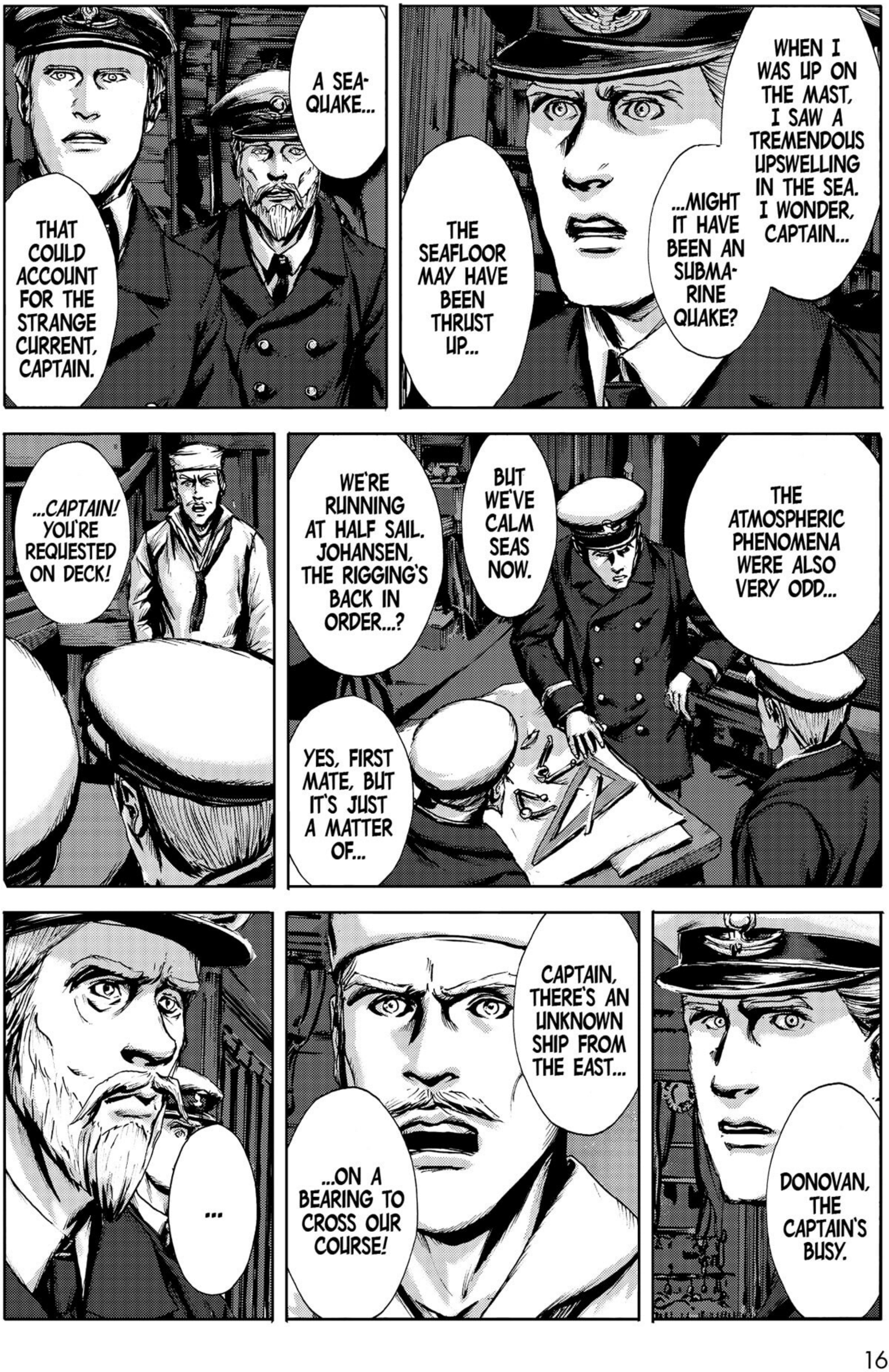

March 1st, 1925, onboard the schooner Emma.
THE STERN IS CAUGHT IN A WAVE!
BRING THE BOW ABOUT!
THESE WINDS WON'T LET US!
IF WE DON'T, SHE'LL CAPSIZE!
THE YARD WON'T BUDGE...
...WE HAVE TO CUT IT LOOSE FROM THE MAST!
THE WINDS ARE TOO STRONG!
GIVE ME AN AX!
HURRY!
JOHANSEN, DON'T! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT...!

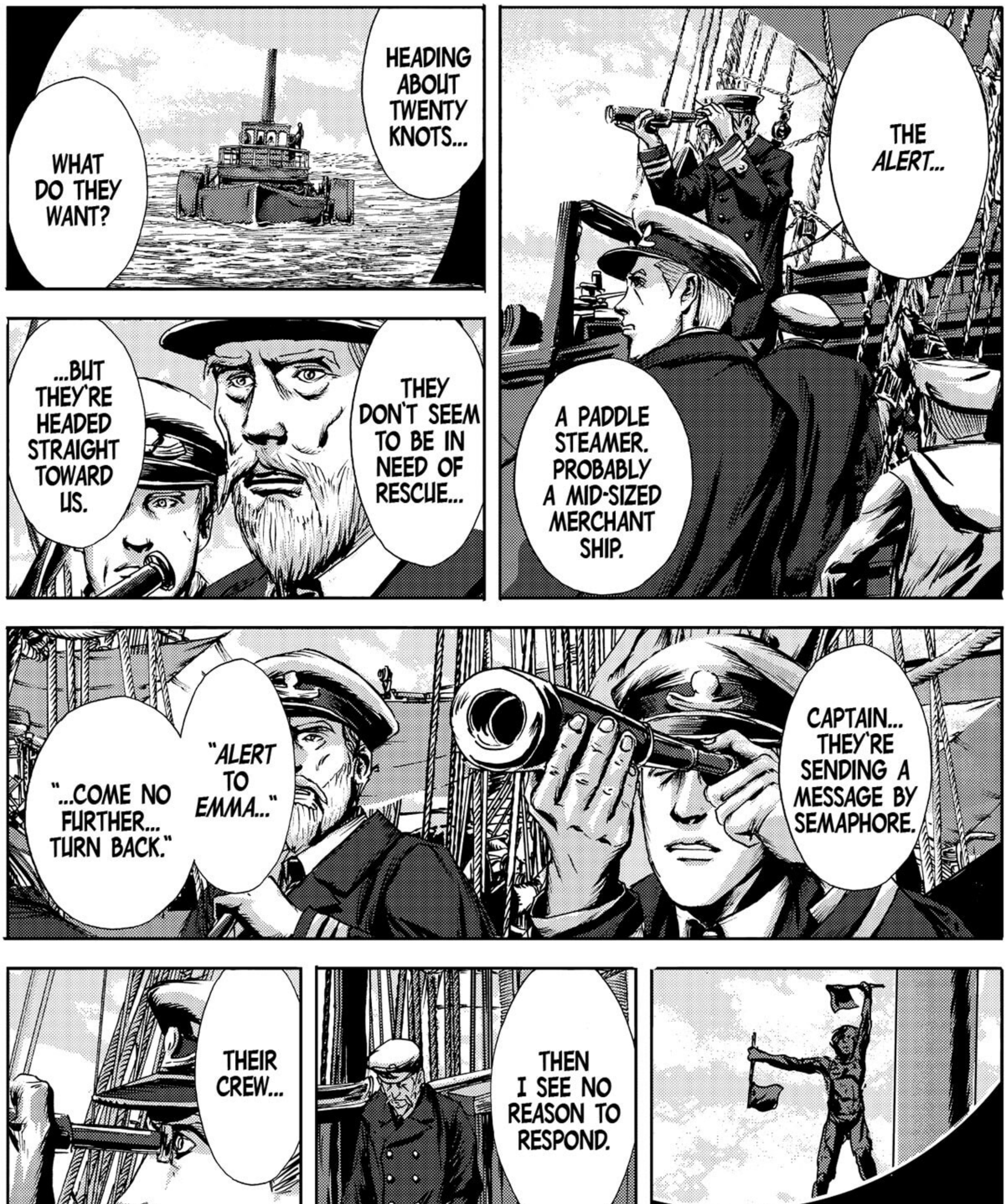

EVERY-
ONE!
PULL!
ROPE'S
CUT!

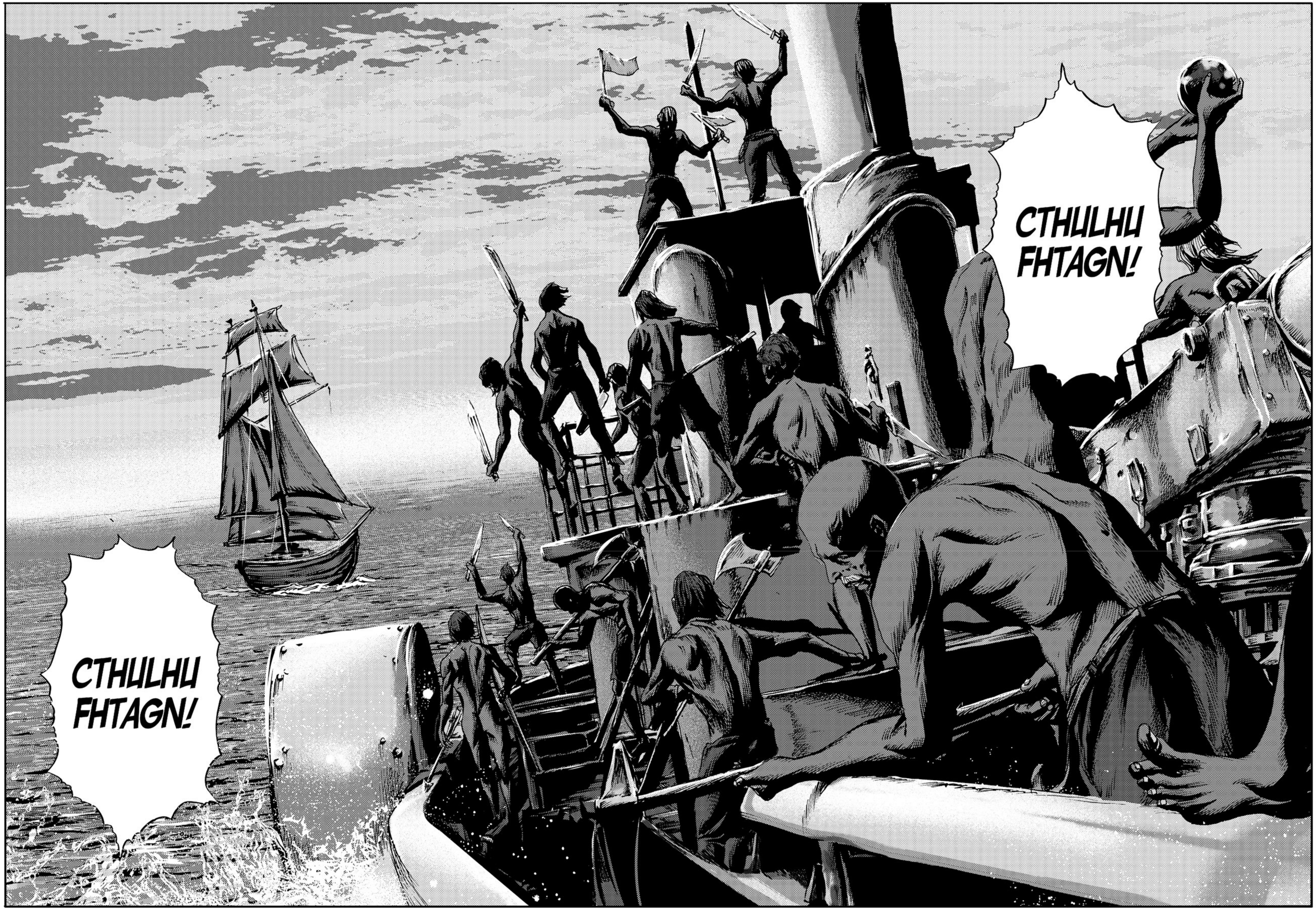

POKKER! I'LL NOT DIE TODAY...
...
HE'S ALRIGHT! JOHANSEN! CAN YOU SEE? IS THE STORM CLEARING ...?

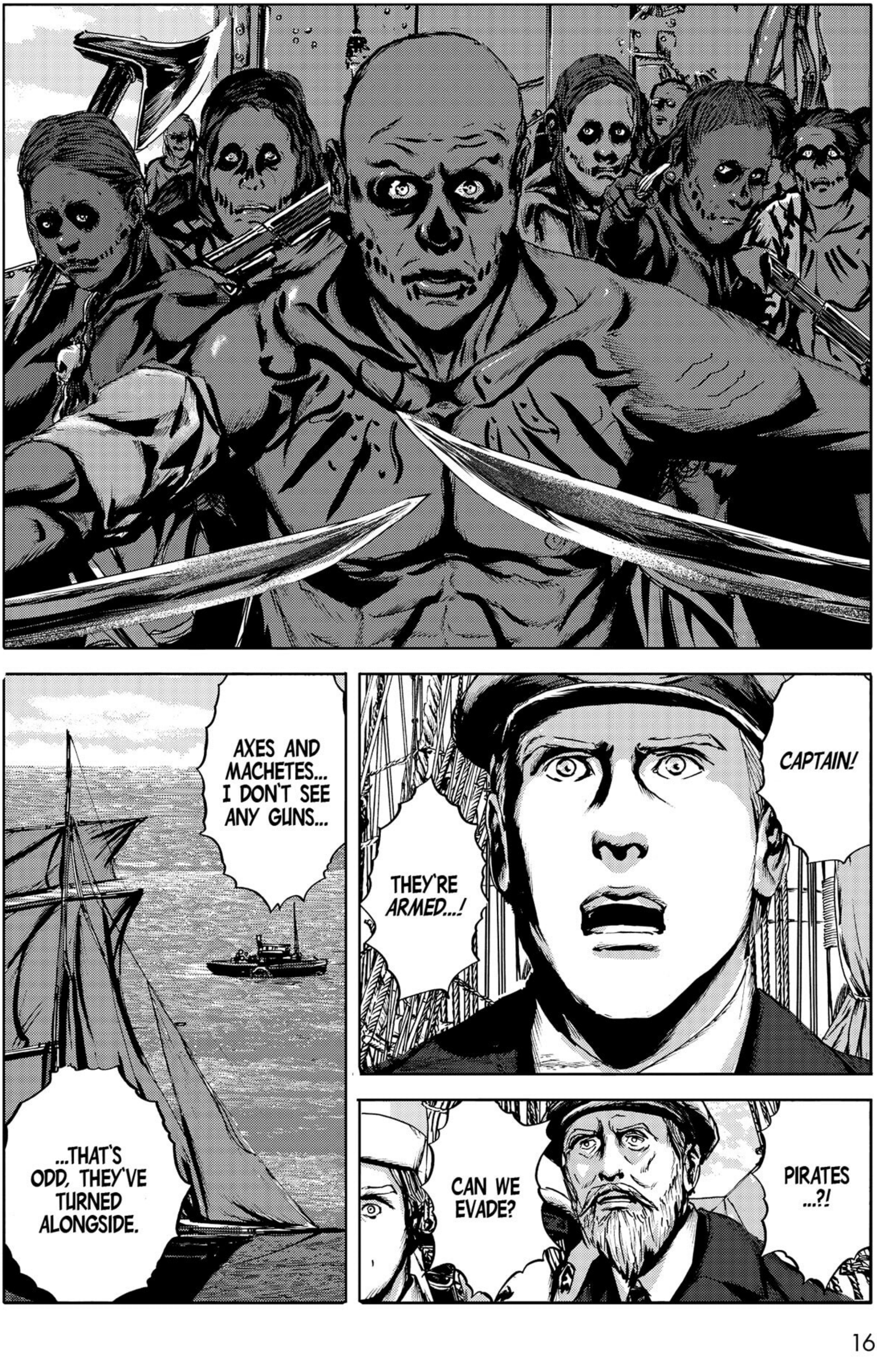


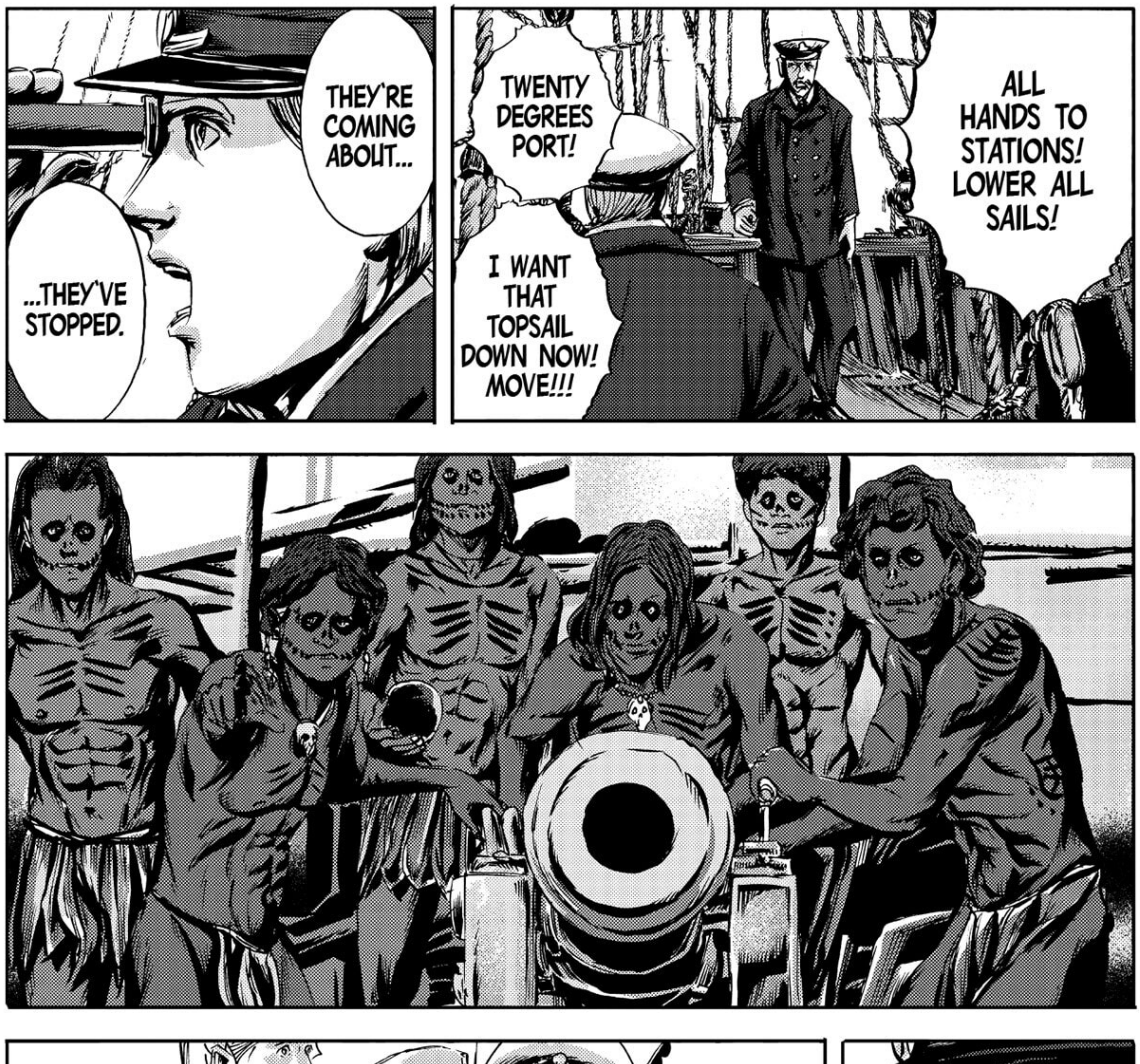

LATITUDE 49° 51', W. LONGITUDE 128° 34'...AND THAT'S OUR POSITION, CAPTAIN.
THE STORM...
...IT PUSHED US SO FAR SOUTH. WE'LL NEED TO GET BACK ON COURSE.
NOT A MAN LOST. THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.
GREEN, I'VE BEEN SAILING THESE SEAS NEAR FIFTY YEARS...
...I'VE NEVER SEEN A STORM LIKE THAT.
OH, CAPTAIN? IT SEEMED QUITE AN ORDINARY SQUALL TO ME.
YOU'RE A HARDY FELLOW, GREEN. IT DOES YOU CREDIT.
BUT SOME-THING IS DEEPLY AMISS.
THERE ARE POWERFUL CURRENTS MOVING THESE WATERS, CURRENTS THAT...
...HAVE NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE.
CAPTAIN COLLINS!

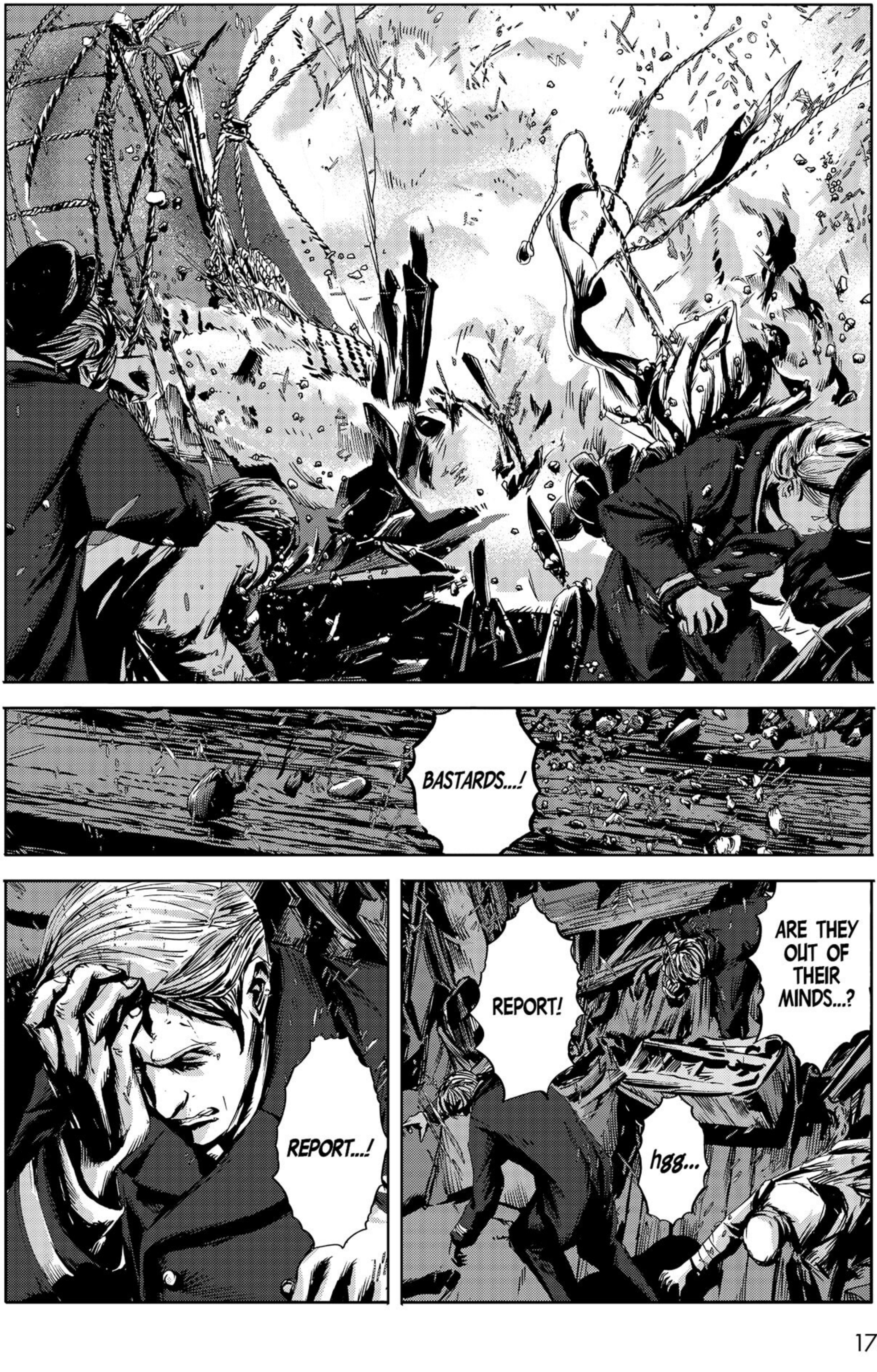

WHEN I WAS UP ON THE MAST, I SAW A TREMENDOUS UPSWELLING IN THE SEA. I WONDER, CAPTAIN...
...MIGHT IT HAVE BEEN AN SUBMARINE QUAKE?
THE SEAFLOOR MAY HAVE BEEN THRUST UP...
A SEA-QUAKE...
THAT COULD ACCOUNT FOR THE STRANGE CURRENT, CAPTAIN.
THE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA WERE ALSO VERY ODD...
BUT WE'VE CALM SEAS NOW.
WE'RE RUNNING AT HALF SAIL. JOHANSEN, THE RIGGING'S BACK IN ORDER...?
YES, FIRST MATE, BUT IT'S JUST A MATTER OF...
...CAPTAIN! YOU'RE REQUESTED ON DECK!
DONOVAN, THE CAPTAIN'S BUSY.
CAPTAIN, THERE'S AN UNKNOWN SHIP FROM THE EAST...
...ON A BEARING TO CROSS OUR COURSE!
...

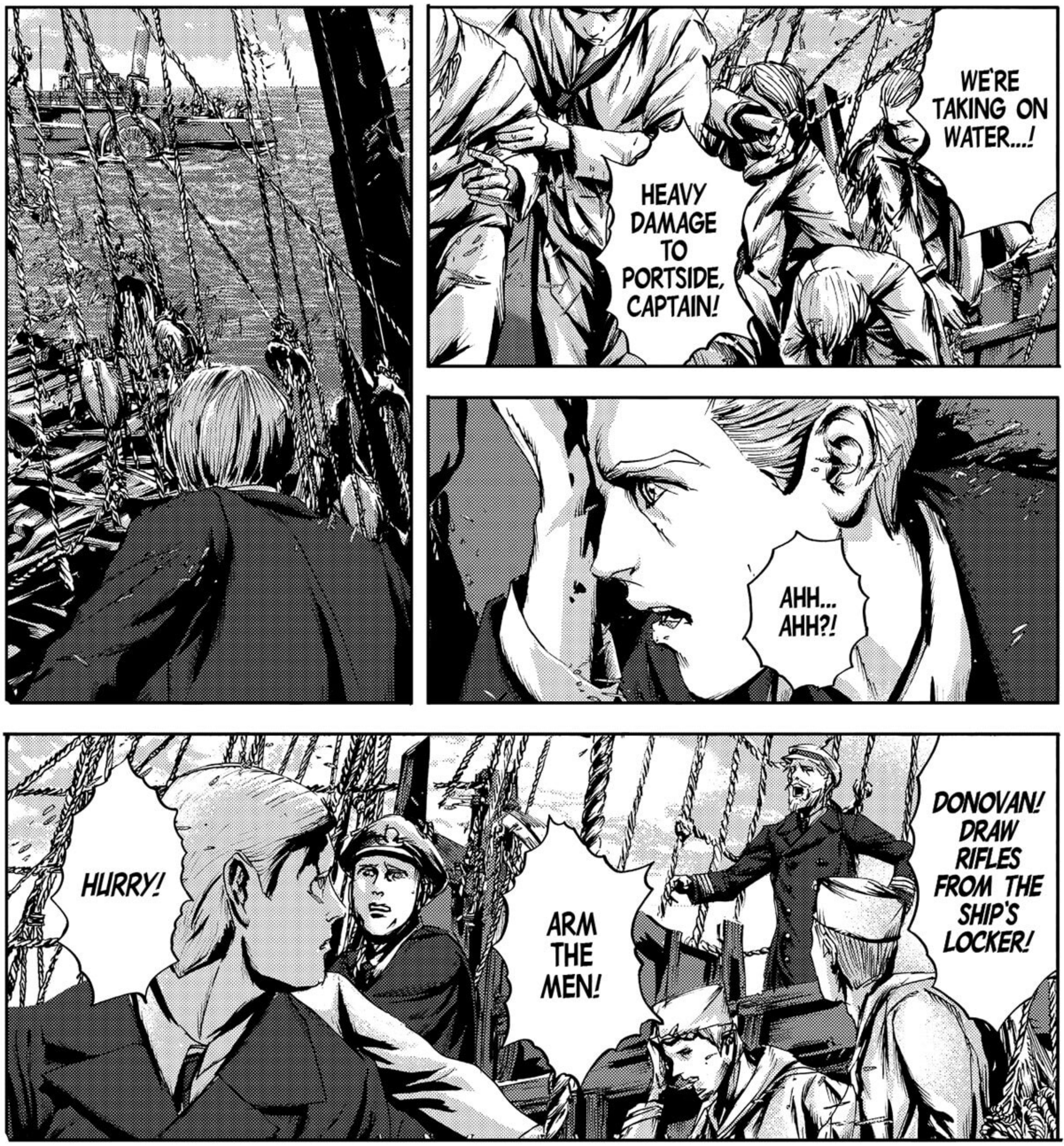

THE *ALERT*...
A PADDLE STEAMER. PROBABLY A MID-SIZED MERCHANT SHIP.
HEADING ABOUT TWENTY KNOTS...
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE IN NEED OF RESCUE...
...BUT THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARD US.
CAPTAIN... THEY'RE SENDING A MESSAGE BY SEMAPHORE.
"*ALERT* TO *EMMA*..."
"...COME NO FURTHER... TURN BACK."
THEY GIVE NO REASON, CAPTAIN.
THEN I SEE NO REASON TO RESPOND.
IGNORE THEM. WE'VE LOST ENOUGH TIME ALREADY.
THEIR CREW...
...THEY'RE COMING ON DECK.

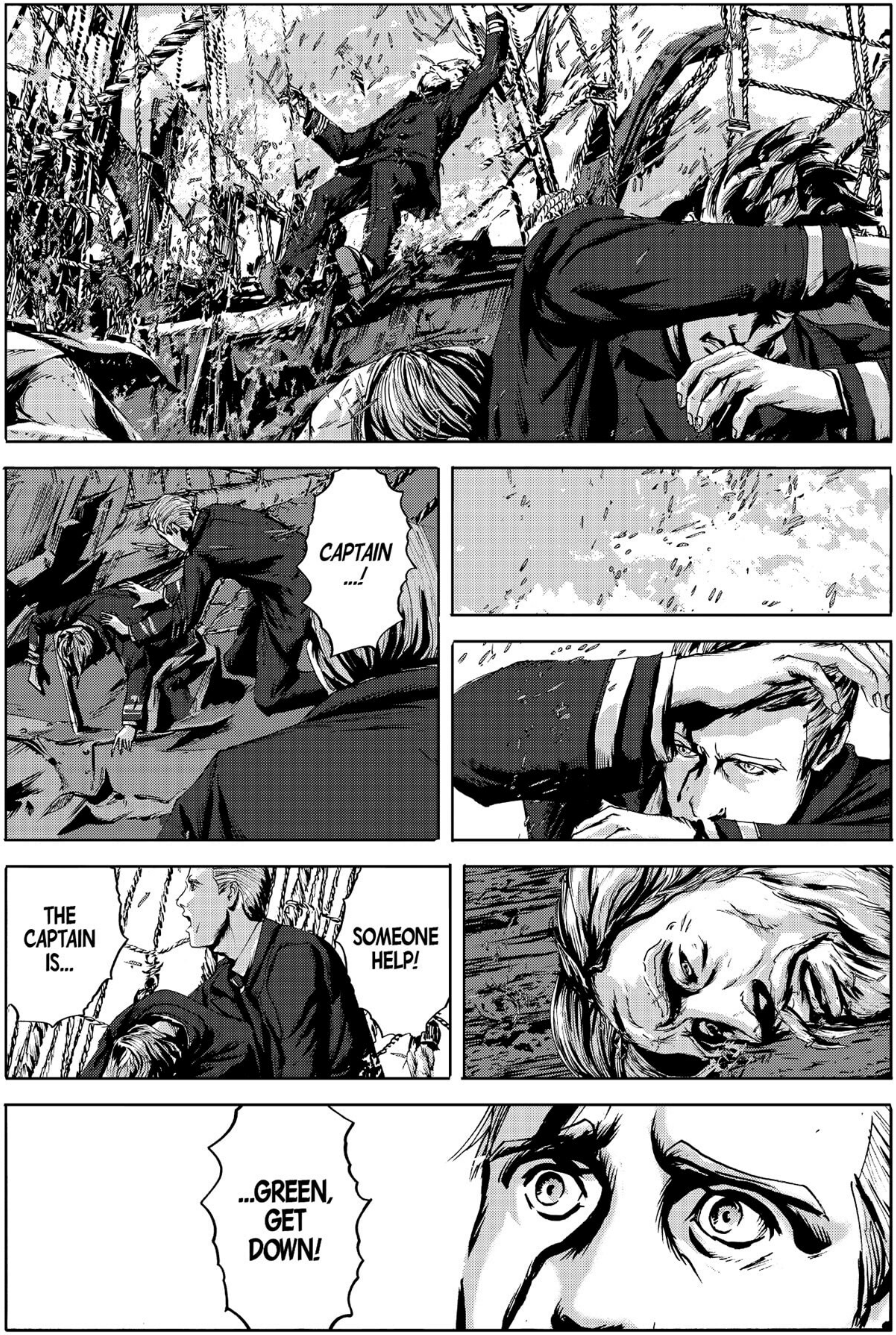

CTHULHU FHTAGN!
CTHULHU FHTAGN!

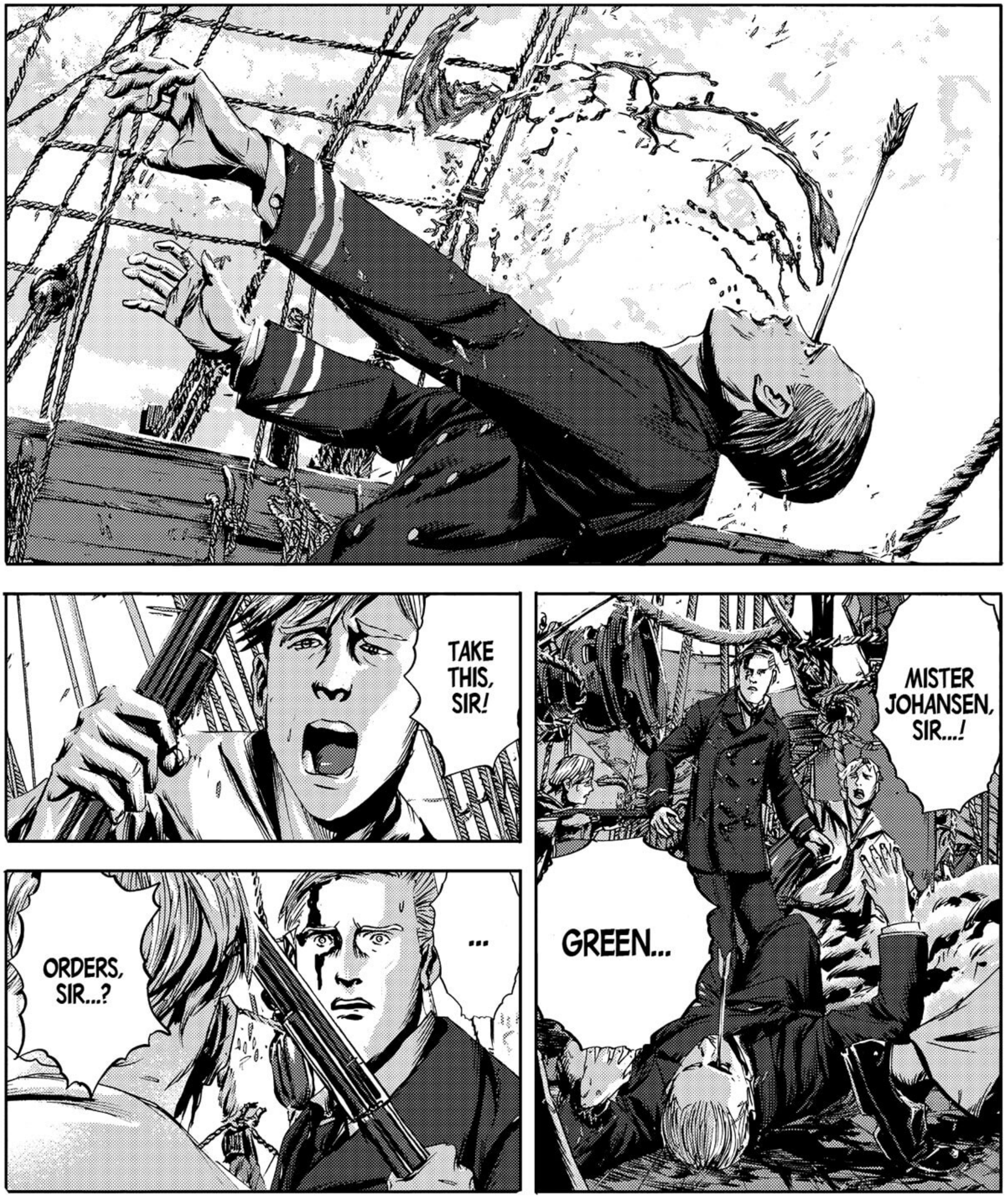

AXES AND MACHETES... I DON'T SEE ANY GUNS...
...THAT'S ODD, THEY'VE TURNED ALONGSIDE.
CAPTAIN!
THEY'RE ARMED...!
PIRATES ...?!
CAN WE EVADE?

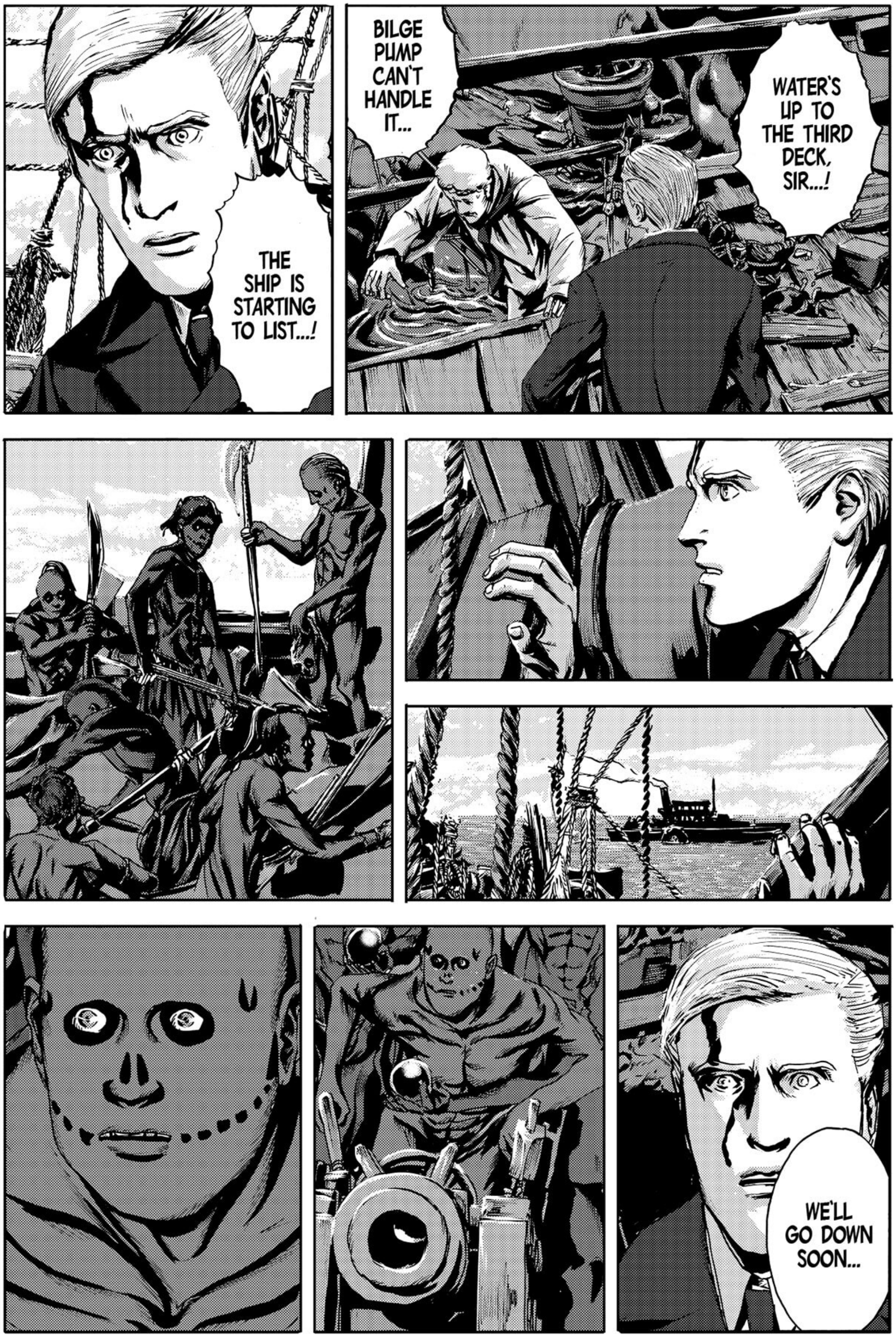

THEY'RE COMING ABOUT...
...THEY'VE STOPPED.
ALL HANDS TO STATIONS! LOWER ALL SAILS!
TWENTY DEGREES PORT!
I WANT THAT TOPSAIL DOWN NOW! MOVE!!!
...GOOD GOD.
THEY'RE LOADING A CANNON!
TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER...!
WHAT...?

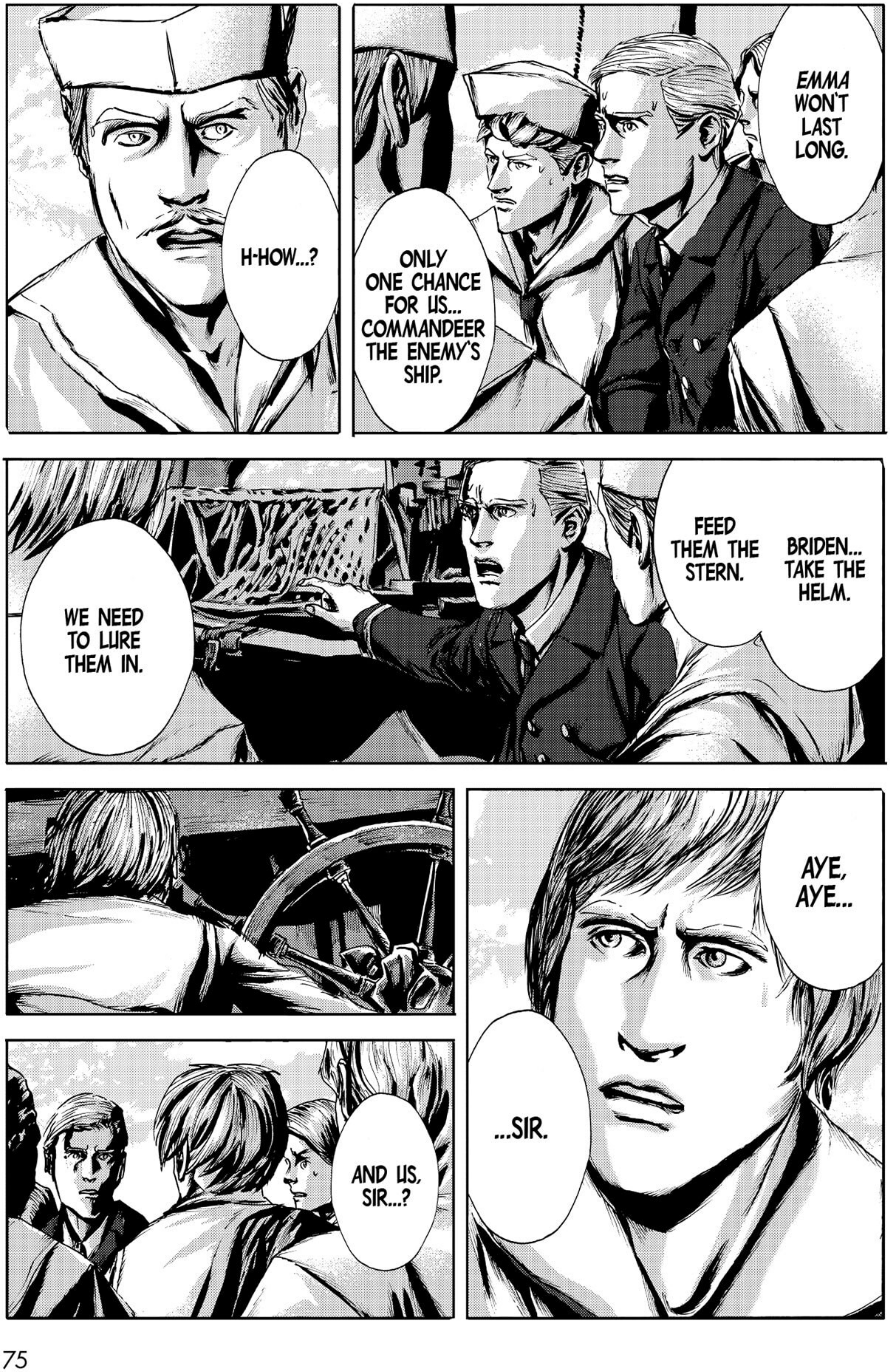

BASTARDS...!
ARE THEY OUT OF THEIR MINDS...?
REPORT!
hgg...
REPORT...!

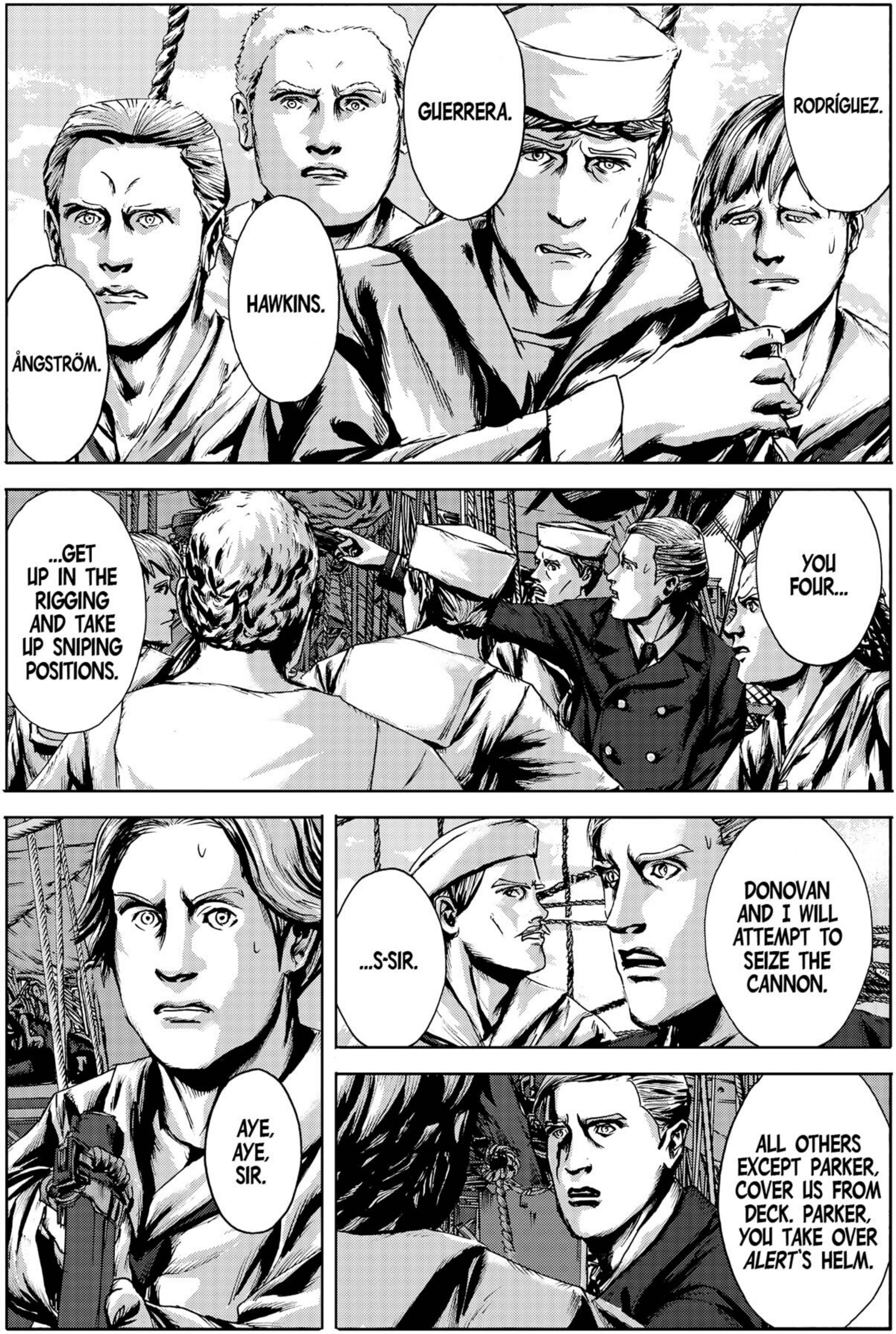

WE'RE TAKING ON WATER...!
HEAVY DAMAGE TO PORTSIDE, CAPTAIN!
AHH... AHH?!
DONOVAN! DRAW RIFLES FROM THE SHIP'S LOCKER!
ARM THE MEN!
HURRY!
W-WE'RE JUST A MERCHANT SHIP...
READY ARMS!

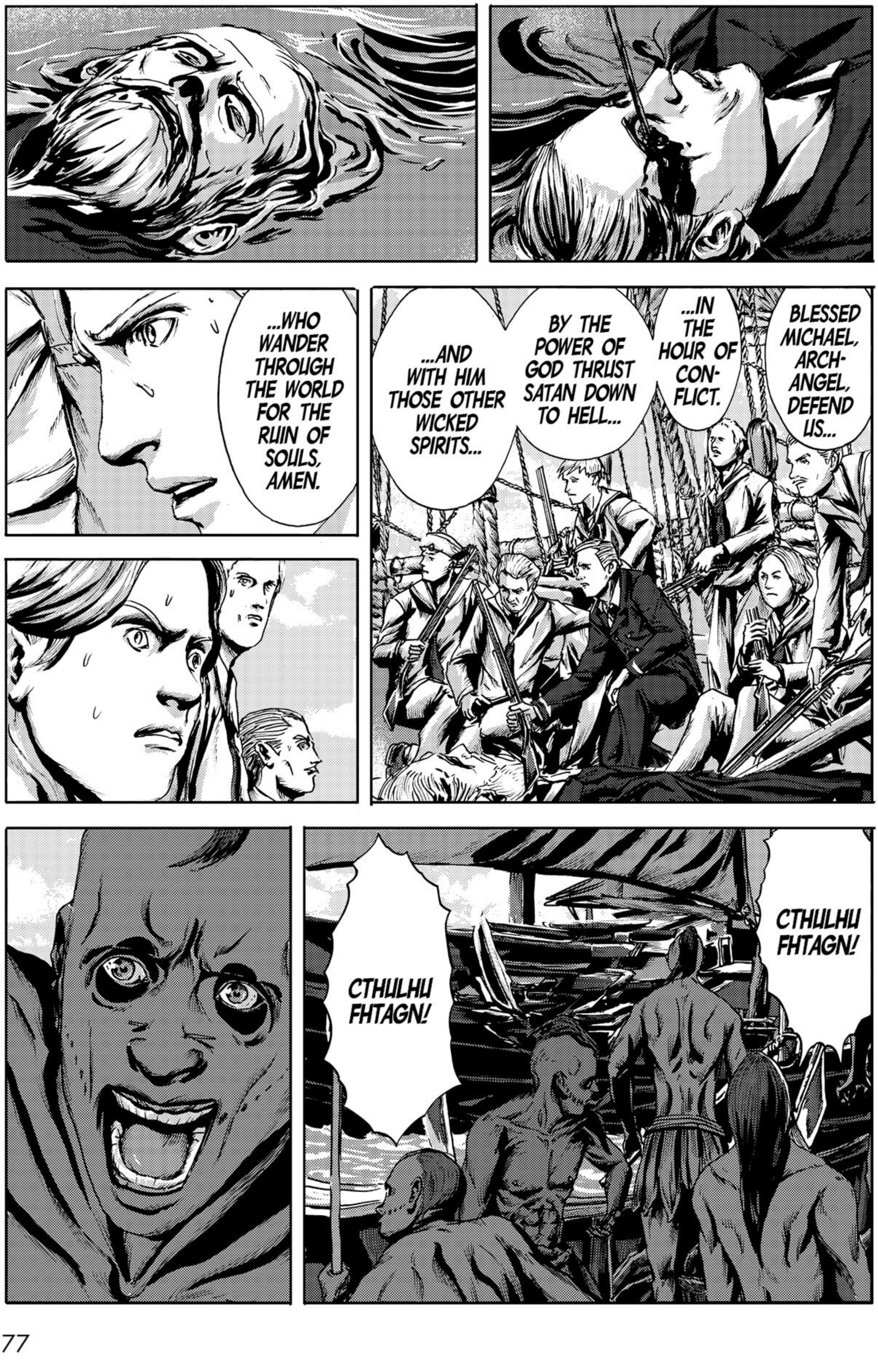

CAPTAIN ...!
THE CAPTAIN IS...
SOMEONE HELP!
...GREEN, GET DOWN!

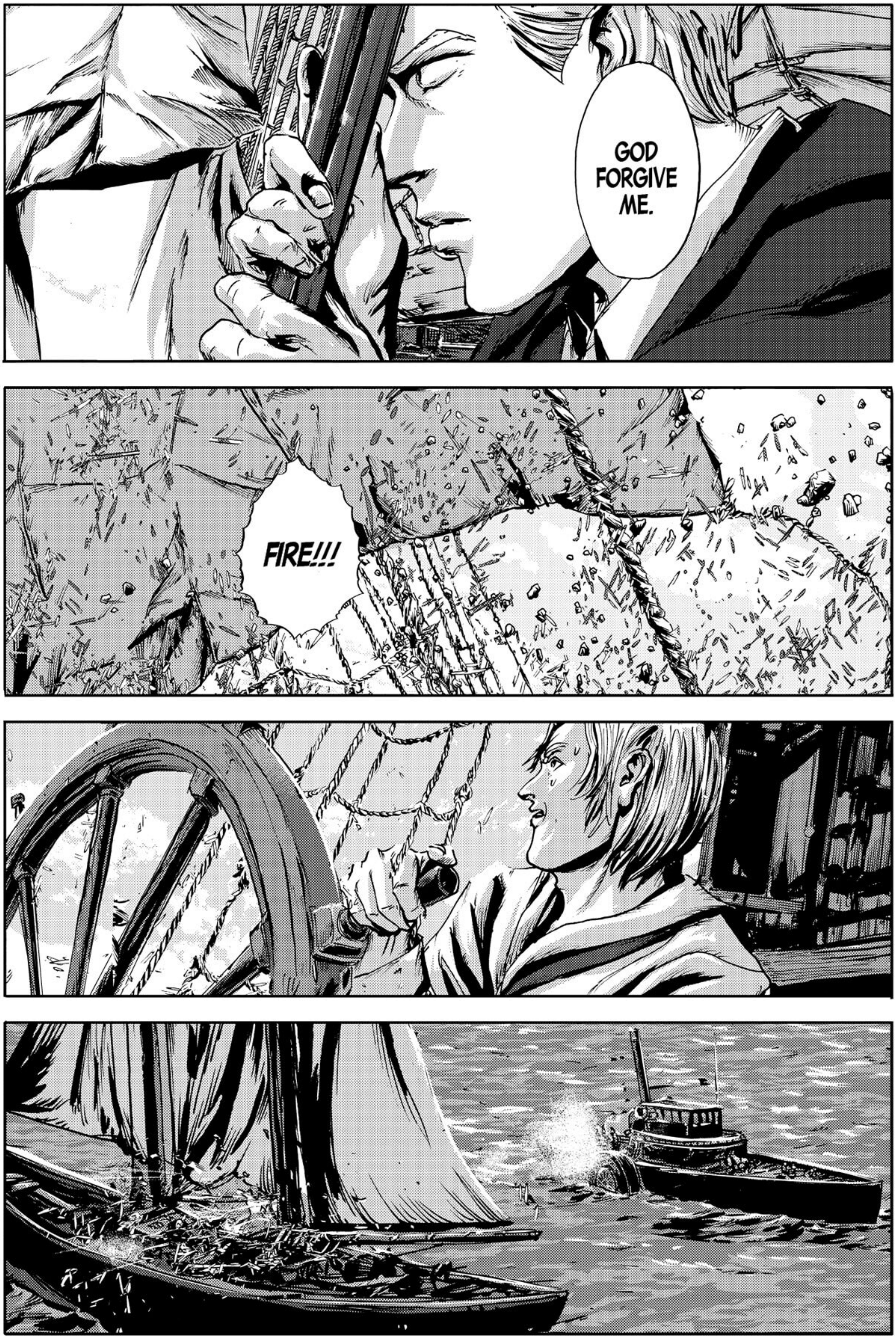

MISTER JOHANSEN, SIR...!
GREEN...
TAKE THIS, SIR!
...
ORDERS, SIR...?
YOU'RE IN COMMAND NOW, MISTER JOHANSEN...!
EH? I...
...WHAT... WHAT'S OUR SITUATION...?

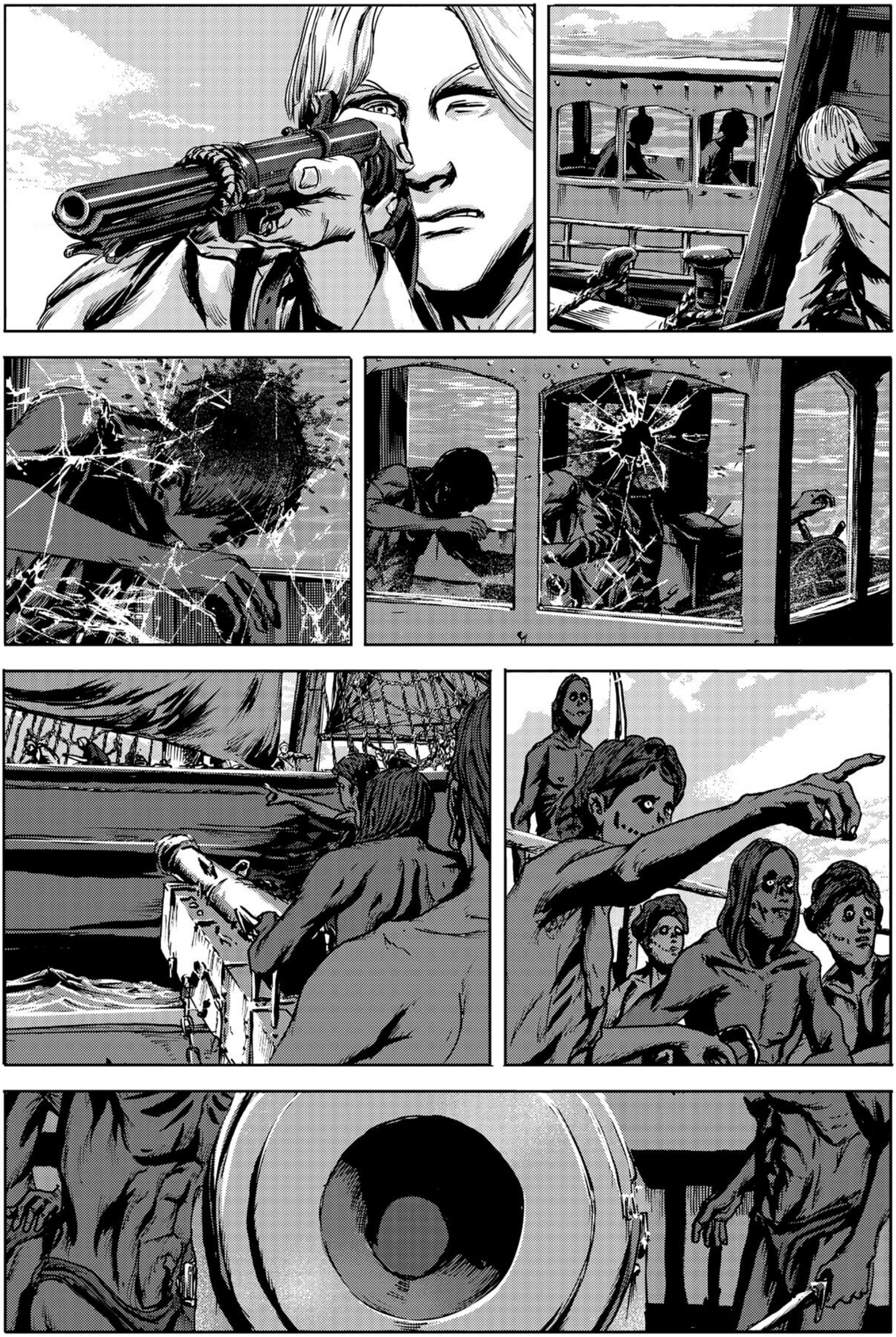

WATER'S UP TO THE THIRD DECK, SIR...!
BILGE PUMP CAN'T HANDLE IT...
THE SHIP IS STARTING TO LIST...!
WE'LL GO DOWN SOON...

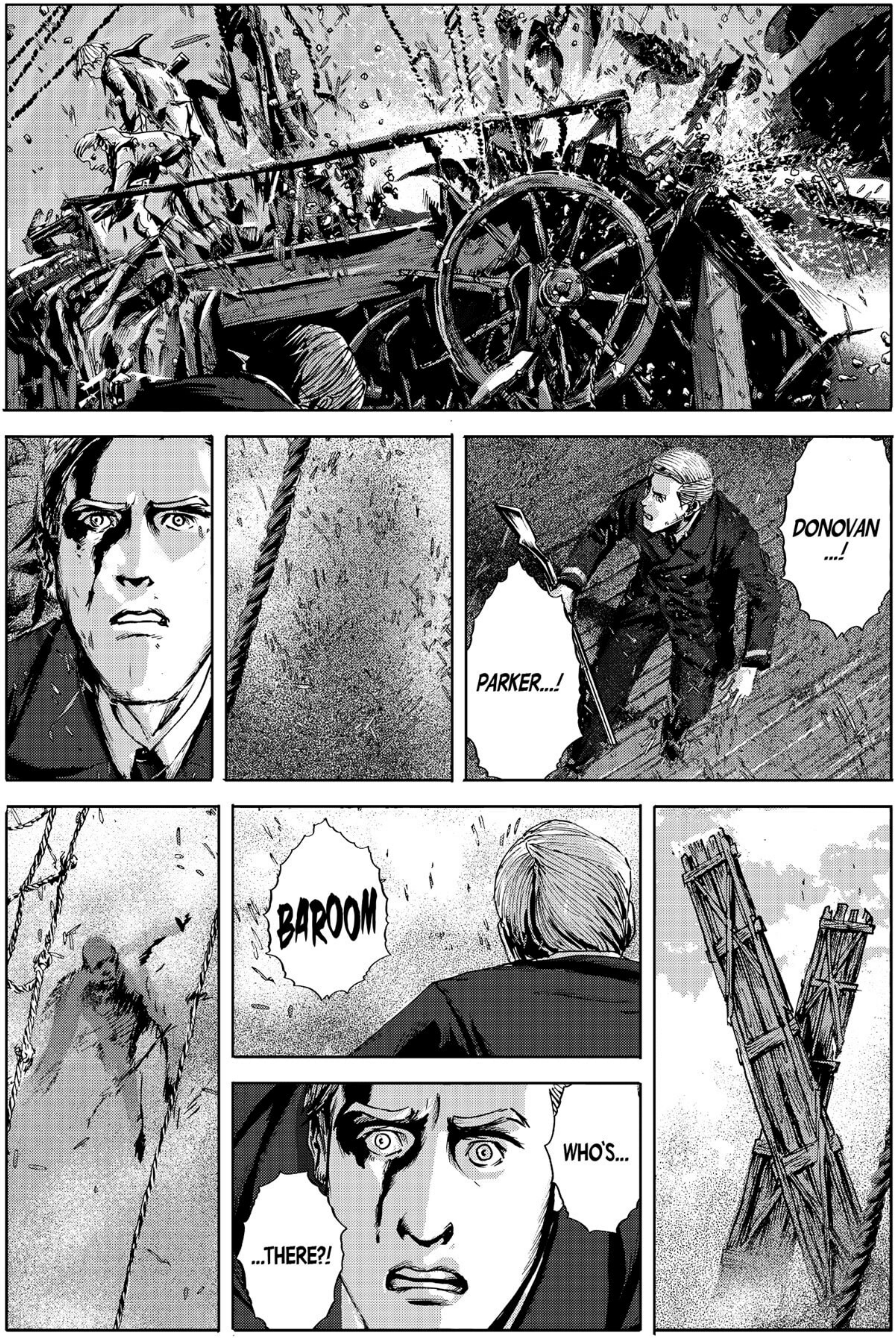

EMMA WON'T LAST LONG.
ONLY ONE CHANCE FOR US... COMMANDEER THE ENEMY'S SHIP.
H-HOW...?
BRIDEN... TAKE THE HELM.
FEED THEM THE STERN.
WE NEED TO LURE THEM IN.
AYE, AYE...
...SIR.
AND US, SIR...?

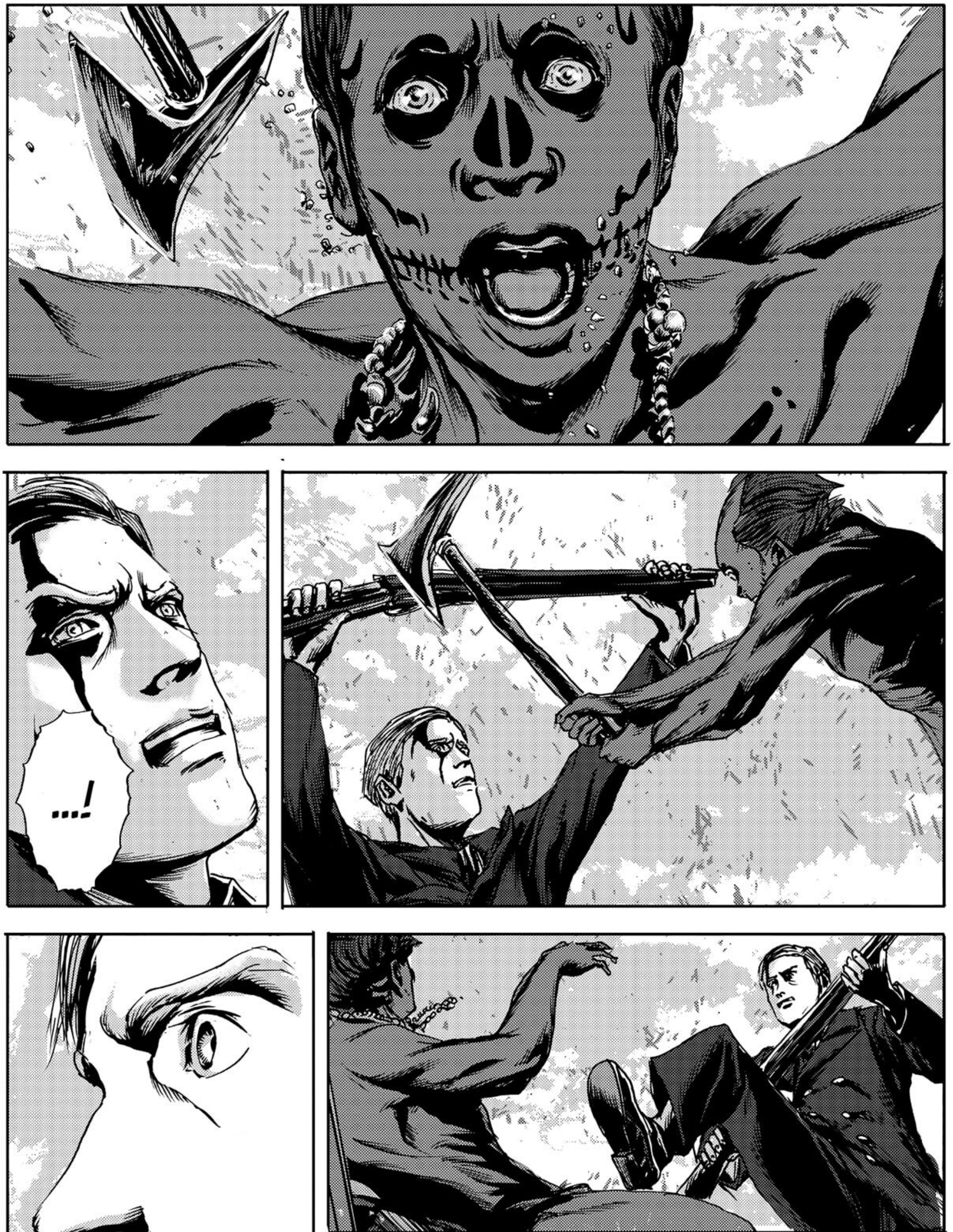

RODRÍGUEZ.
GUERRERA.
HAWKINS.
ÅNGSTRÖM.
YOU FOUR...
...GET UP IN THE RIGGING AND TAKE UP SNIPING POSITIONS.
DONOVAN AND I WILL ATTEMPT TO SEIZE THE CANNON.
...S-SIR.
ALL OTHERS EXCEPT PARKER, COVER US FROM DECK. PARKER, YOU TAKE OVER *ALERT*'S HELM.
AYE, AYE, SIR.

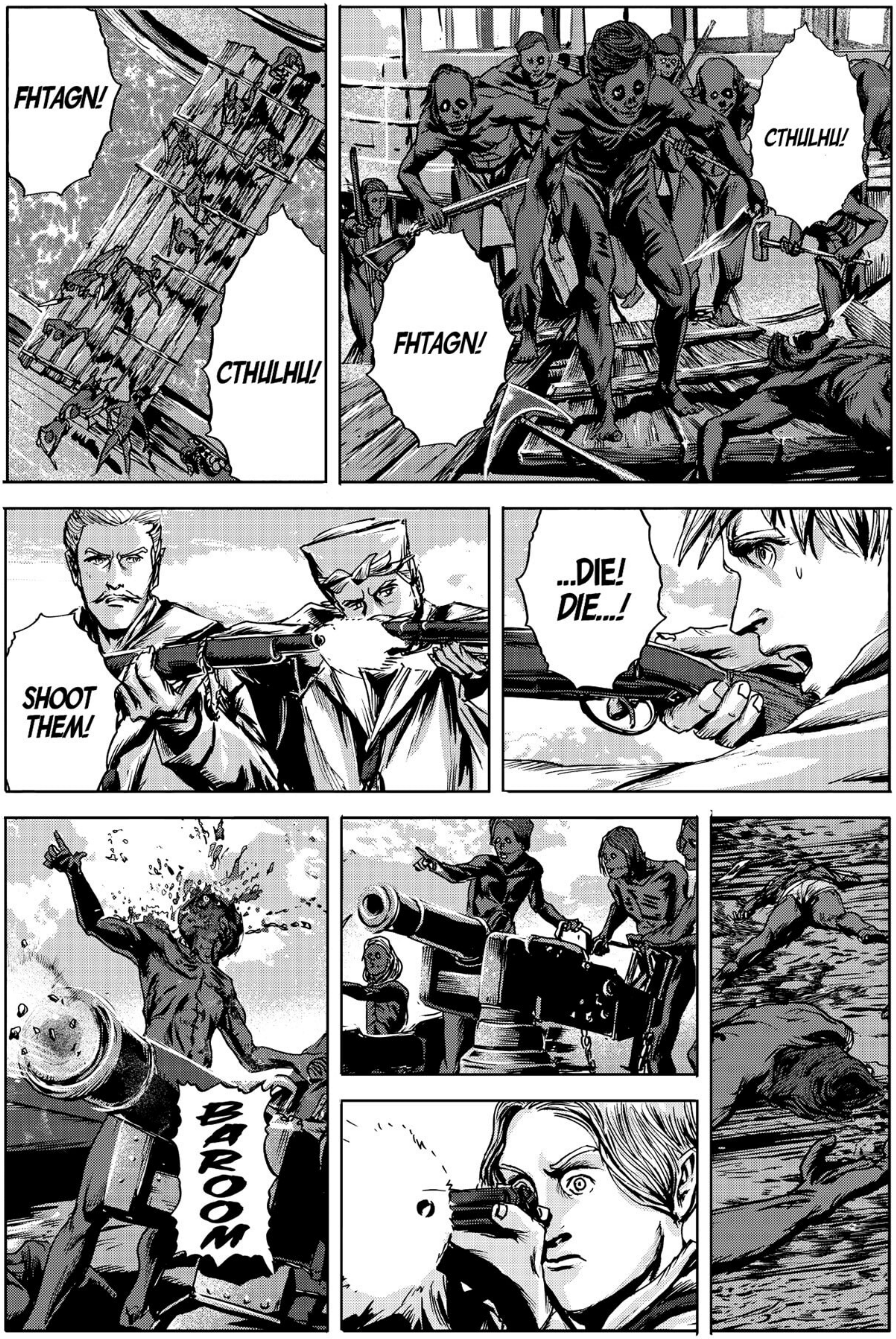

BLESSED MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL, DEFEND US...
...IN THE HOUR OF CONFLICT.
BY THE POWER OF GOD THRUST SATAN DOWN TO HELL...
...AND WITH HIM THOSE OTHER WICKED SPIRITS...
...WHO WANDER THROUGH THE WORLD FOR THE RUIN OF SOULS, AMEN.
CTHULHU FHTAGN!
CTHULHU FHTAGN!

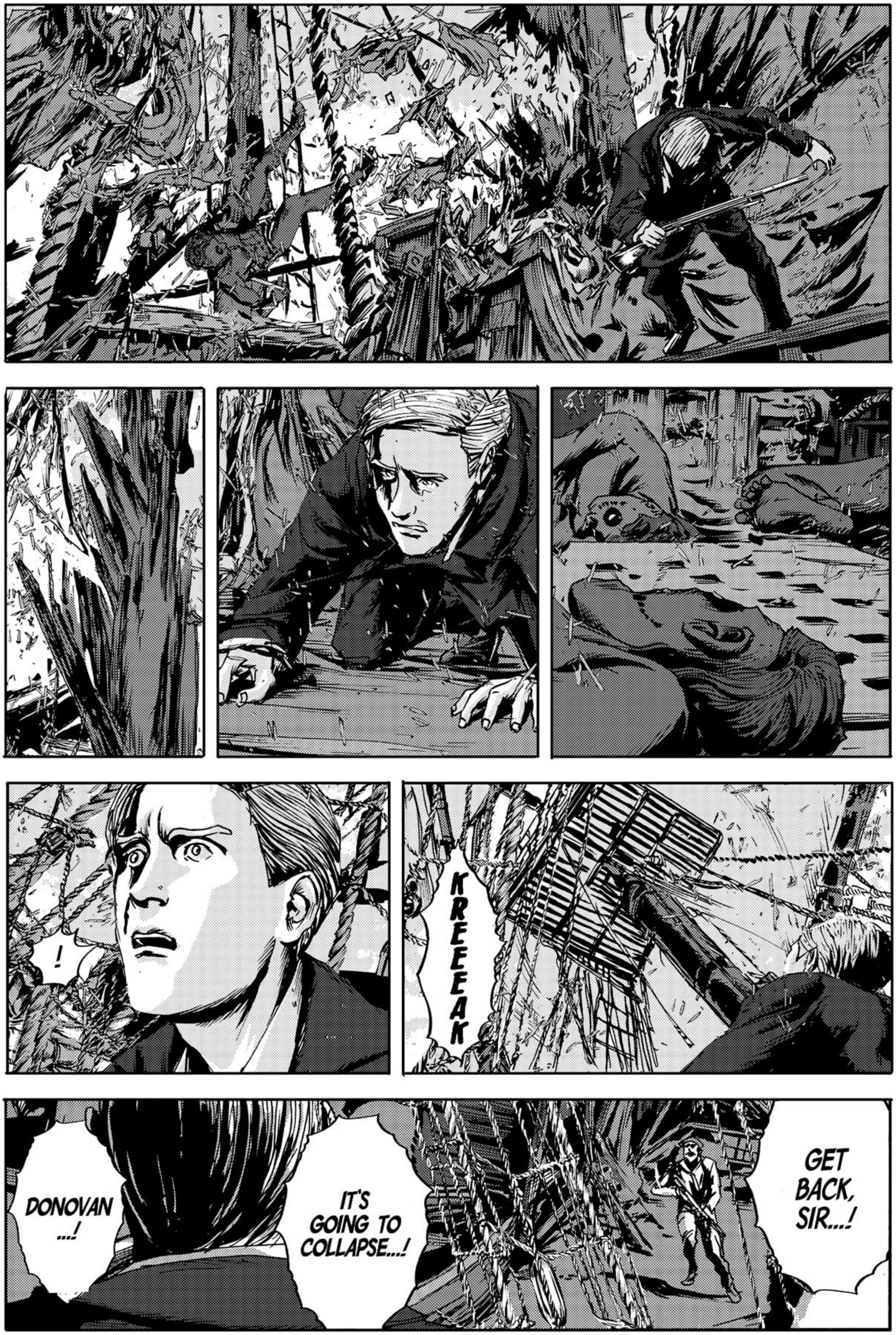

GOD FORGIVE ME.
FIRE!!!

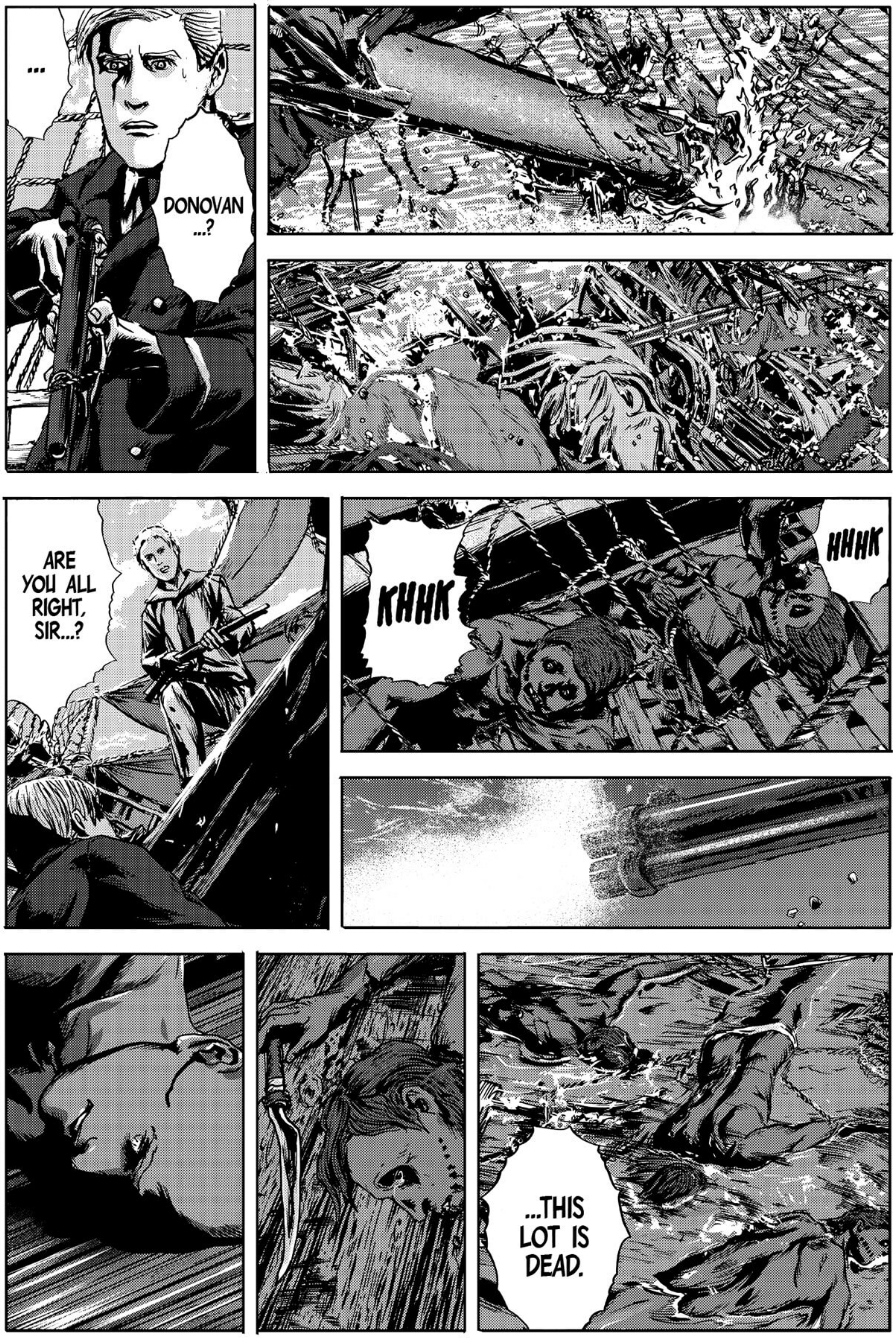


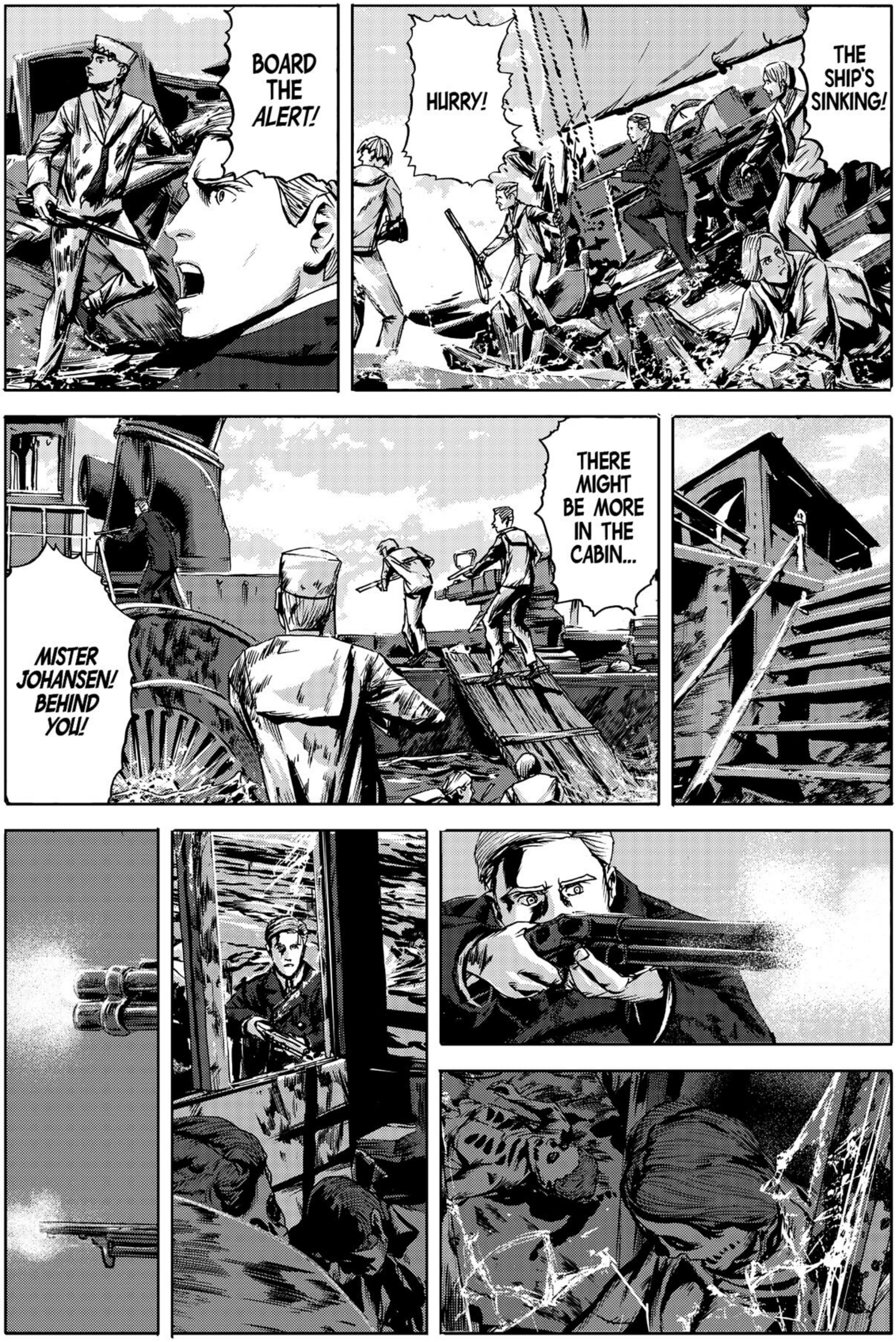

DONOVAN ...!
PARKER...!
BAROOM
WHO'S...
...THERE?!

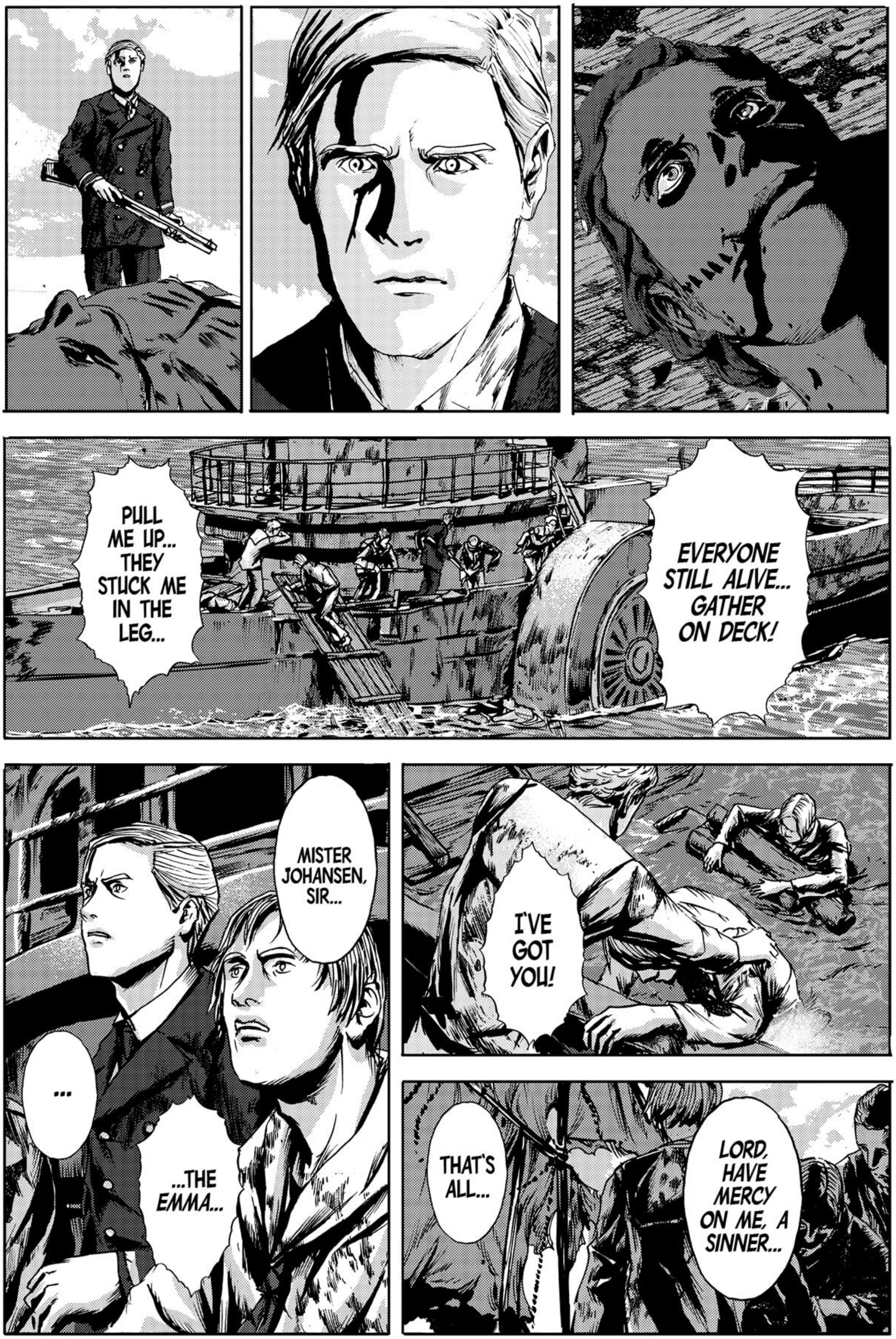


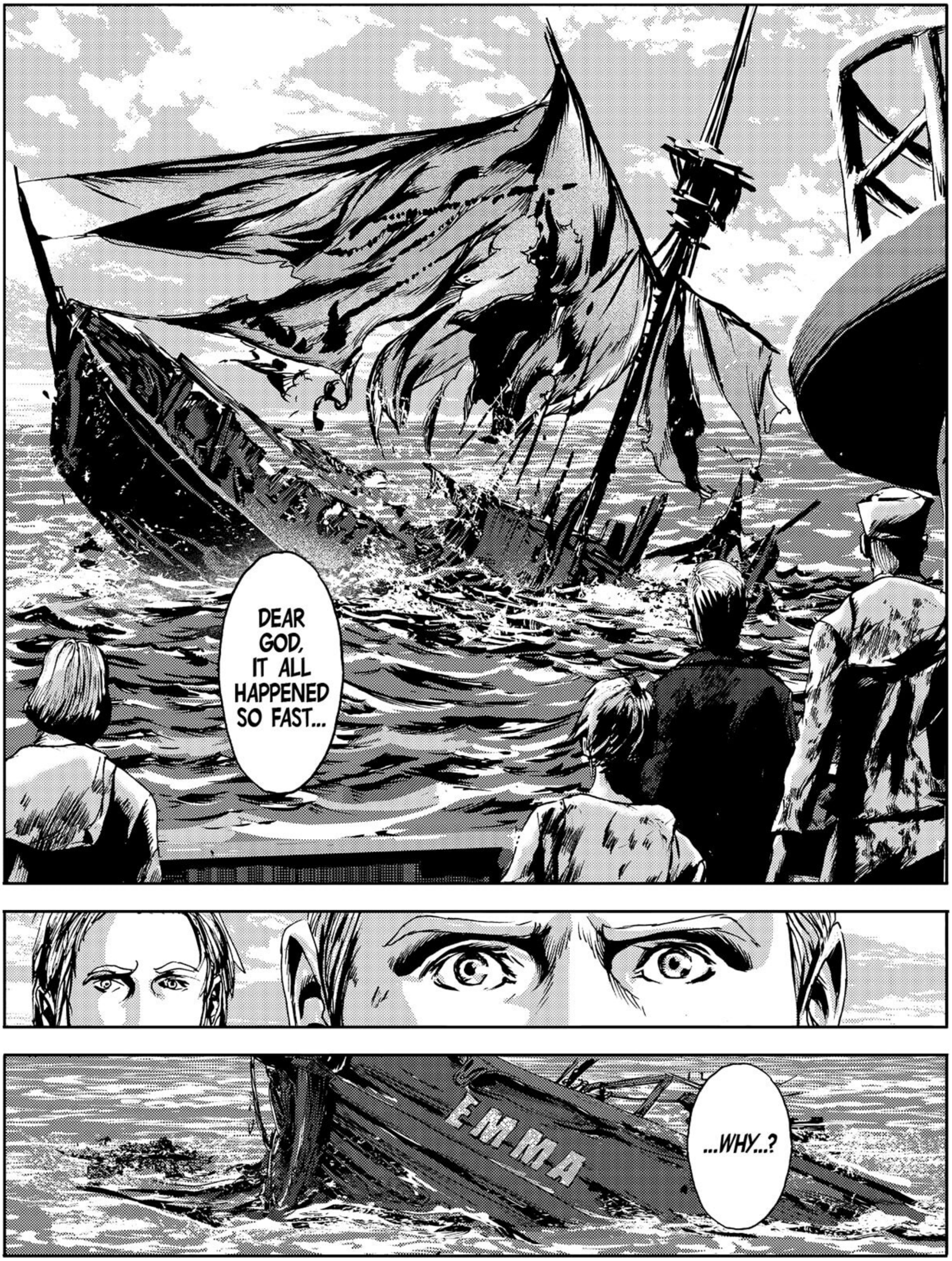

CTHULHU!
FHTAGN!
FHTAGN!
CTHULHU!
...DIE! DIE...!
SHOOT THEM!
BAROOM

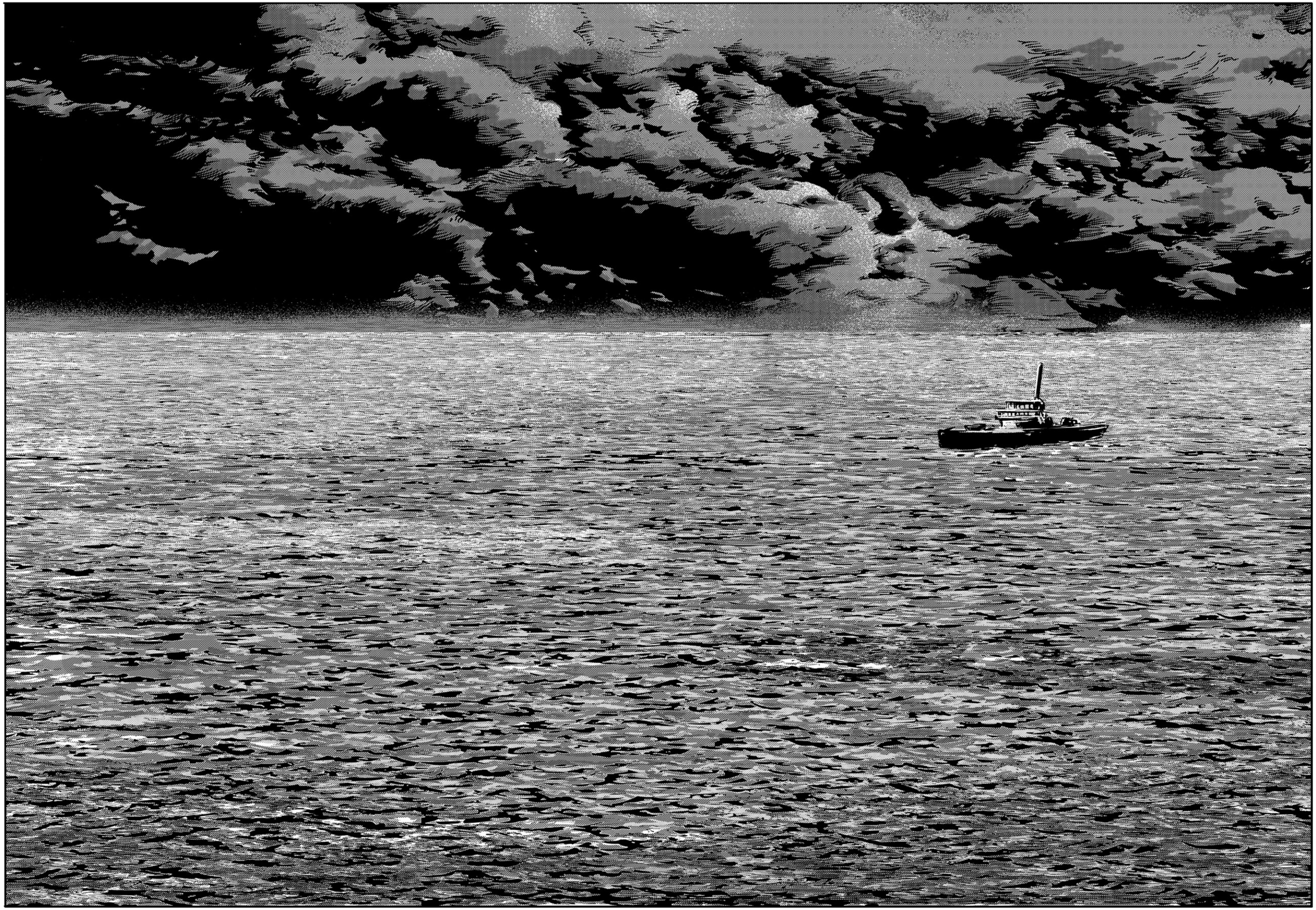

KREEEAK
!
GET BACK, SIR...!
IT'S GOING TO COLLAPSE...!
DONOVAN...!

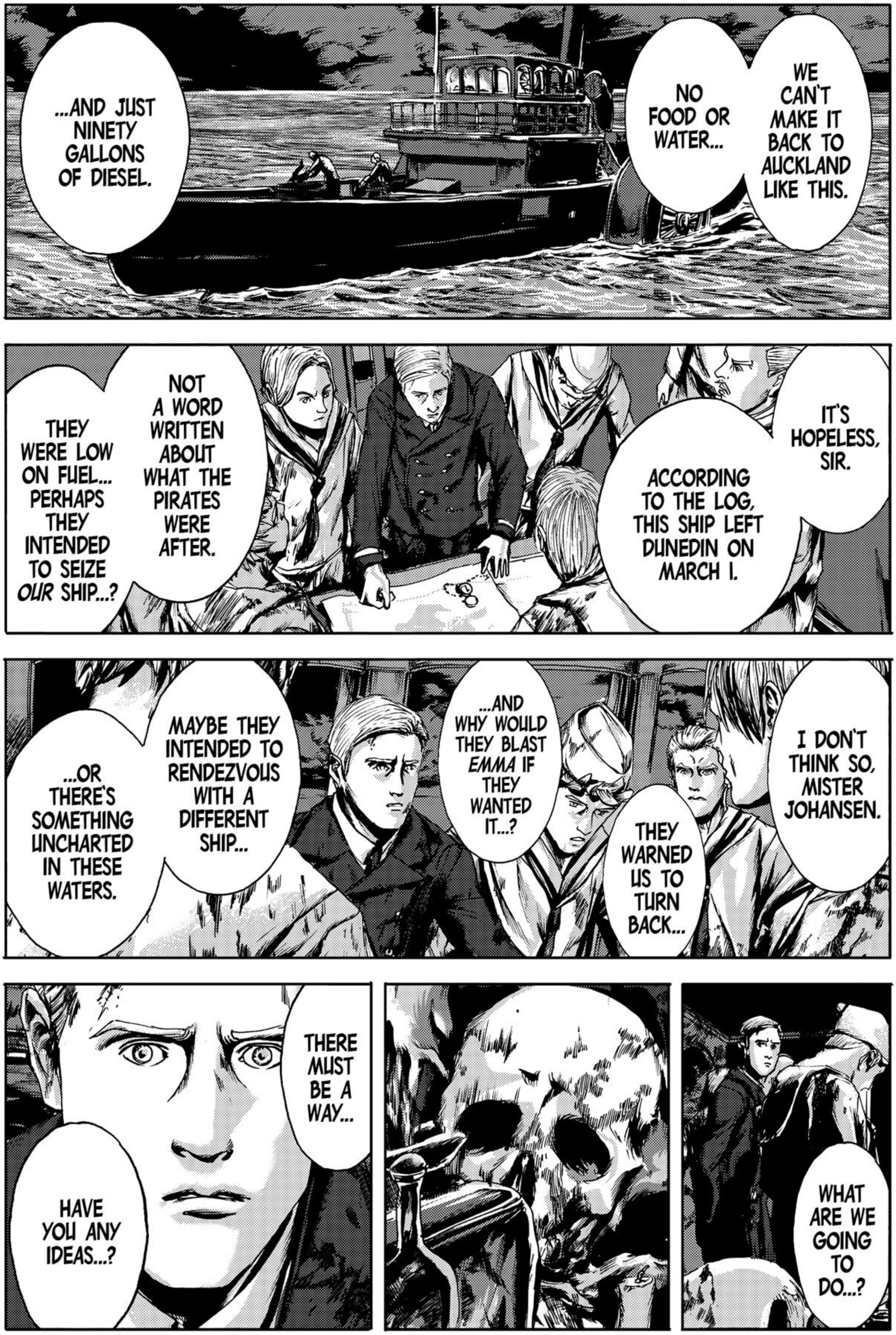

...
DONOVAN ...?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR...?
KHHK
HHHK
...THIS LOT IS DEAD.

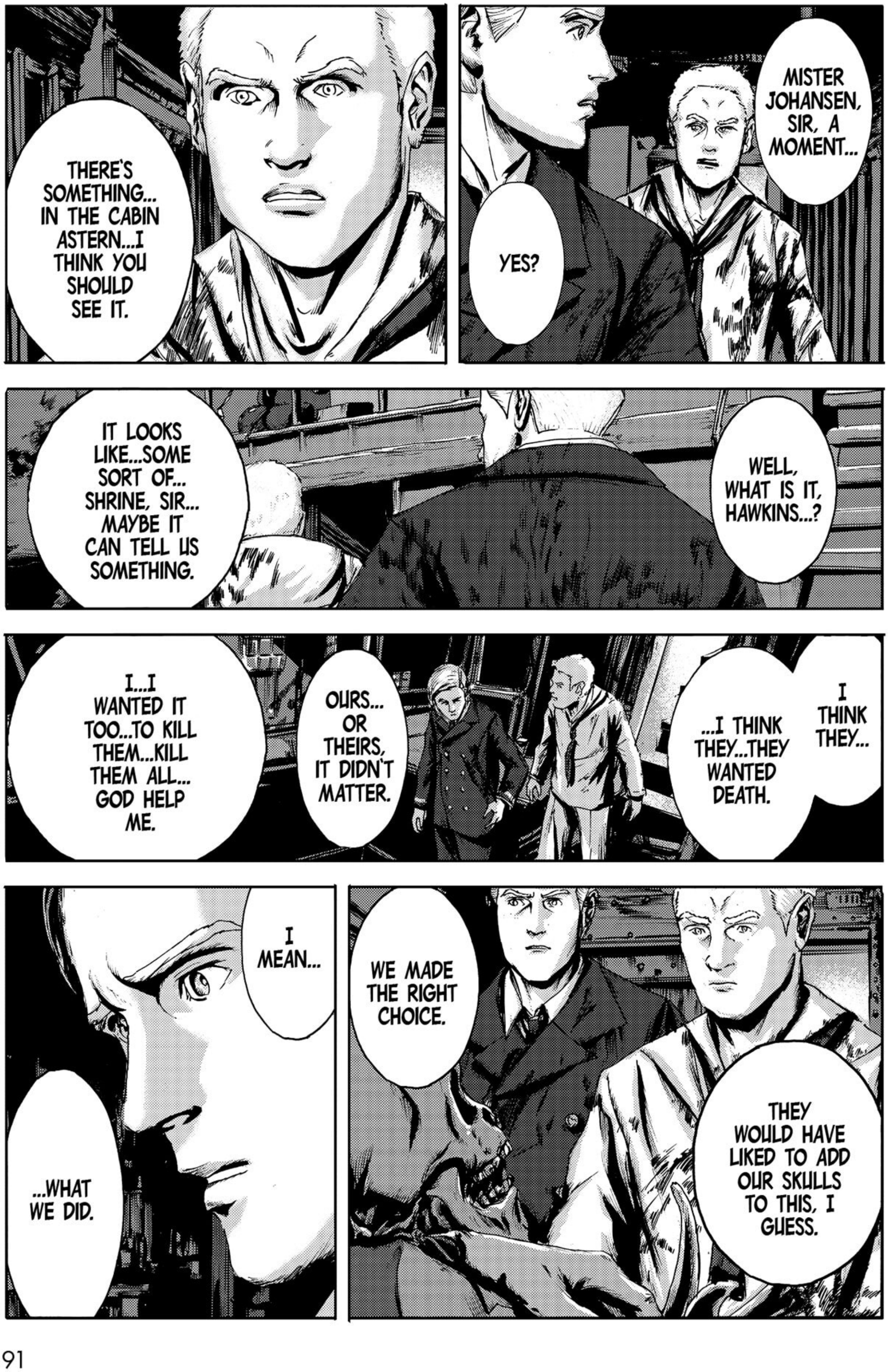

BOARD THE *ALERT!*
HURRY!
THE SHIP'S SINKING!
THERE MIGHT BE MORE IN THE CABIN...
MISTER JOHANSEN! BEHIND YOU!

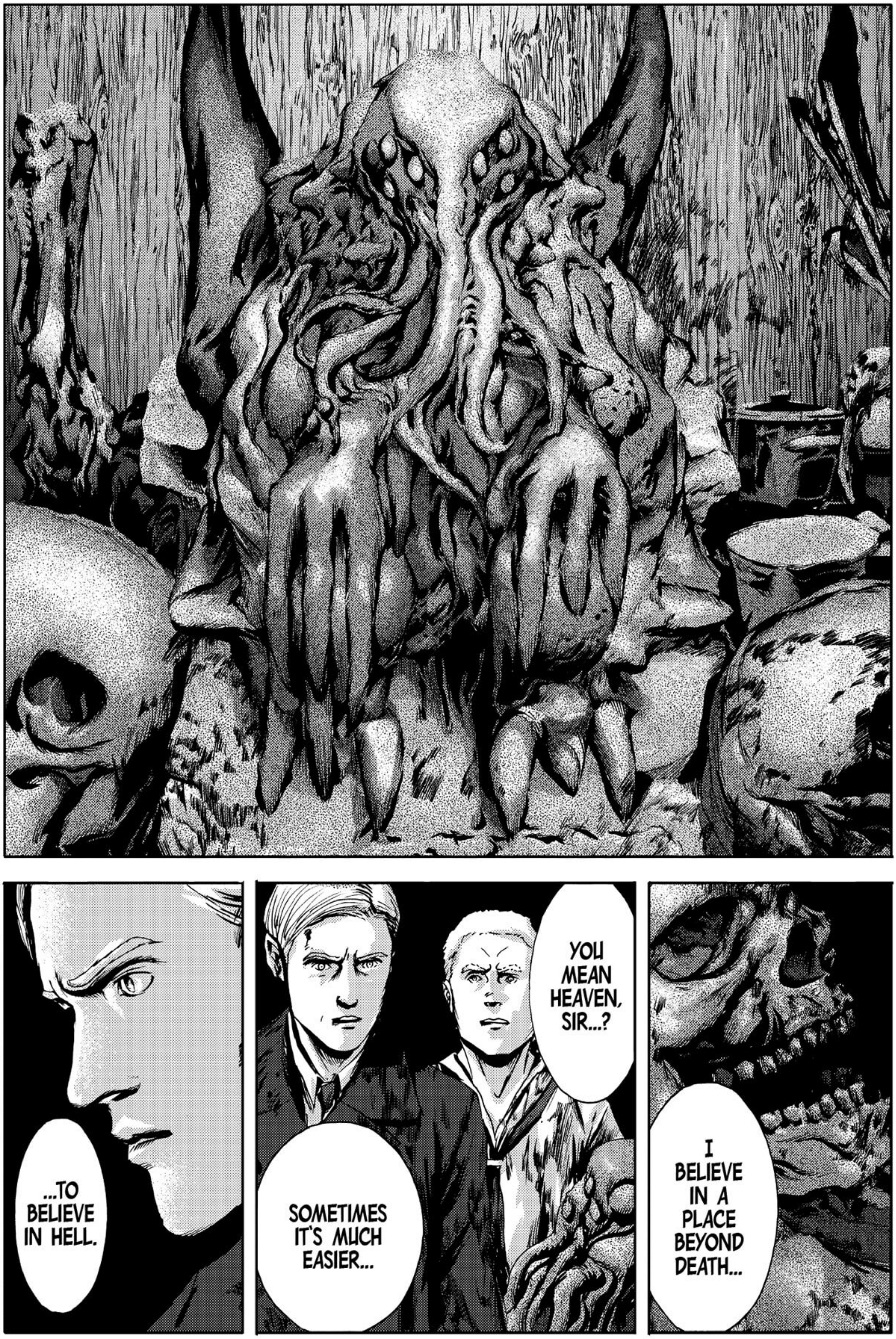

EVERYONE STILL ALIVE... GATHER ON DECK!
PULL ME UP... THEY STUCK ME IN THE LEG...
I'VE GOT YOU!
LORD, HAVE MERCY ON ME, A SINNER...
THAT'S ALL...
MISTER JOHANSEN, SIR...
...
...THE *EMMA*...

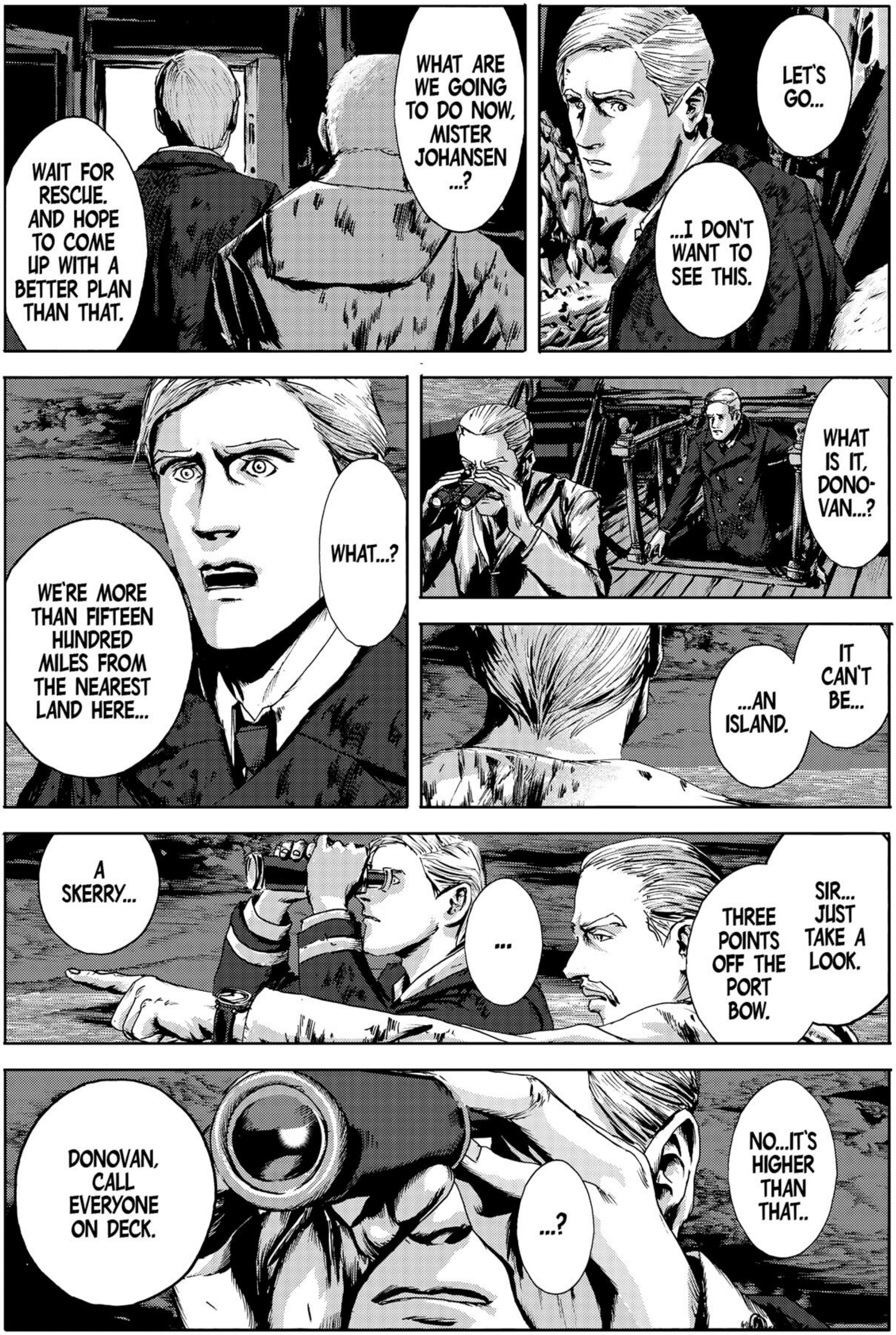

DEAR GOD, IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST...
EMMA
...WHY...?

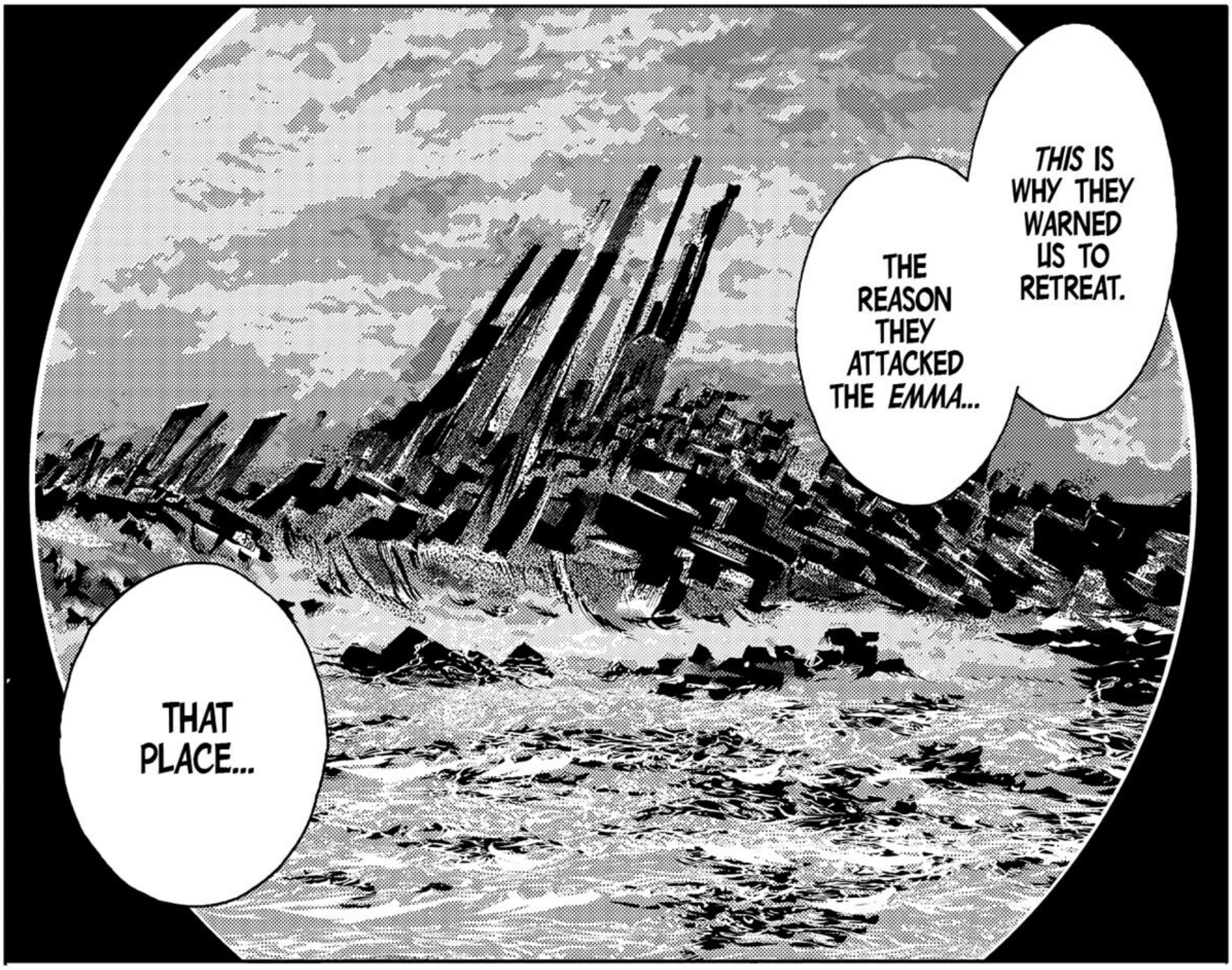


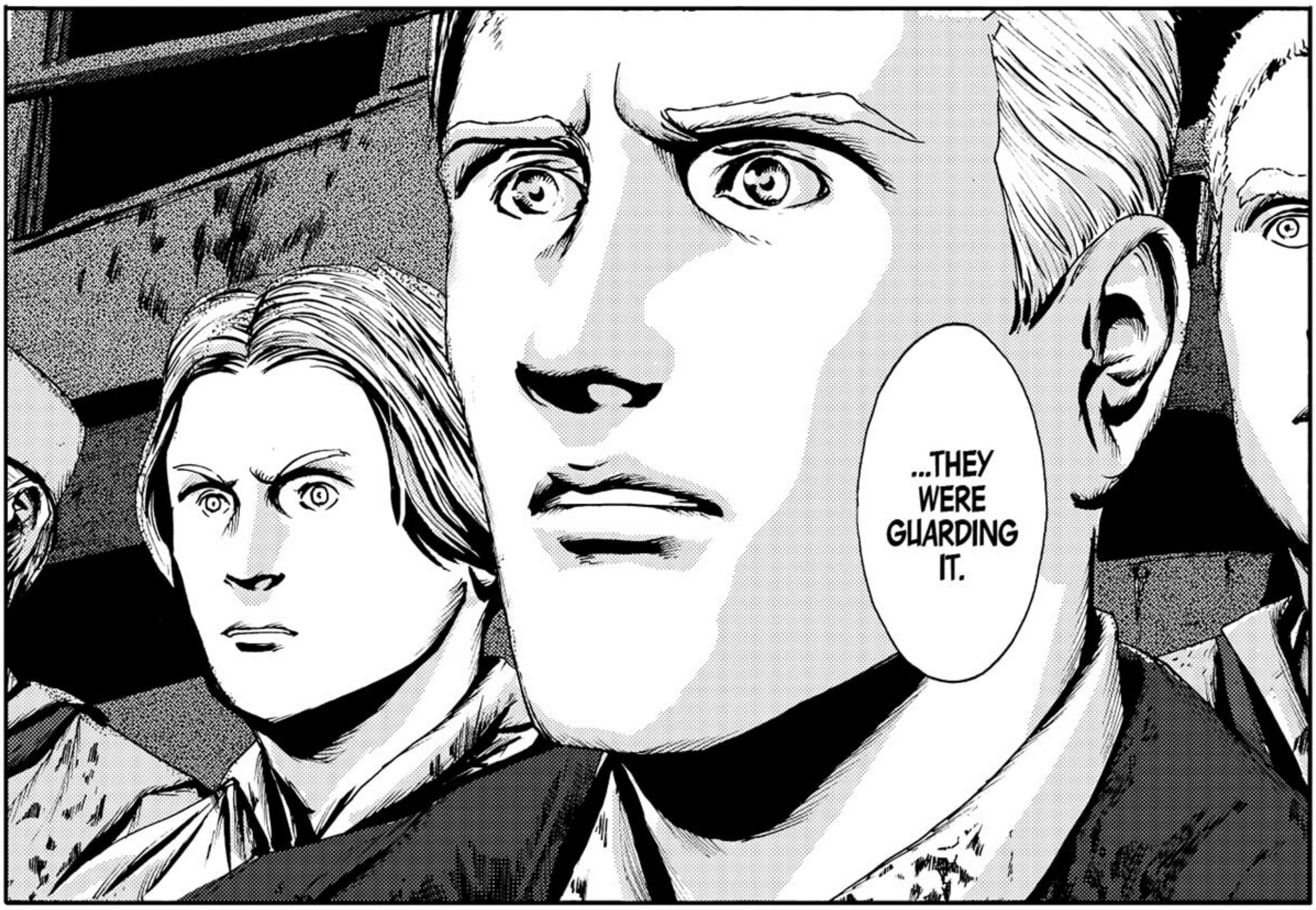

WE CAN'T MAKE IT BACK TO AUCKLAND LIKE THIS.
NO FOOD OR WATER...
...AND JUST NINETY GALLONS OF DIESEL.
IT'S HOPELESS, SIR.
ACCORDING TO THE LOG, THIS SHIP LEFT DUNEDIN ON MARCH 1.
NOT A WORD WRITTEN ABOUT WHAT THE PIRATES WERE AFTER.
THEY WERE LOW ON FUEL... PERHAPS THEY INTENDED TO SEIZE *OUR* SHIP...?
I DON'T THINK SO, MISTER JOHANSEN.
THEY WARNED US TO TURN BACK...
...AND WHY WOULD THEY BLAST *EMMA* IF THEY WANTED IT...?
MAYBE THEY INTENDED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH A DIFFERENT SHIP...
...OR THERE'S SOMETHING UNCHARTED IN THESE WATERS.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO...?
THERE MUST BE A WAY...
HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS...?


MISTER JOHANSEN, SIR, A MOMENT...
YES?
THERE'S SOMETHING... IN THE CABIN ASTERN...I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE IT.
WELL, WHAT IS IT, HAWKINS...?
IT LOOKS LIKE...SOME SORT OF... SHRINE, SIR... MAYBE IT CAN TELL US SOMETHING.
I THINK THEY...
...I THINK THEY...THEY WANTED DEATH.
OURS... OR THEIRS, IT DIDN'T MATTER.
I...I WANTED IT TOO...TO KILL THEM...KILL THEM ALL... GOD HELP ME.
THEY WOULD HAVE LIKED TO ADD OUR SKULLS TO THIS, I GUESS.
WE MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.
I MEAN...
...WHAT WE DID.


I BELIEVE IN A PLACE BEYOND DEATH...
YOU MEAN HEAVEN, SIR...?
SOMETIMES IT'S MUCH EASIER...
...TO BELIEVE IN HELL.


LET'S GO...
...I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW, MISTER JOHANSEN ...?
WAIT FOR RESCUE. AND HOPE TO COME UP WITH A BETTER PLAN THAN THAT.
WHAT IS IT, DONOVAN...?
IT CAN'T BE...
...AN ISLAND.
WHAT...?
WE'RE MORE THAN FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST LAND HERE...
SIR... JUST TAKE A LOOK.
THREE POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW.
...
A SKERRY...
NO...IT'S HIGHER THAN THAT..
...?
DONOVAN, CALL EVERYONE ON DECK.


THIS IS WHY THEY WARNED US TO RETREAT.
THE REASON THEY ATTACKED THE *EMMA*...
THAT PLACE...


...THEY WERE GUARDING IT.

Chapter Six

R’LYEH

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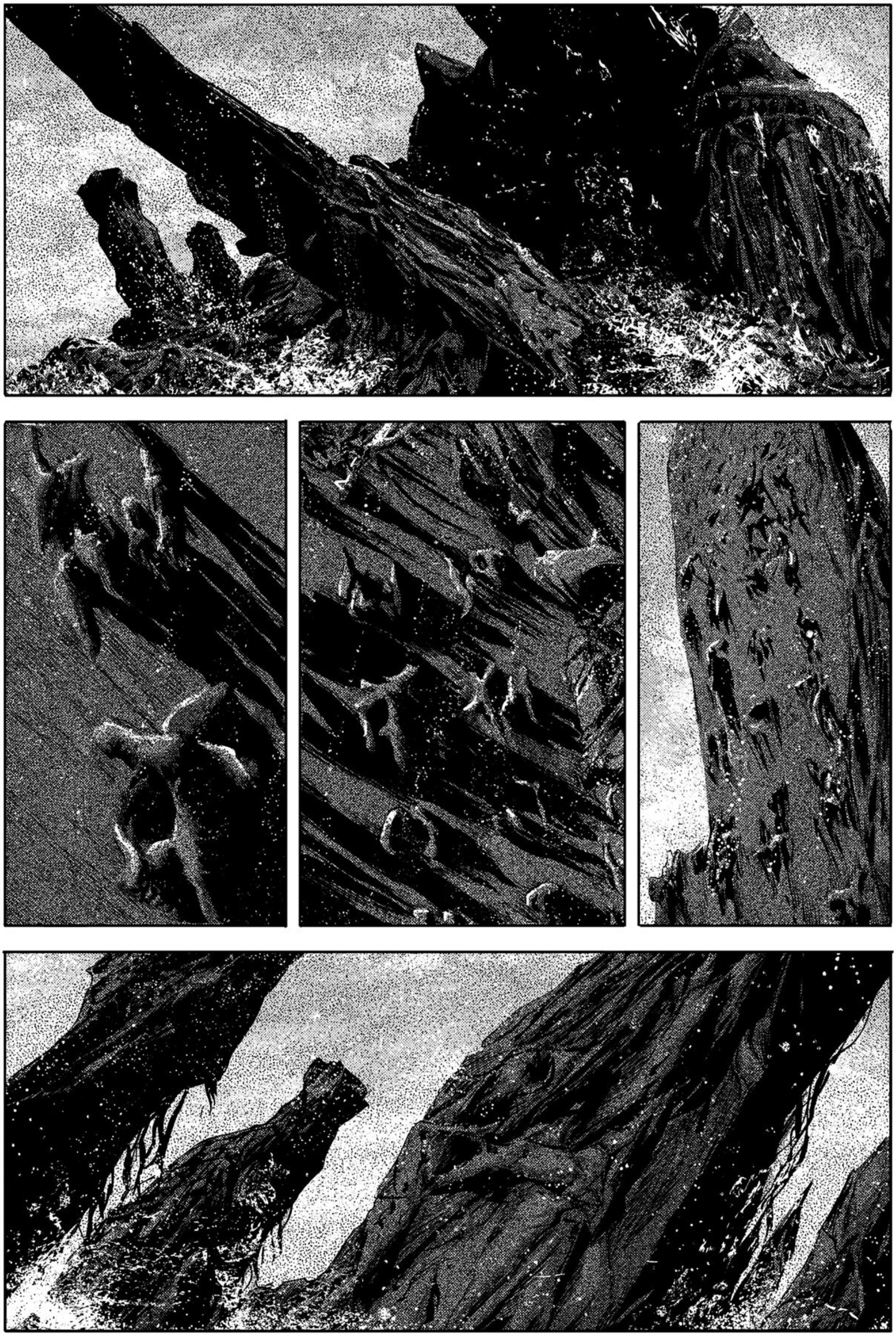
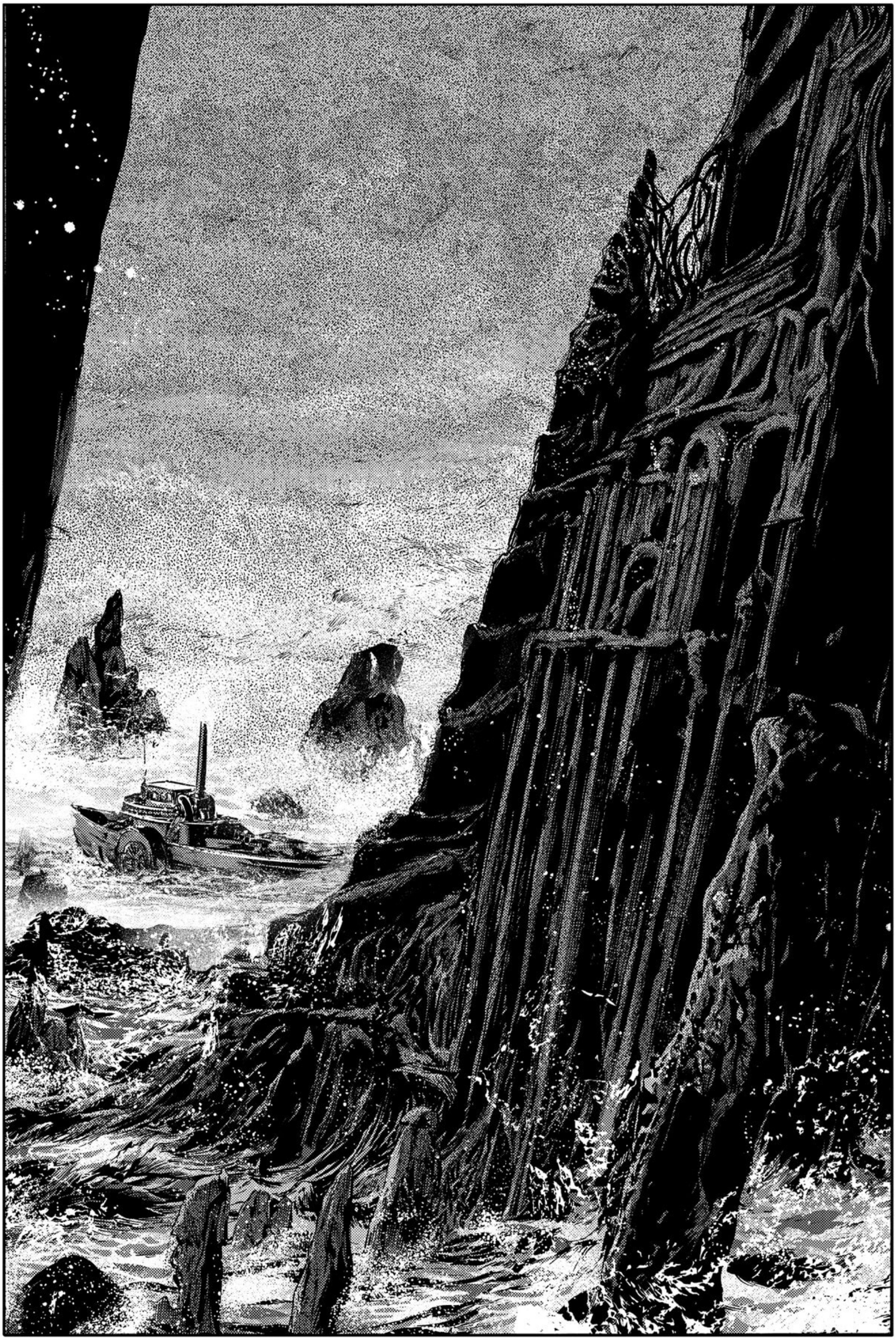
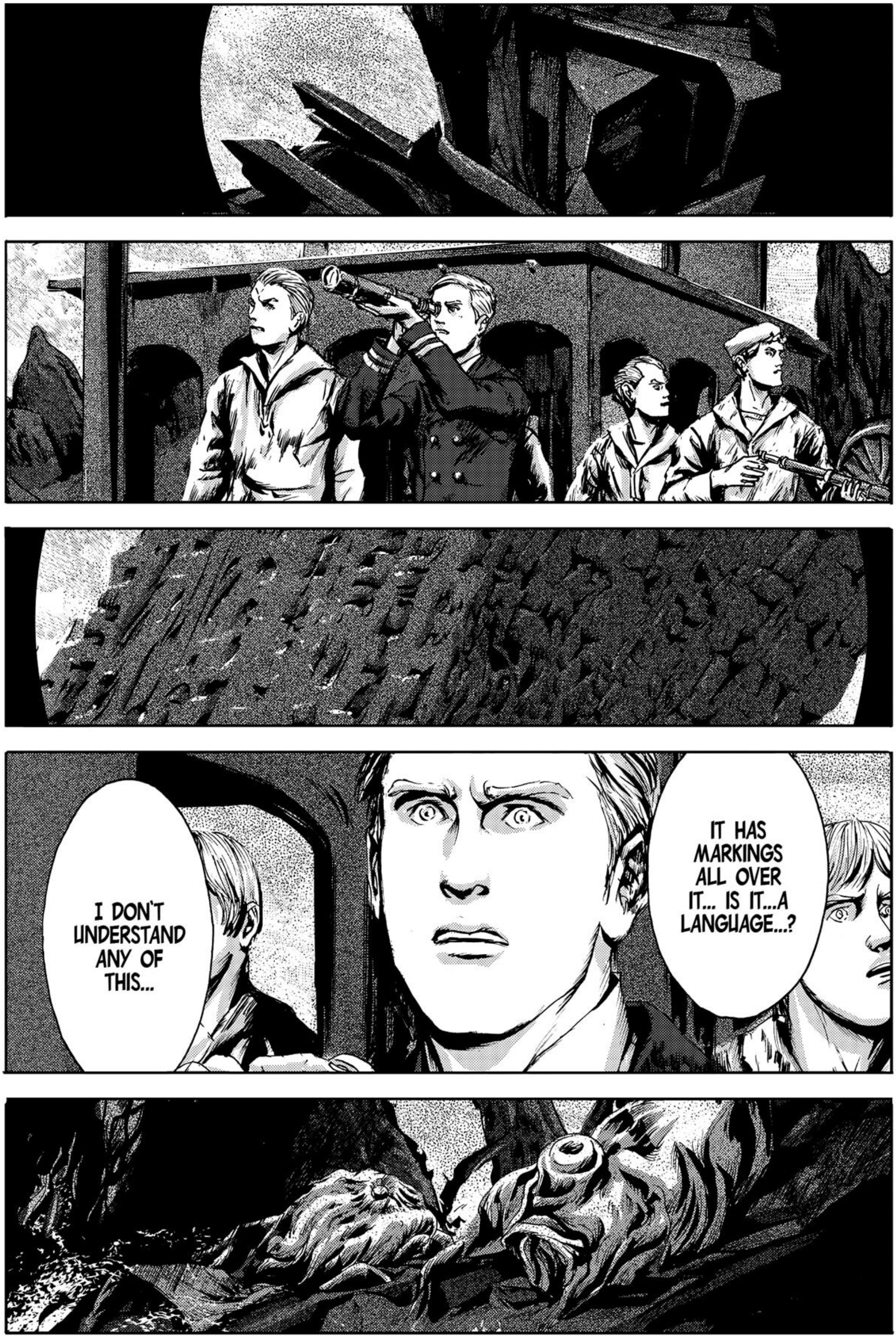
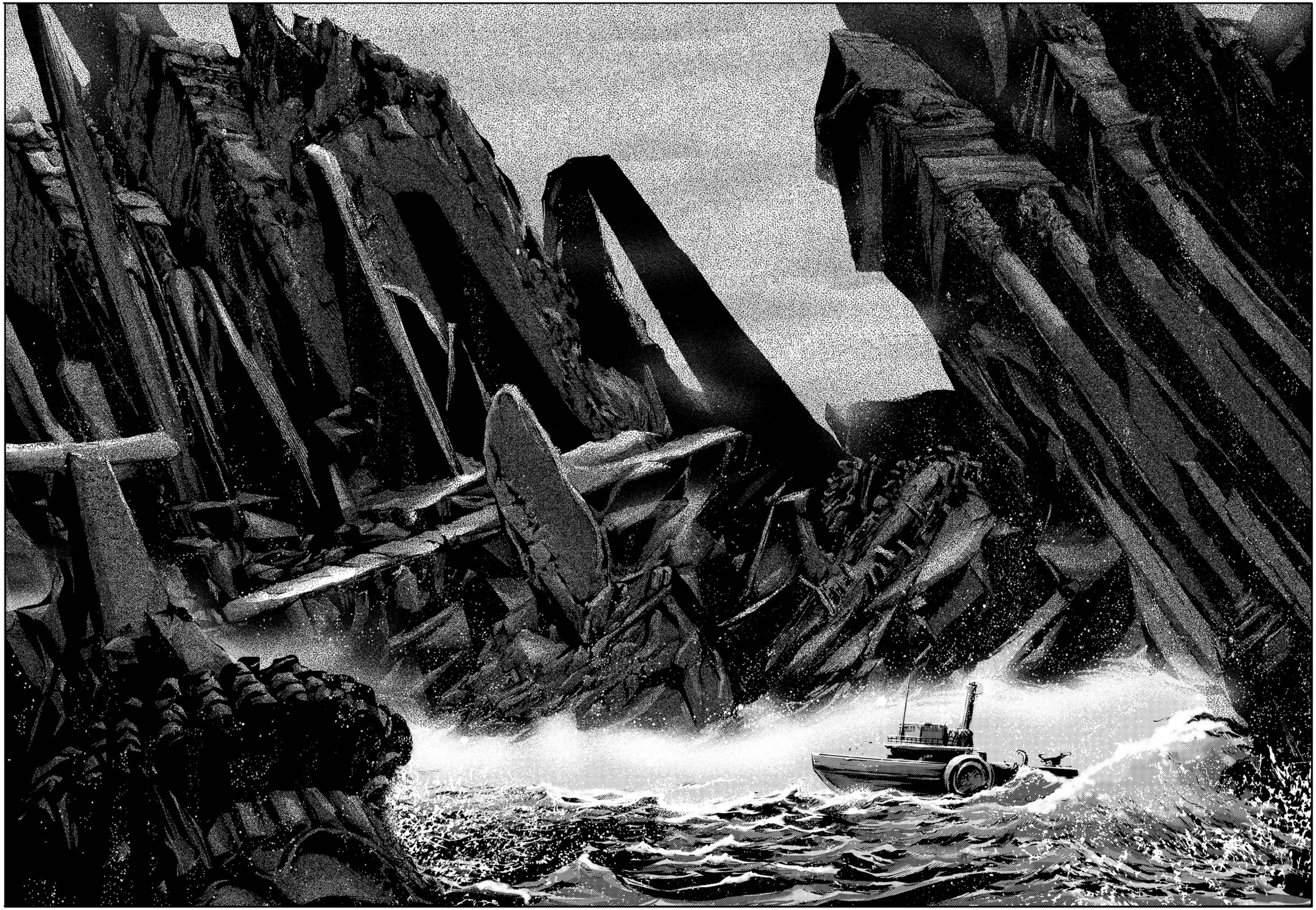
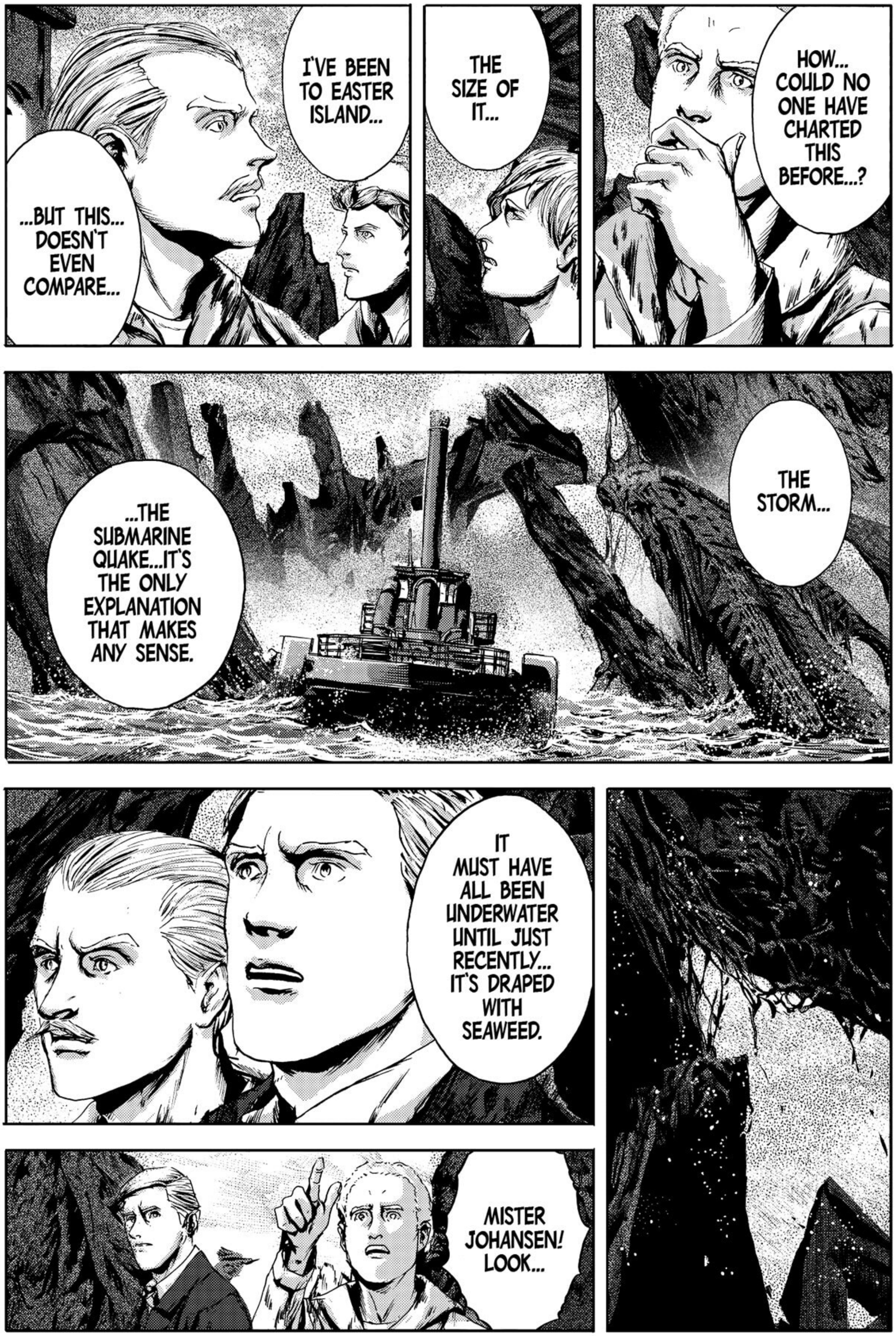
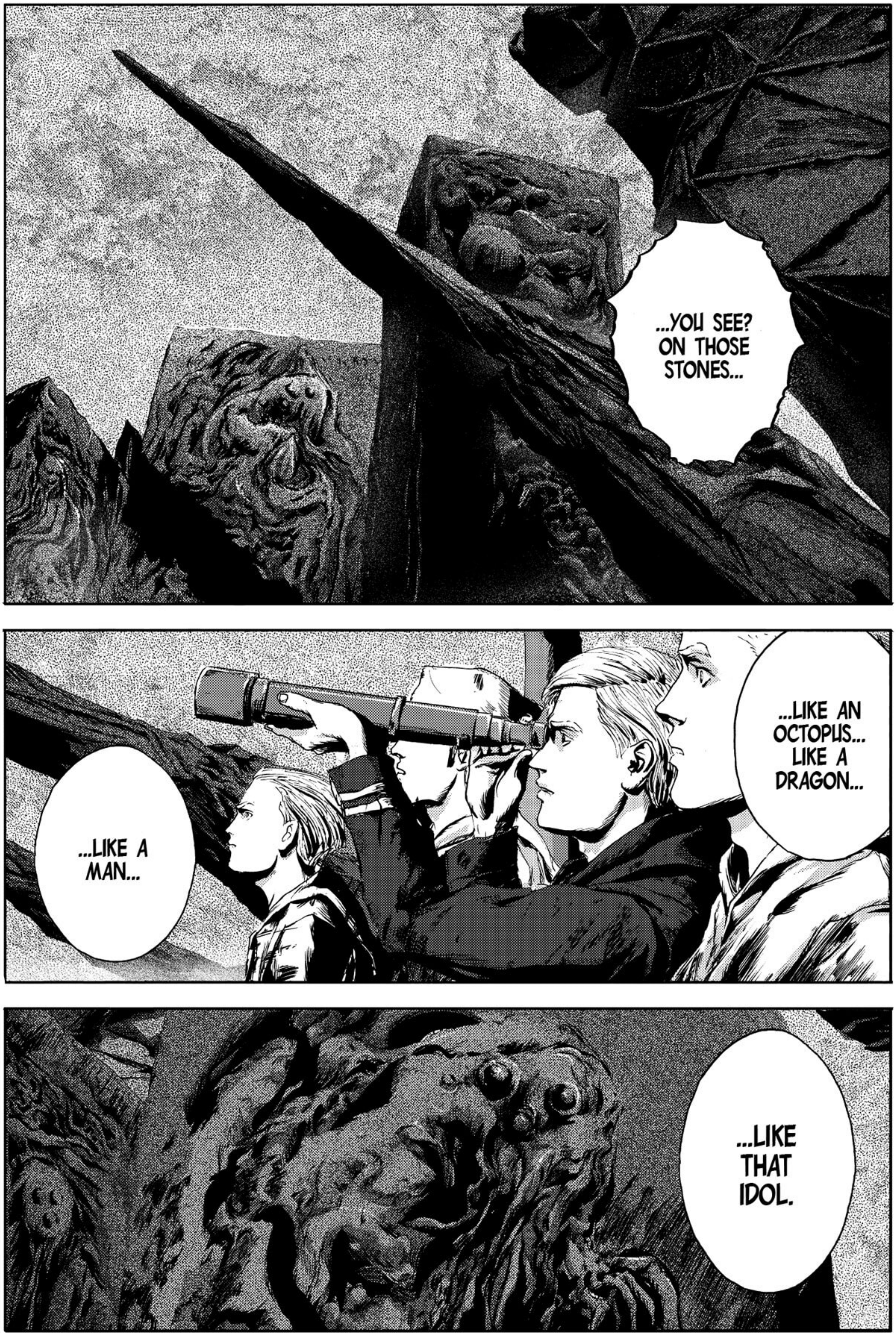


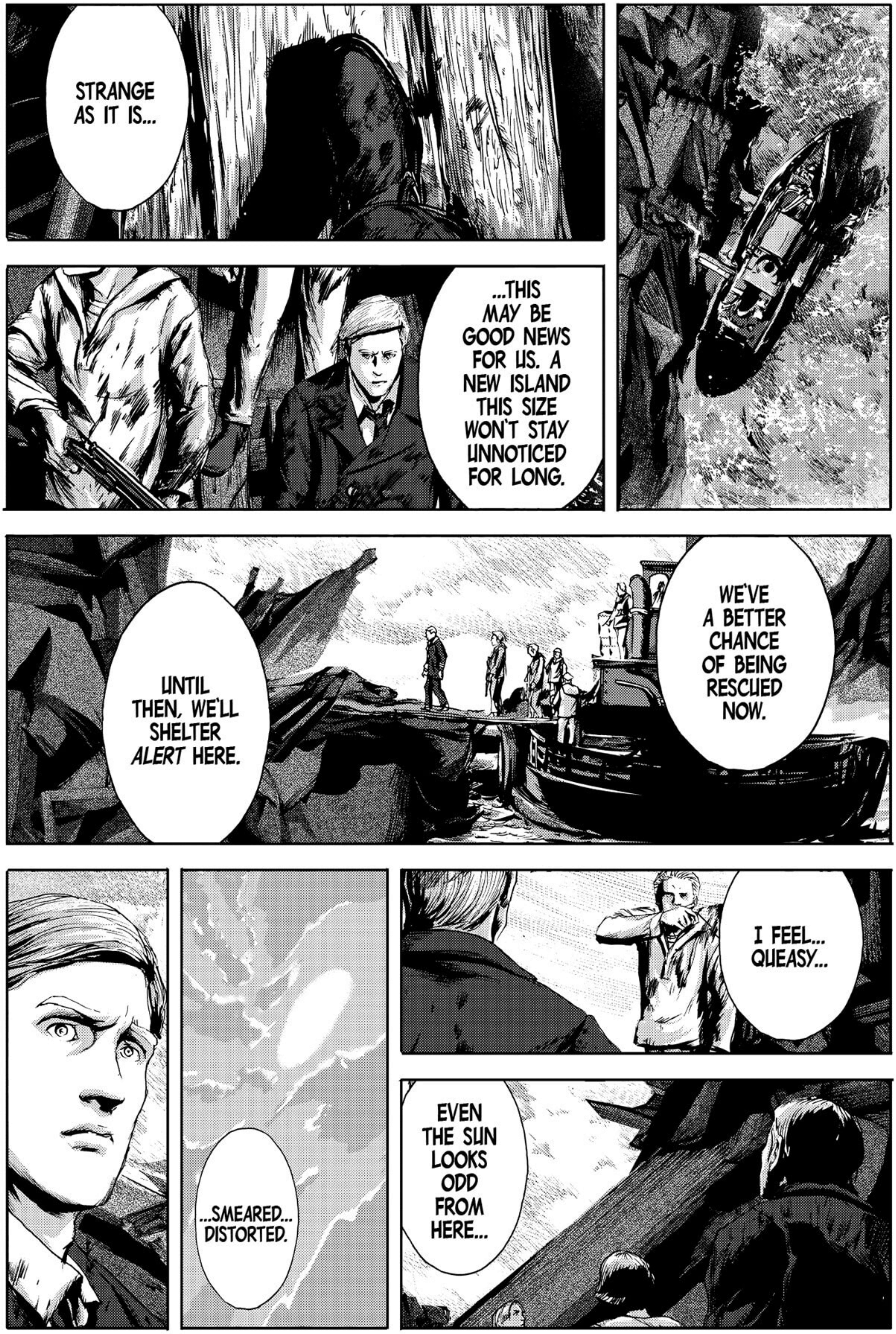


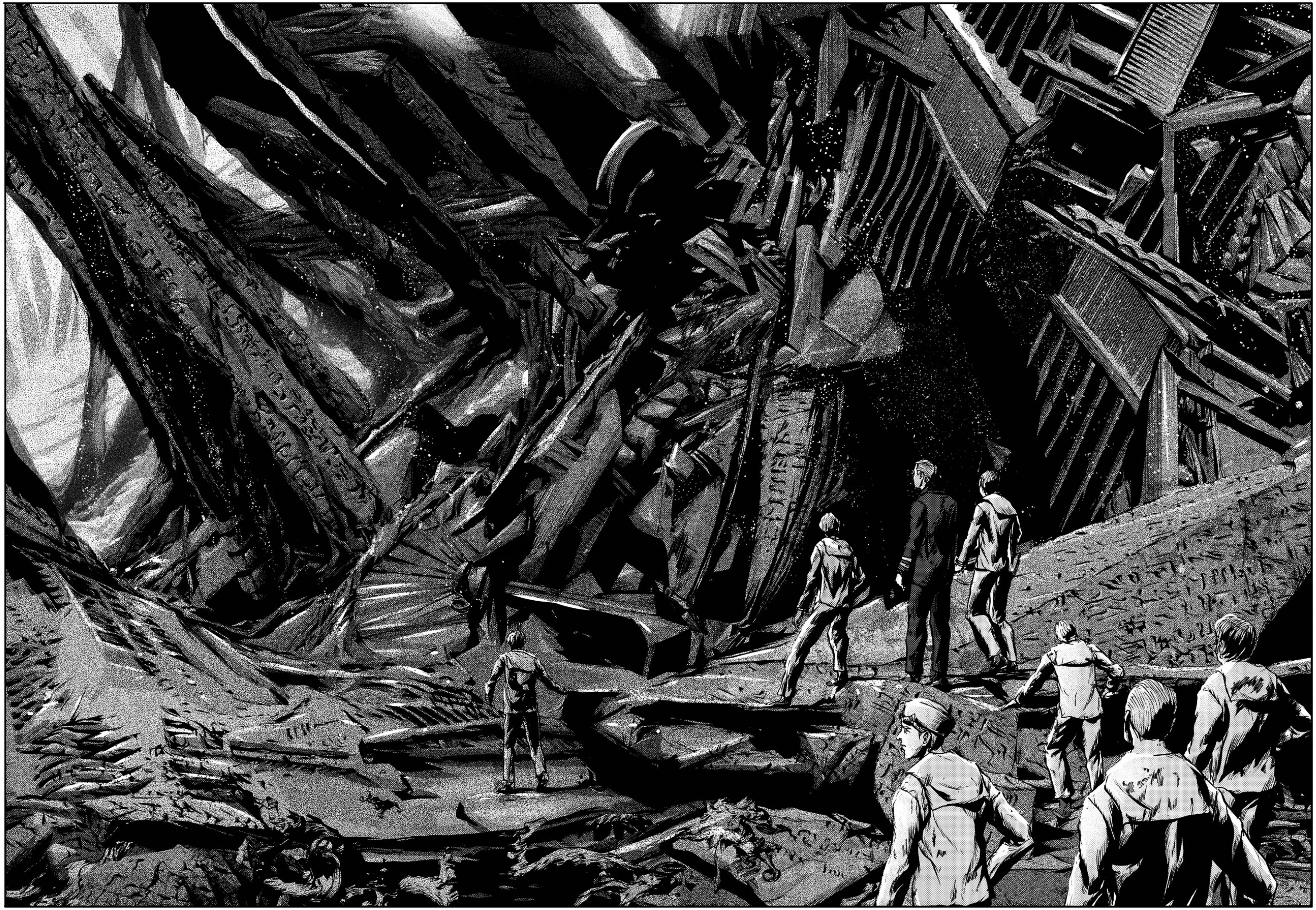

IT HAS MARKINGS ALL OVER IT... IS IT...A LANGUAGE...?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS...

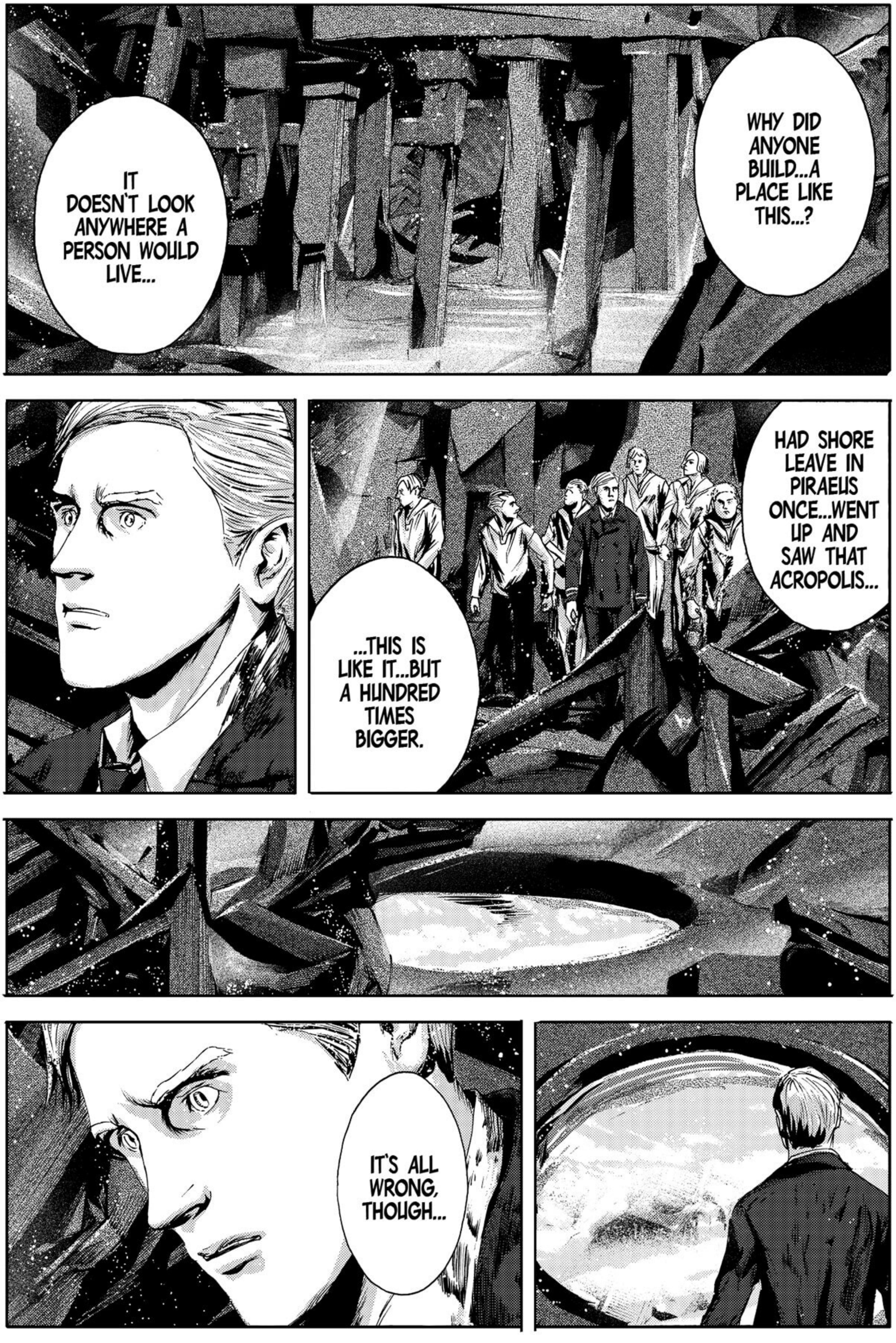


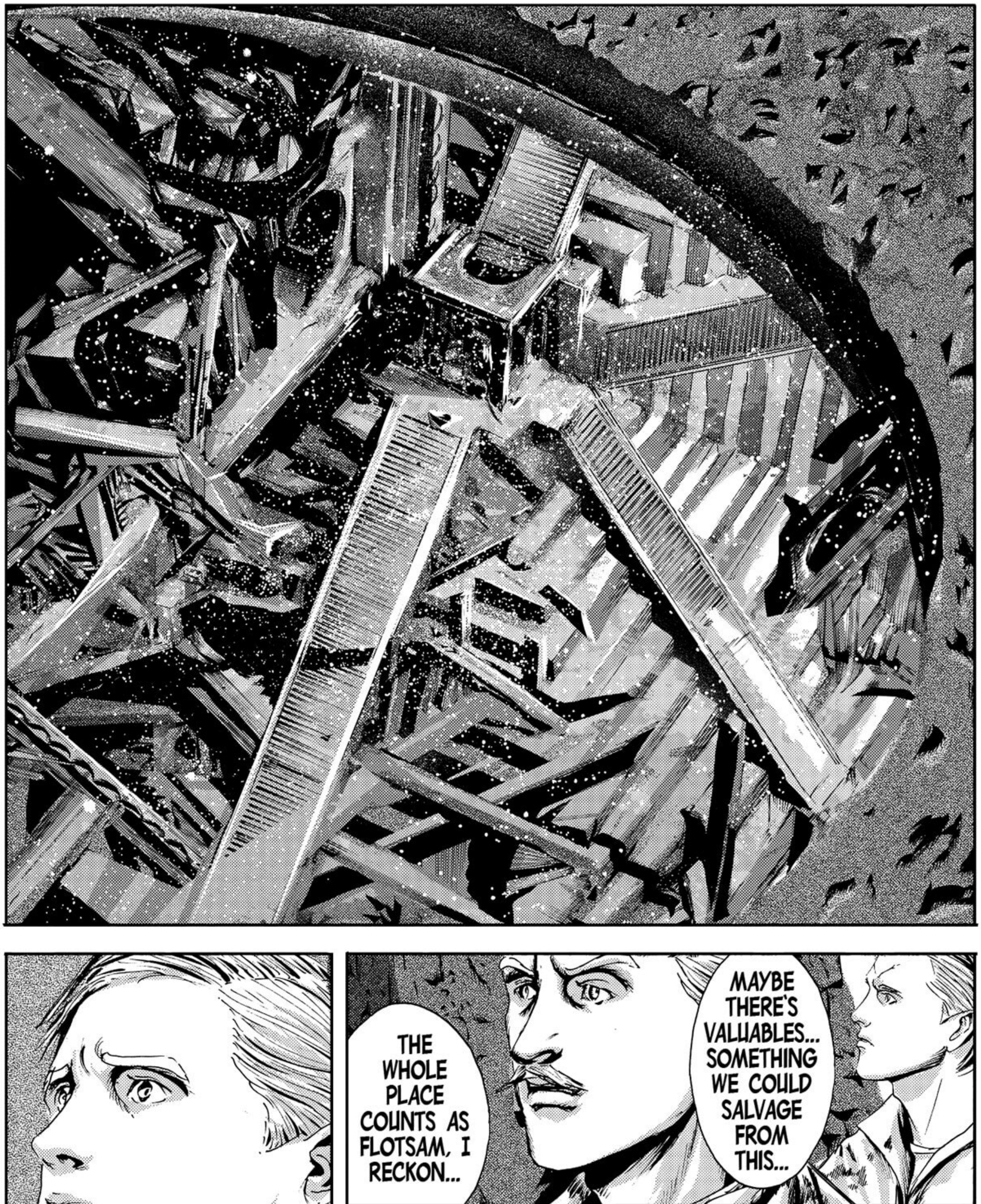

HOW... COULD NO ONE HAVE CHARTED THIS BEFORE...?
THE SIZE OF IT...
I'VE BEEN TO EASTER ISLAND...
...BUT THIS... DOESN'T EVEN COMPARE...
THE STORM...
...THE SUBMARINE QUAKE...IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION THAT MAKES ANY SENSE.
IT MUST HAVE ALL BEEN UNDERWATER UNTIL JUST RECENTLY... IT'S DRAPED WITH SEAWEED.
MISTER JOHANSEN! LOOK...

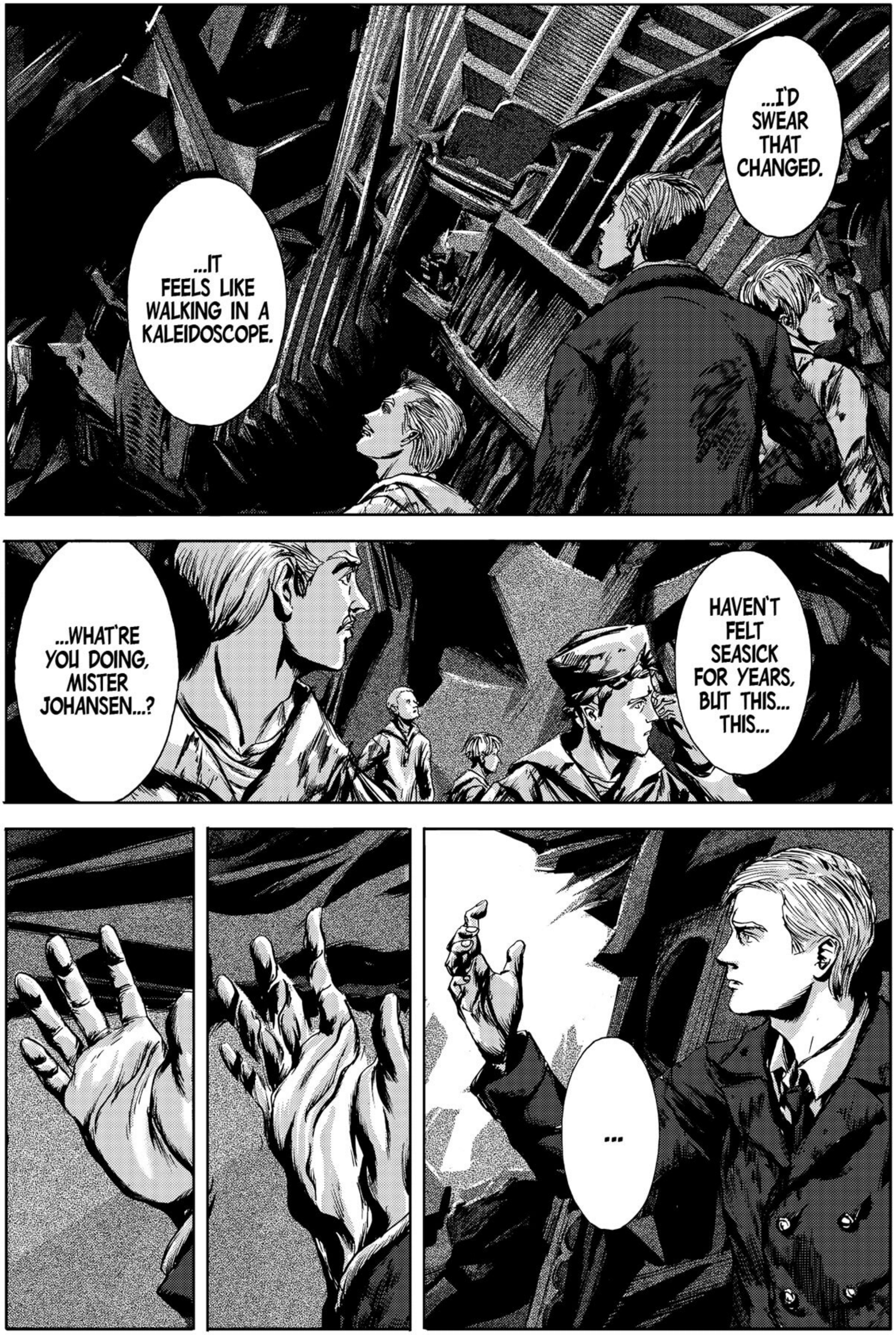

...YOU SEE? ON THOSE STONES...
...LIKE AN OCTOPUS... LIKE A DRAGON...
...LIKE A MAN...
...LIKE THAT IDOL.

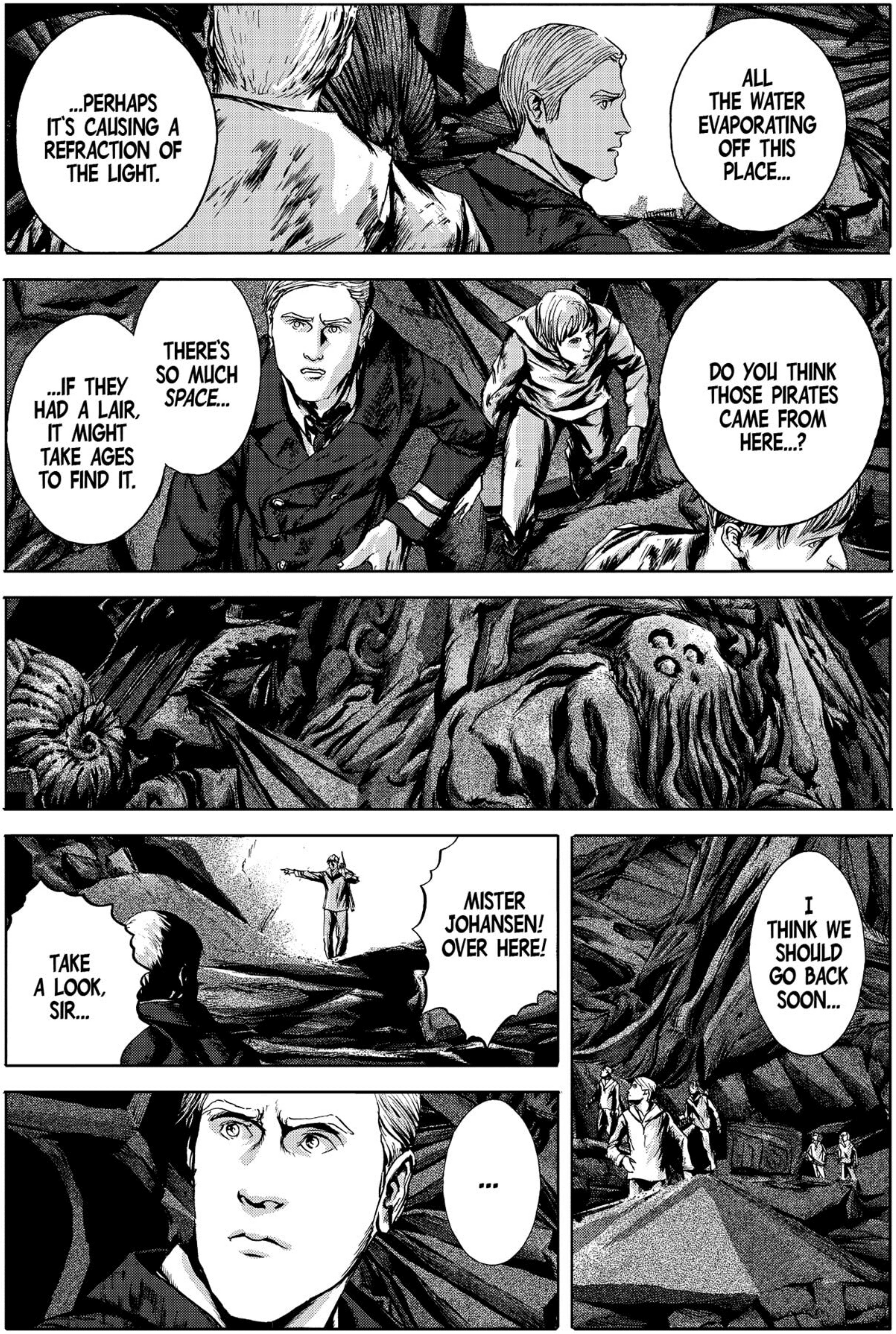

STRANGE AS IT IS...
...THIS MAY BE GOOD NEWS FOR US. A NEW ISLAND THIS SIZE WON'T STAY UNNOTICED FOR LONG.
WE'VE A BETTER CHANCE OF BEING RESCUED NOW.
UNTIL THEN, WE'LL SHELTER *ALERT* HERE.
I FEEL... QUEASY...
EVEN THE SUN LOOKS ODD FROM HERE...
...SMEARED... DISTORTED.

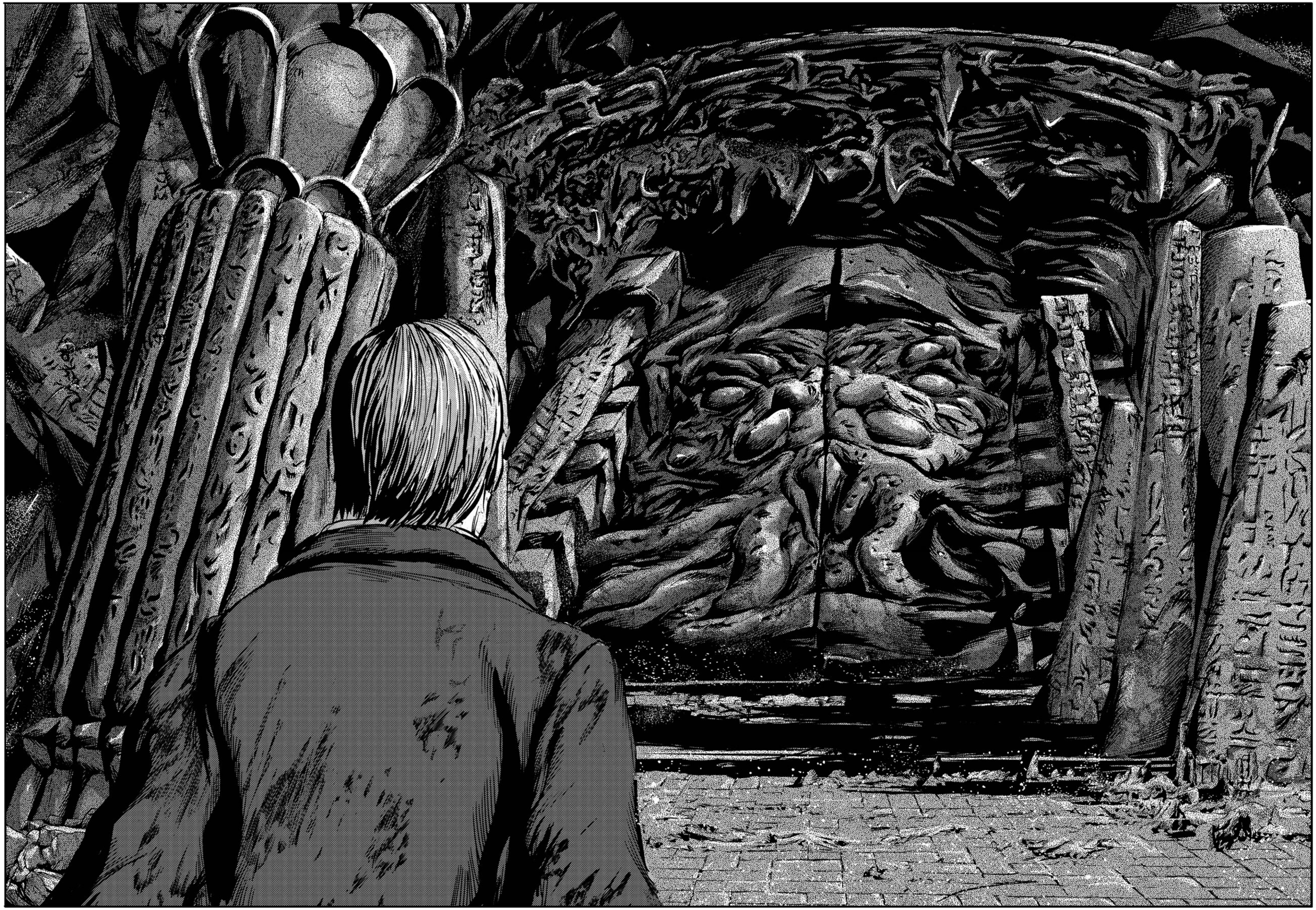


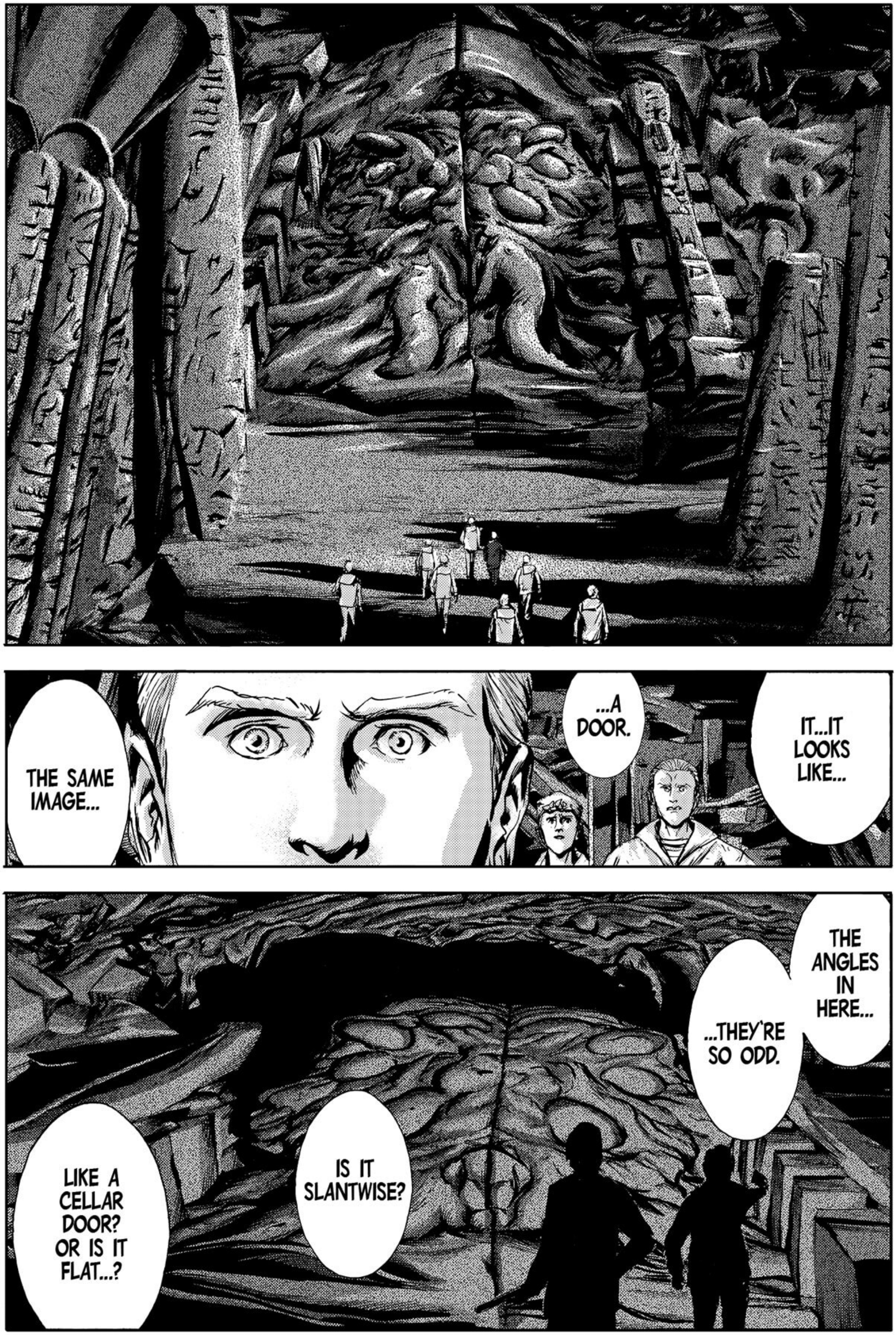

WHY DID ANYONE BUILD...A PLACE LIKE THIS...?
IT DOESN'T LOOK ANYWHERE A PERSON WOULD LIVE...
HAD SHORE LEAVE IN PIRAEUS ONCE...WENT UP AND SAW THAT ACROPOLIS...
...THIS IS LIKE IT...BUT A HUNDRED TIMES BIGGER.
IT'S ALL WRONG, THOUGH...

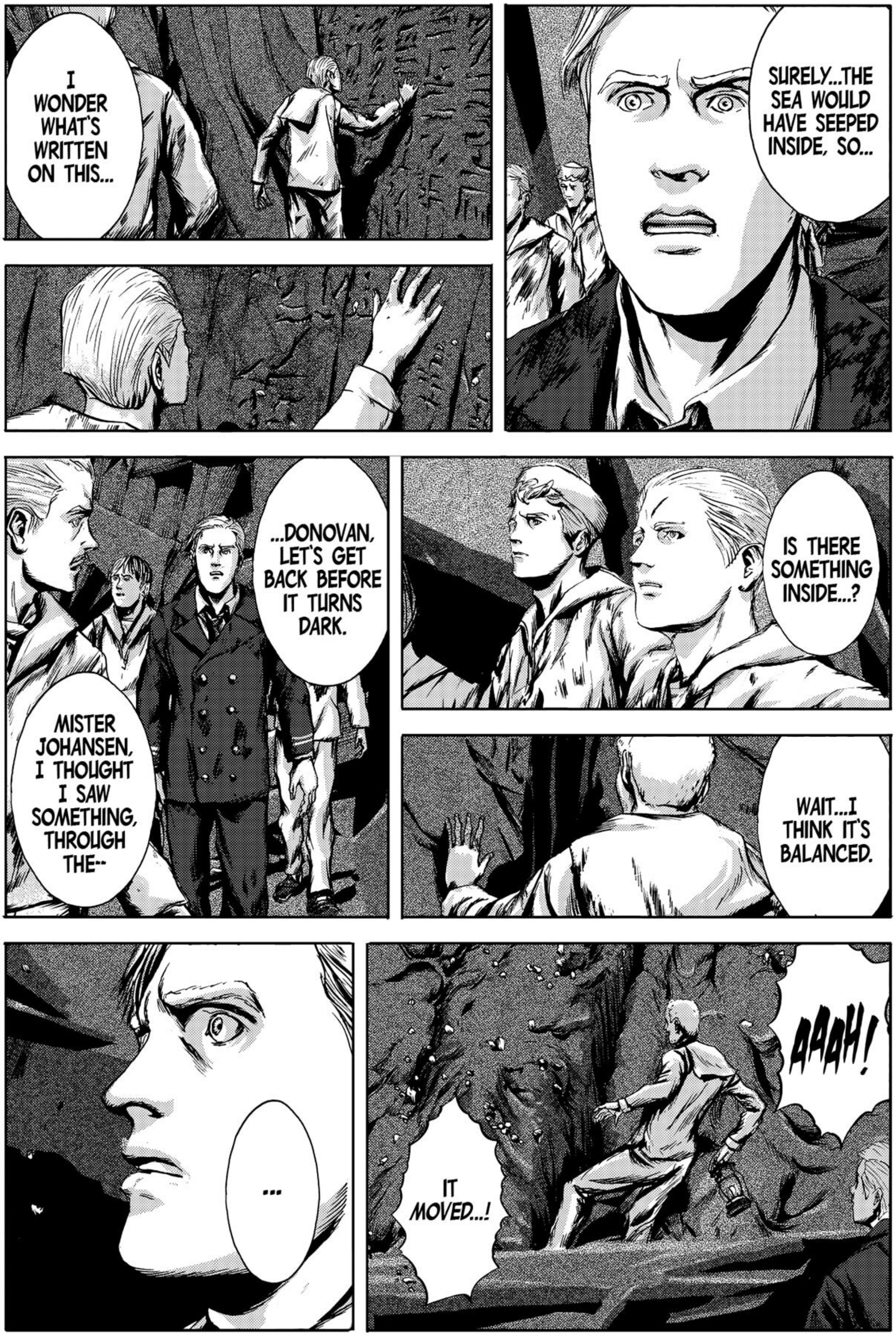

MAYBE THERE'S VALUABLES... SOMETHING WE COULD SALVAGE FROM THIS...
THE WHOLE PLACE COUNTS AS FLOTSAM, I RECKON...

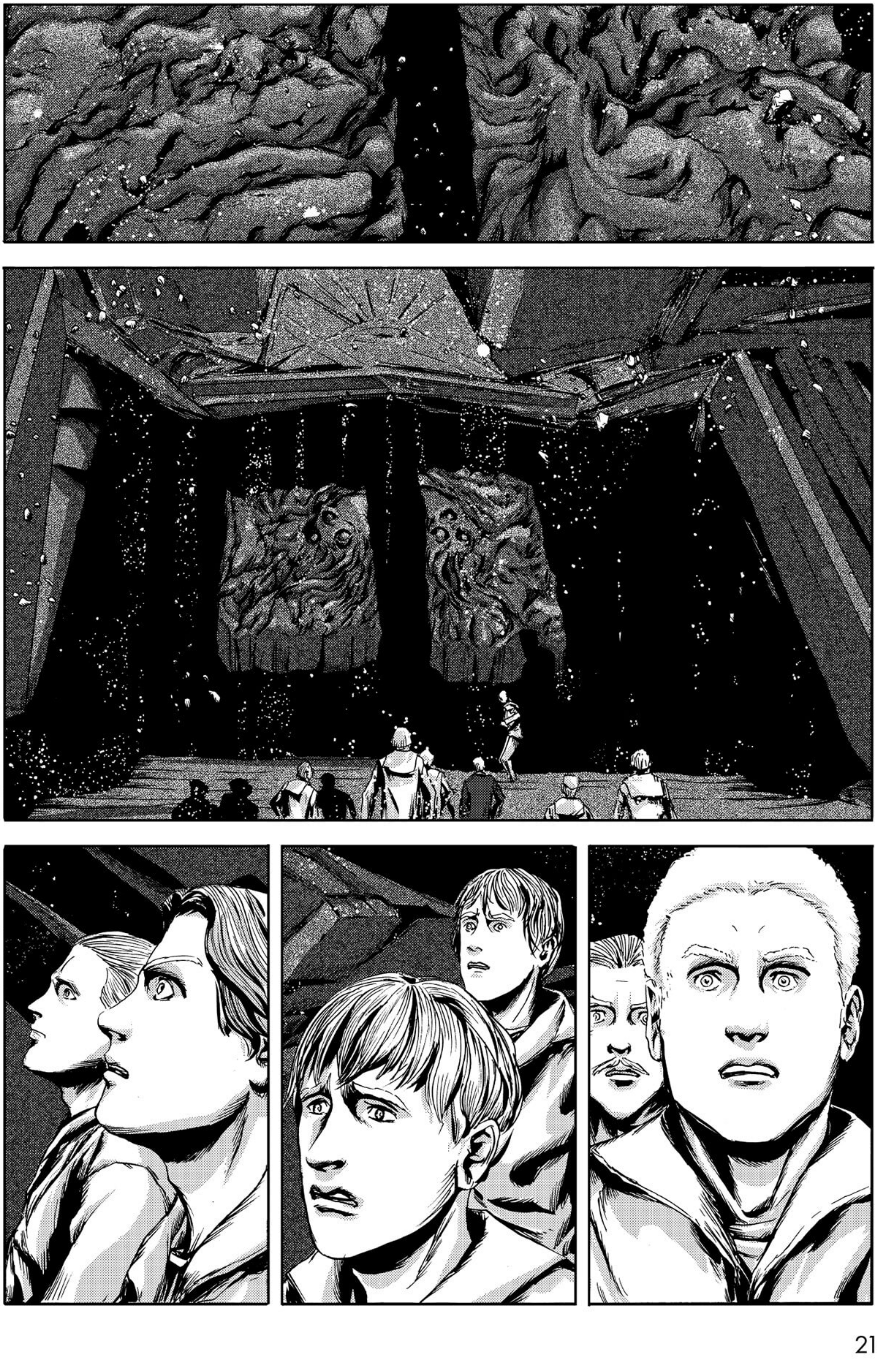

...I'D SWEAR THAT CHANGED.
...IT FEELS LIKE WALKING IN A KALEIDOSCOPE.
HAVEN'T FELT SEASICK FOR YEARS, BUT THIS... THIS...
...WHAT'RE YOU DOING, MISTER JOHANSEN...?
...

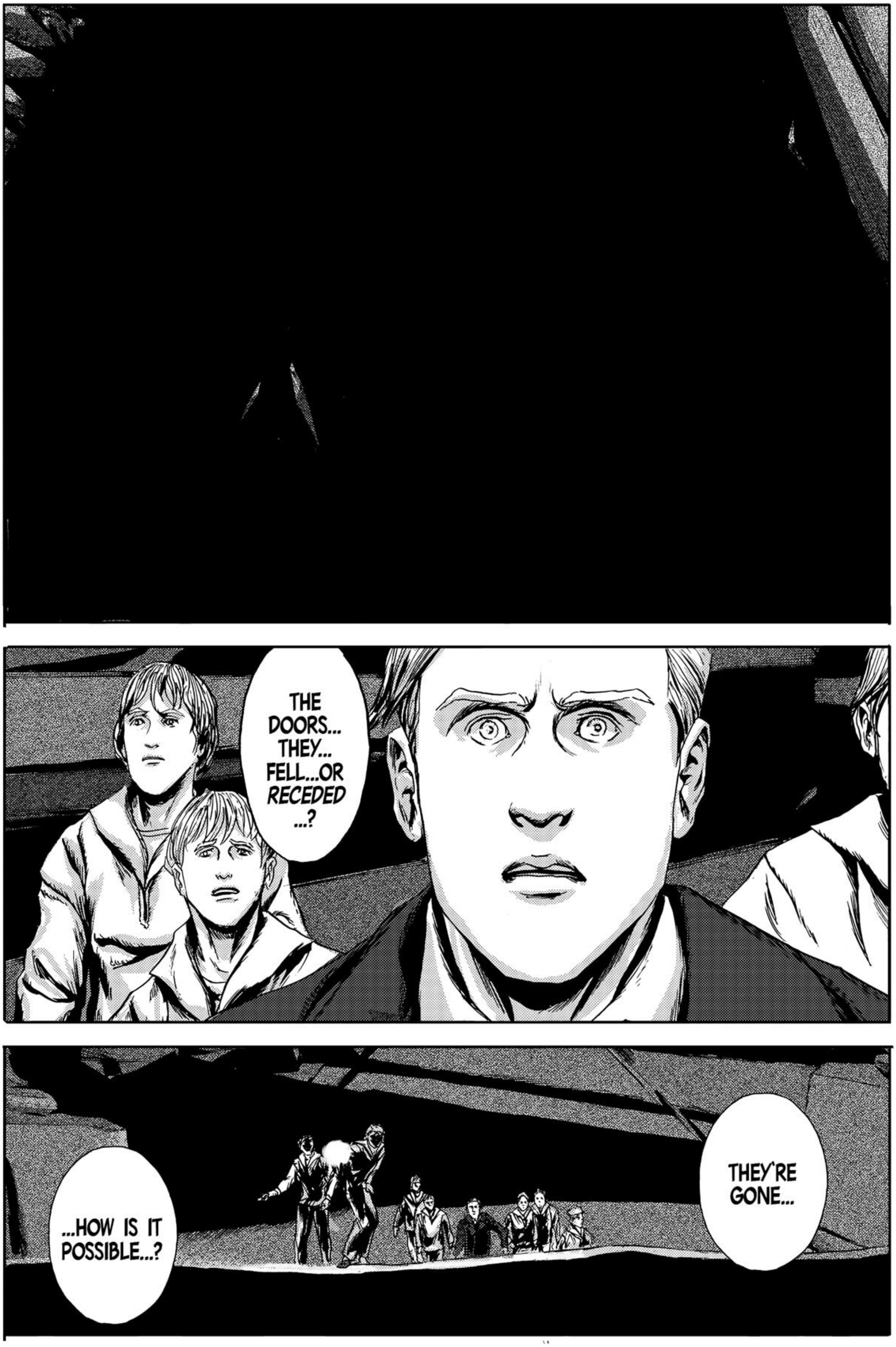

ALL THE WATER EVAPORATING OFF THIS PLACE...
...PERHAPS IT'S CAUSING A REFRACTION OF THE LIGHT.
DO YOU THINK THOSE PIRATES CAME FROM HERE...?
THERE'S SO MUCH *SPACE*...
...IF THEY HAD A LAIR, IT MIGHT TAKE AGES TO FIND IT.
I THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK SOON...
MISTER JOHANSEN! OVER HERE!
TAKE A LOOK, SIR...
...

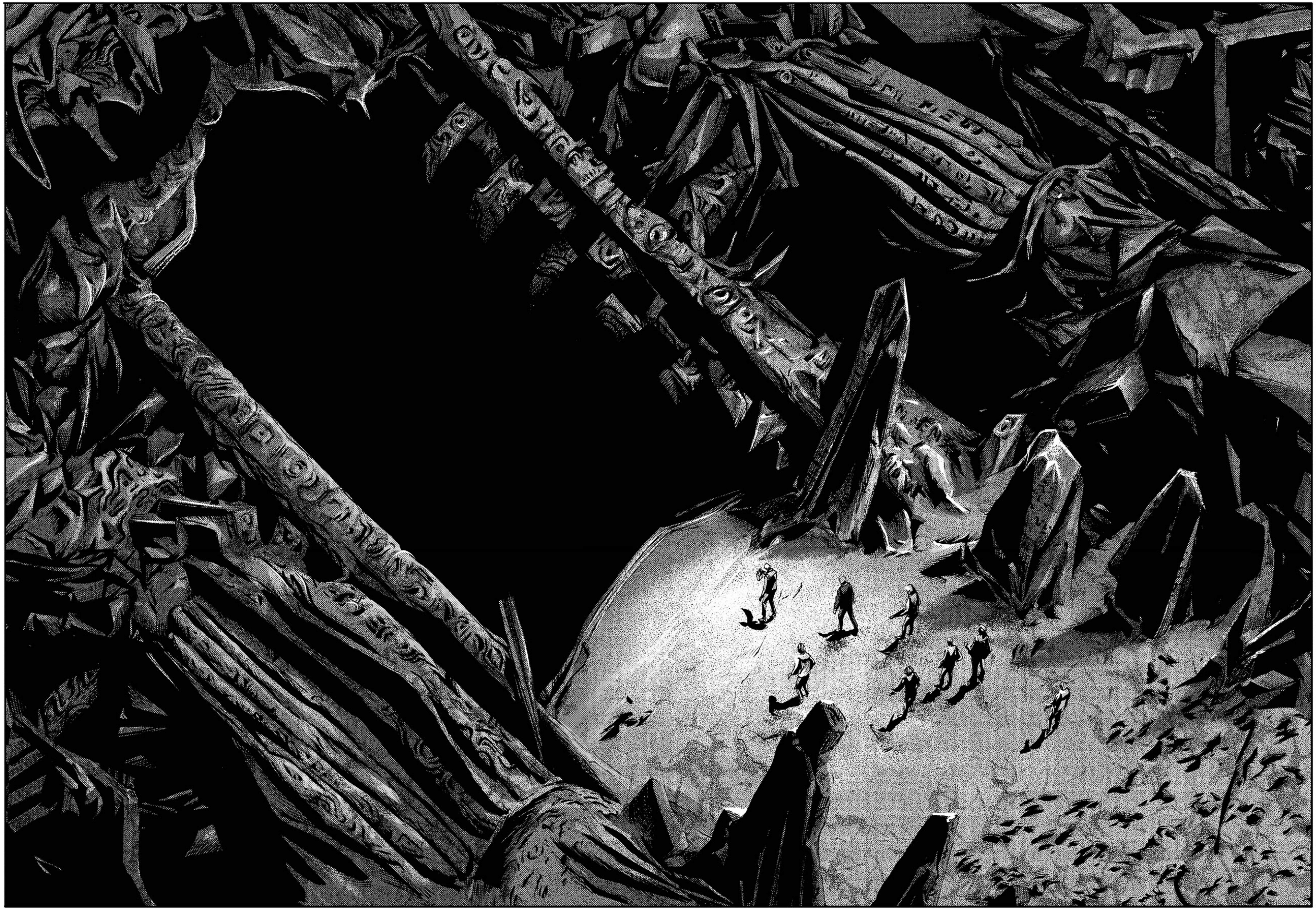


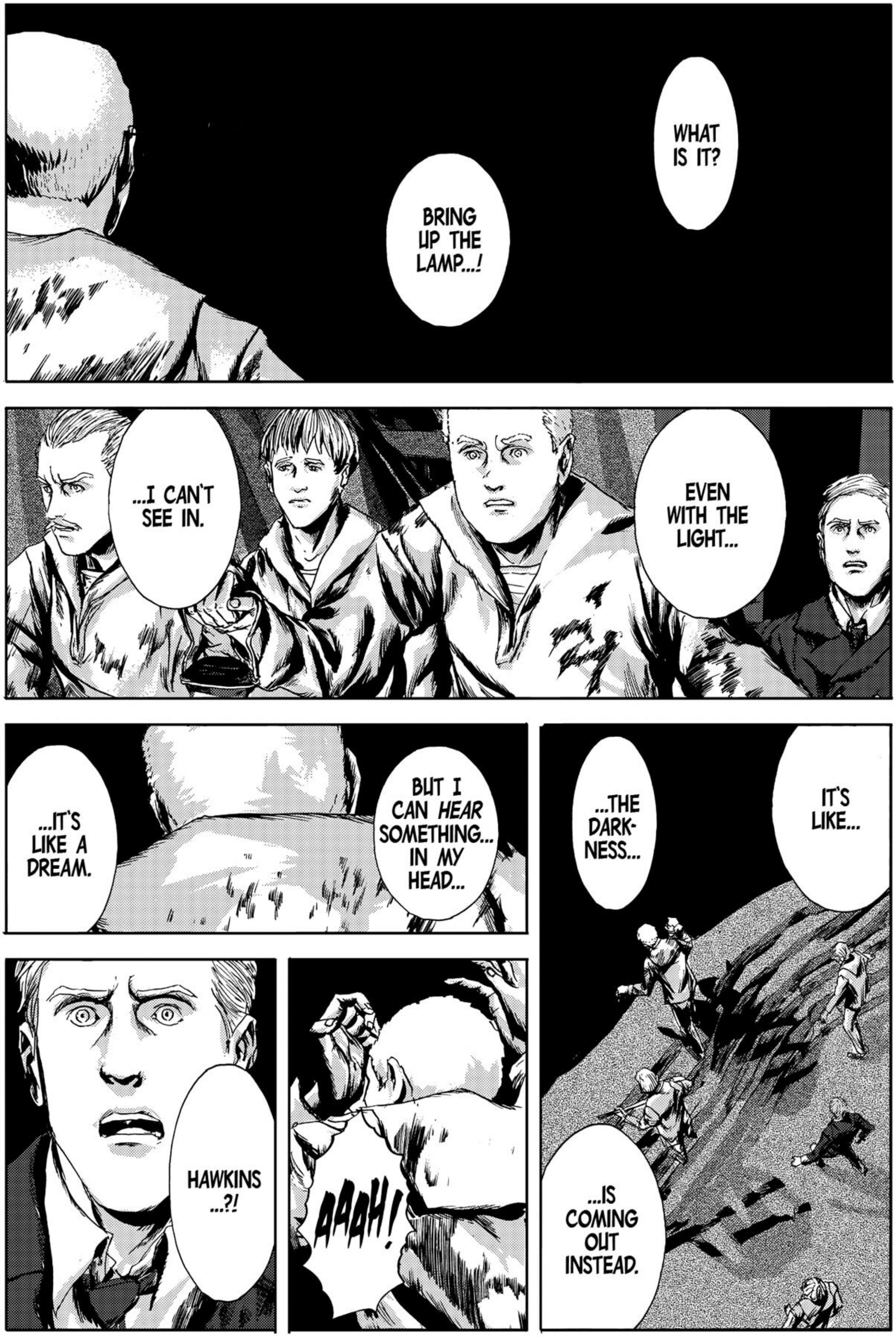

IT...IT LOOKS LIKE...
...A DOOR.
THE SAME IMAGE...
THE ANGLES IN HERE...
...THEY'RE SO ODD.
IS IT SLANTWISE?
LIKE A CELLAR DOOR? OR IS IT FLAT...?

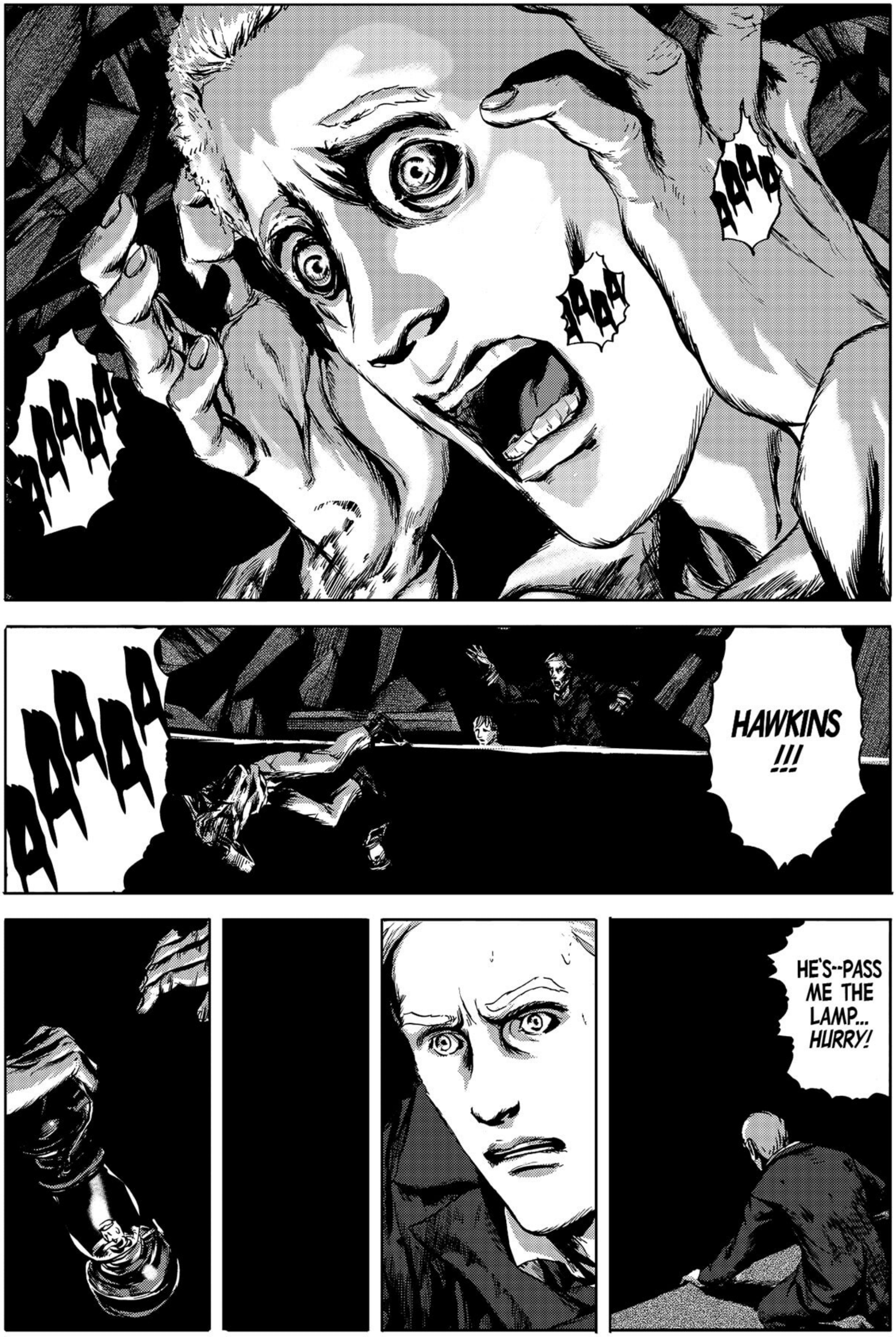

SURELY...THE SEA WOULD HAVE SEEPED INSIDE, SO...
I WONDER WHAT'S WRITTEN ON THIS...
IS THERE SOMETHING INSIDE...?
WAIT...I THINK IT'S BALANCED.
...DONOVAN, LET'S GET BACK BEFORE IT TURNS DARK.
MISTER JOHANSEN, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING, THROUGH THE--
AAAH!
IT MOVED...!
...

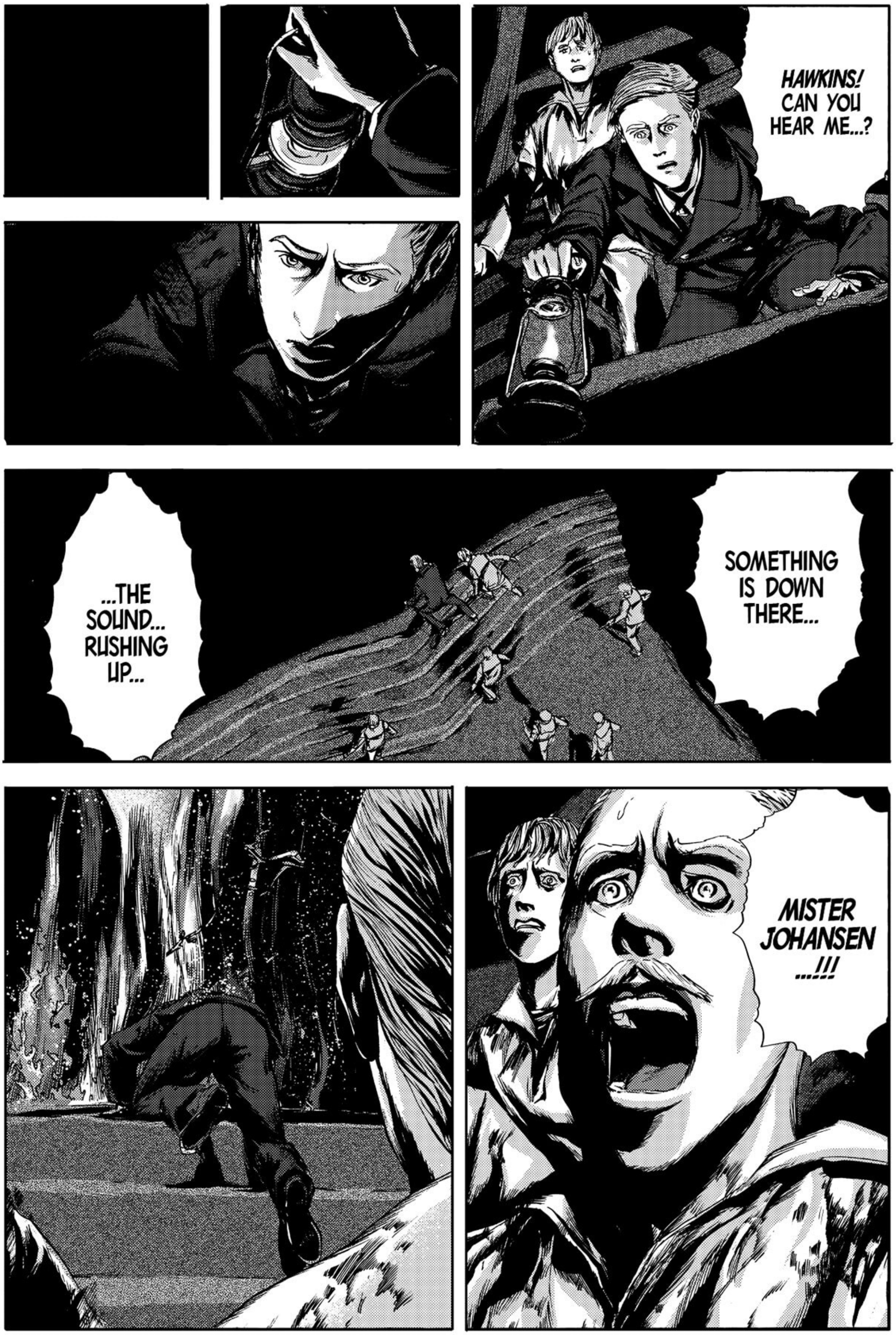


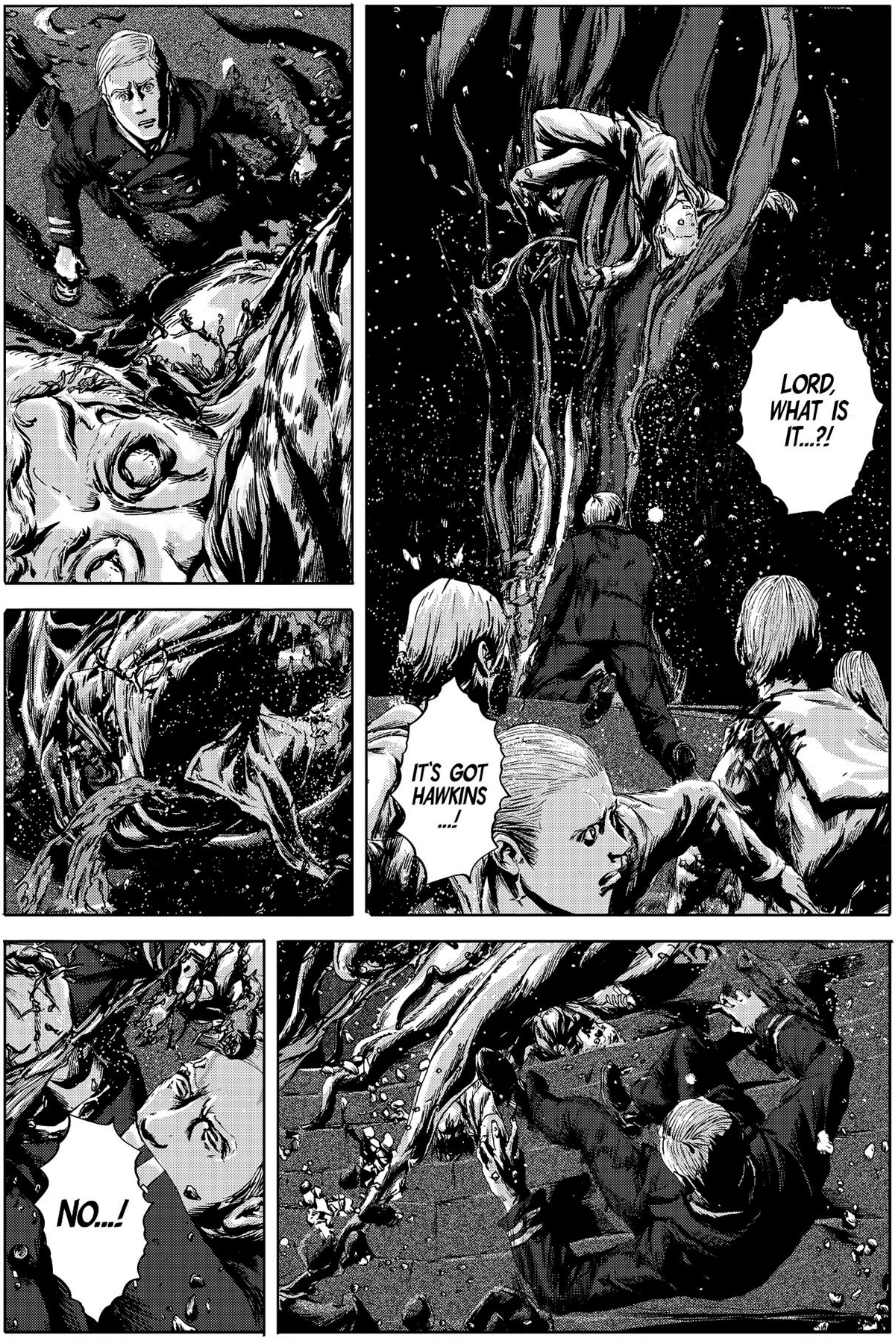

THE DOORS... THEY... FELL...OR *RECEDED* ...?
THEY'RE GONE...
...HOW IS IT POSSIBLE...?

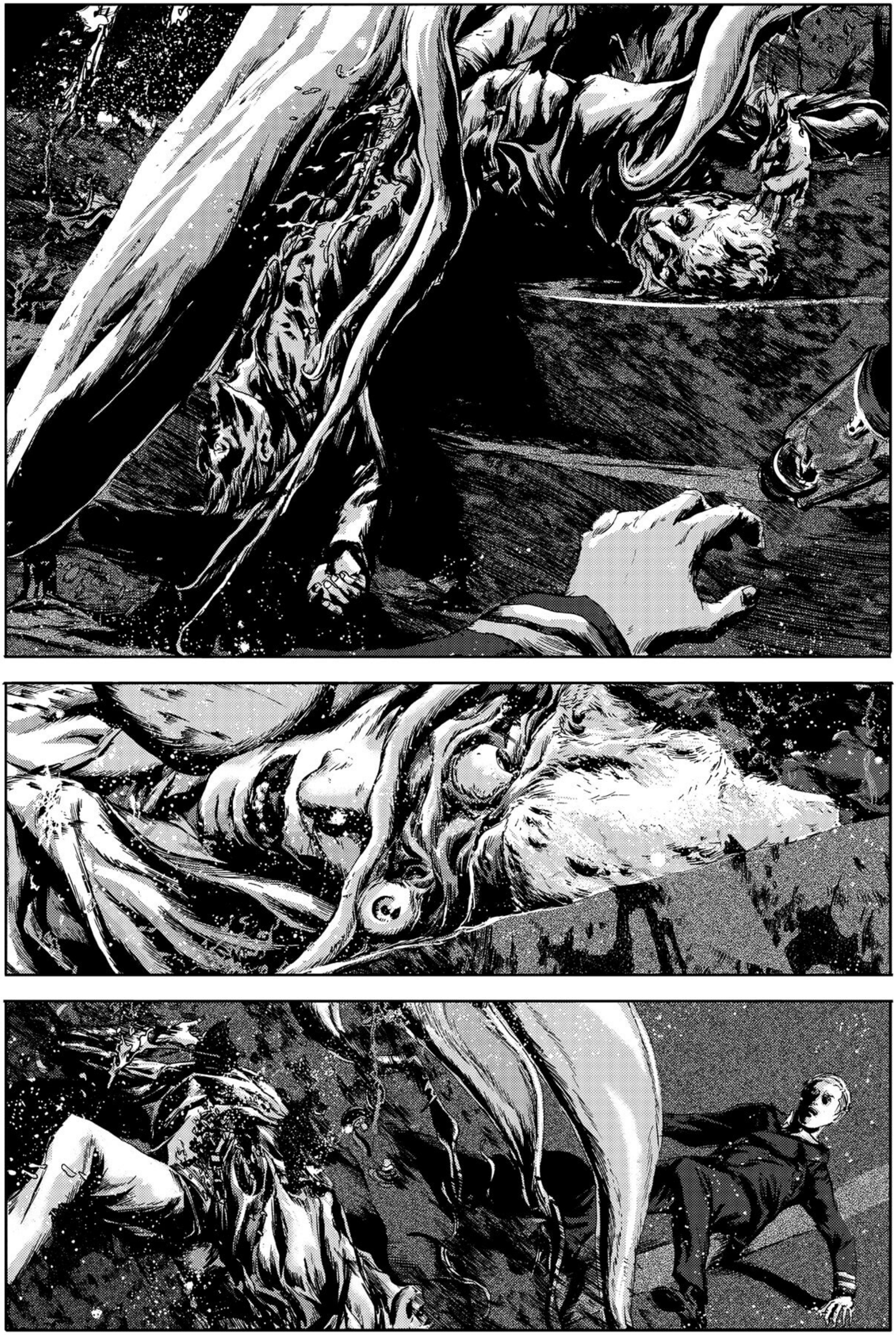


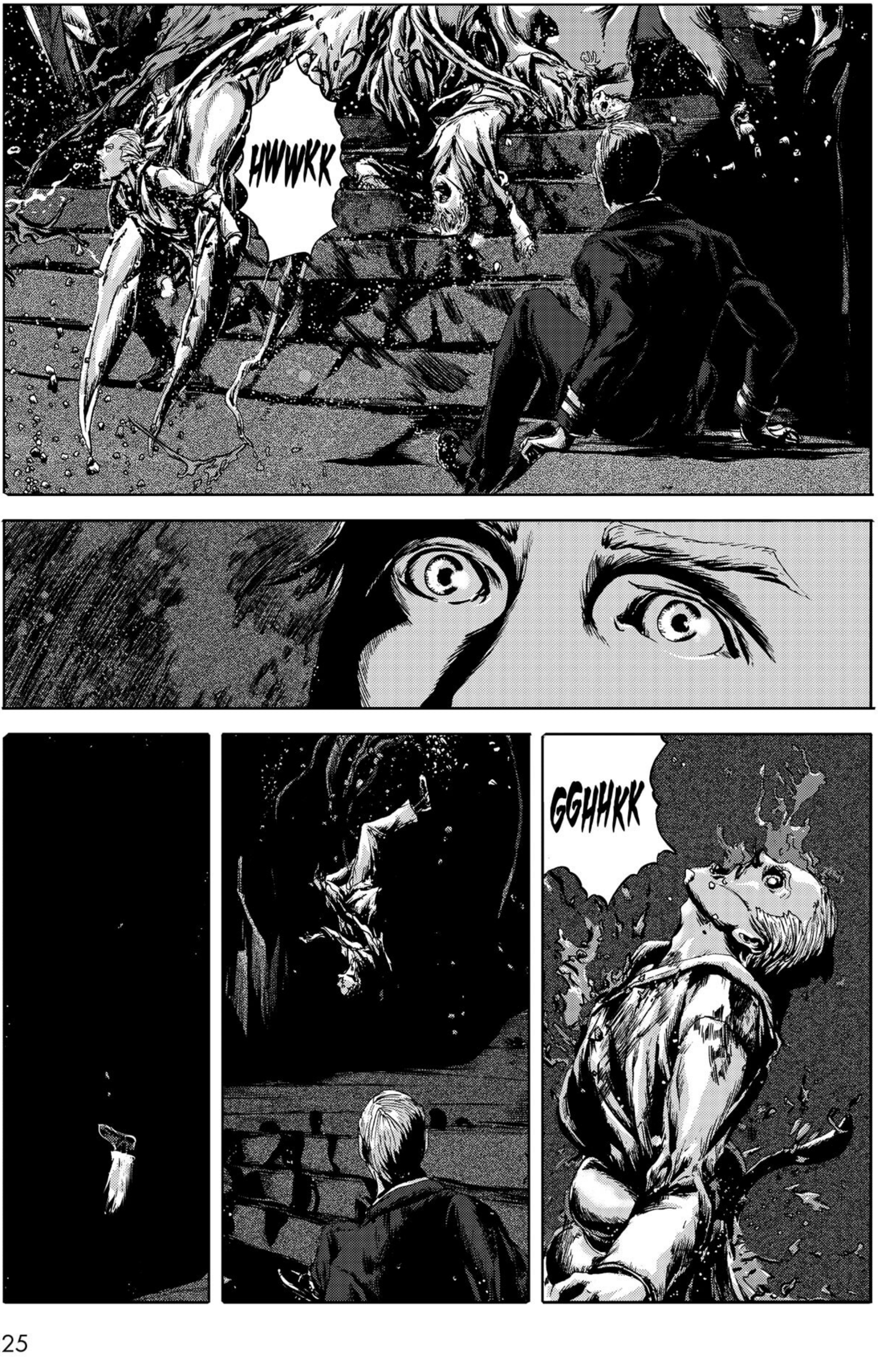

WHAT IS IT?
BRING UP THE LAMP...!
EVEN WITH THE LIGHT...
...I CAN'T SEE IN.
IT'S LIKE...
...THE DARKNESS...
...IS COMING OUT INSTEAD.
BUT I CAN *HEAR* SOMETHING... IN MY HEAD...
...IT'S LIKE A DREAM.
AAAH!
HAWKINS ...?!

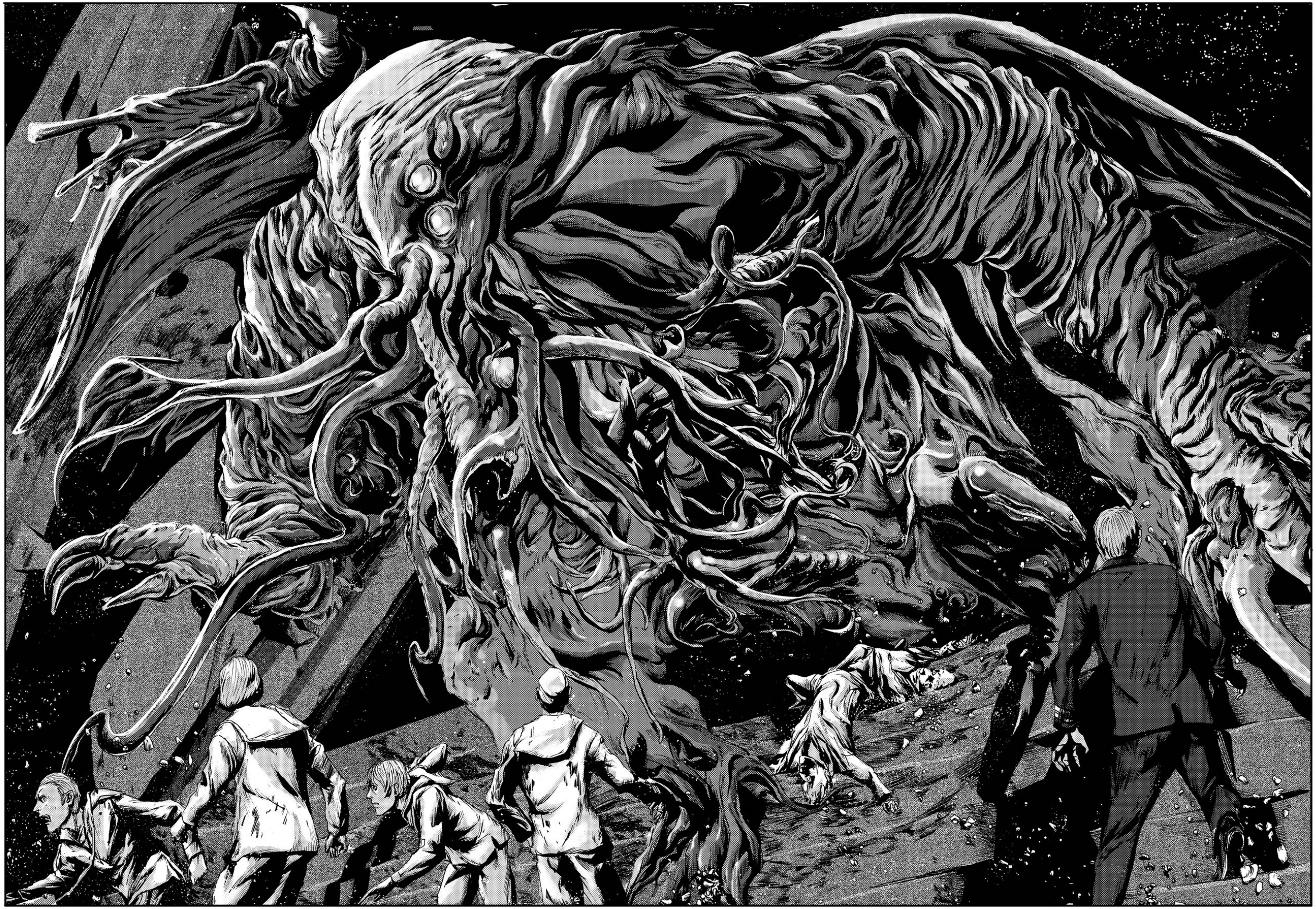

AAAAAA
AAA
AAAA
AAAAAA
HAWKINS !!!
HE'S--PASS ME THE LAMP... HURRY!

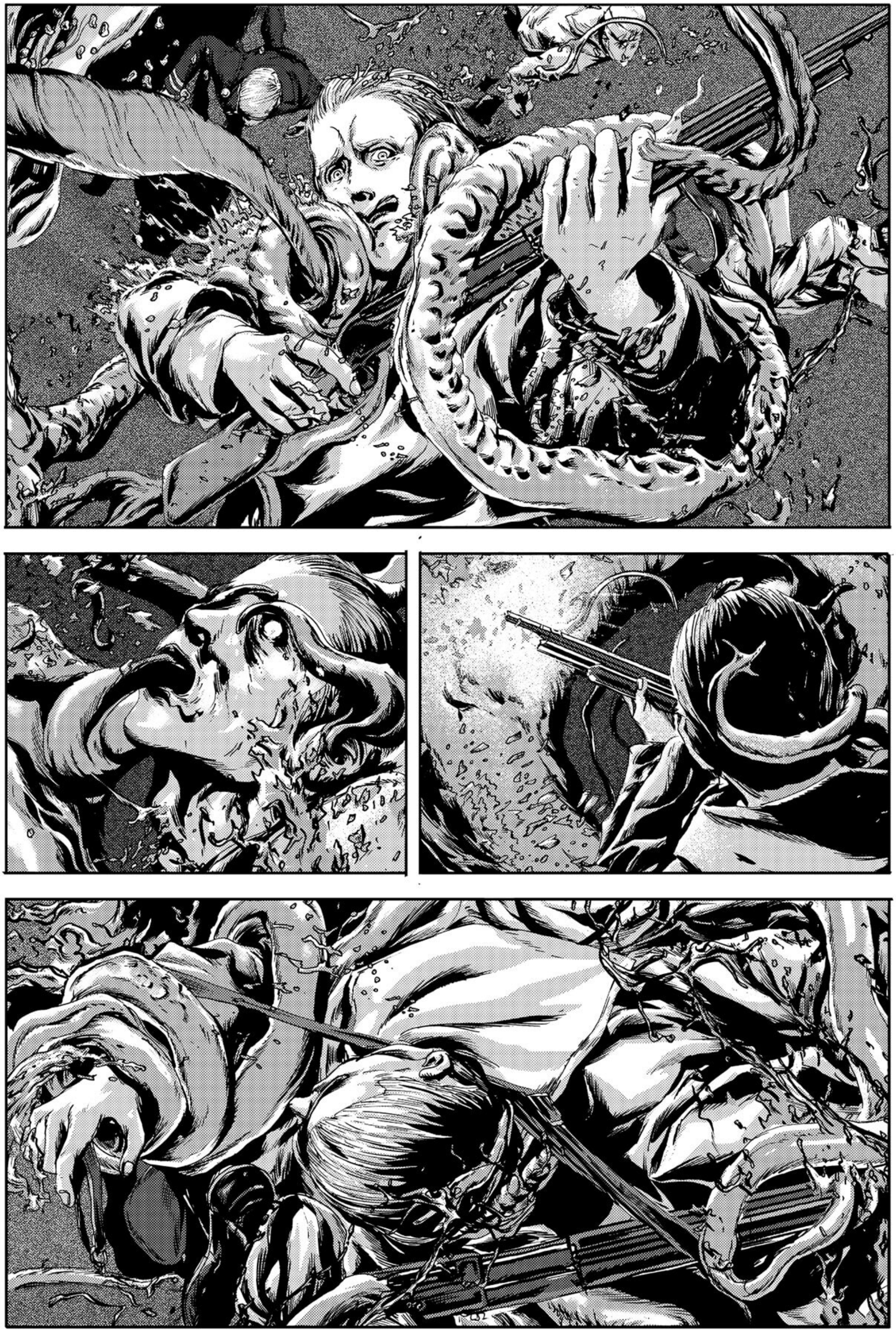

HAWKINS! CAN YOU HEAR ME...?
SOMETHING IS DOWN THERE...
...THE SOUND... RUSHING UP...
MISTER JOHANSEN ...!!!

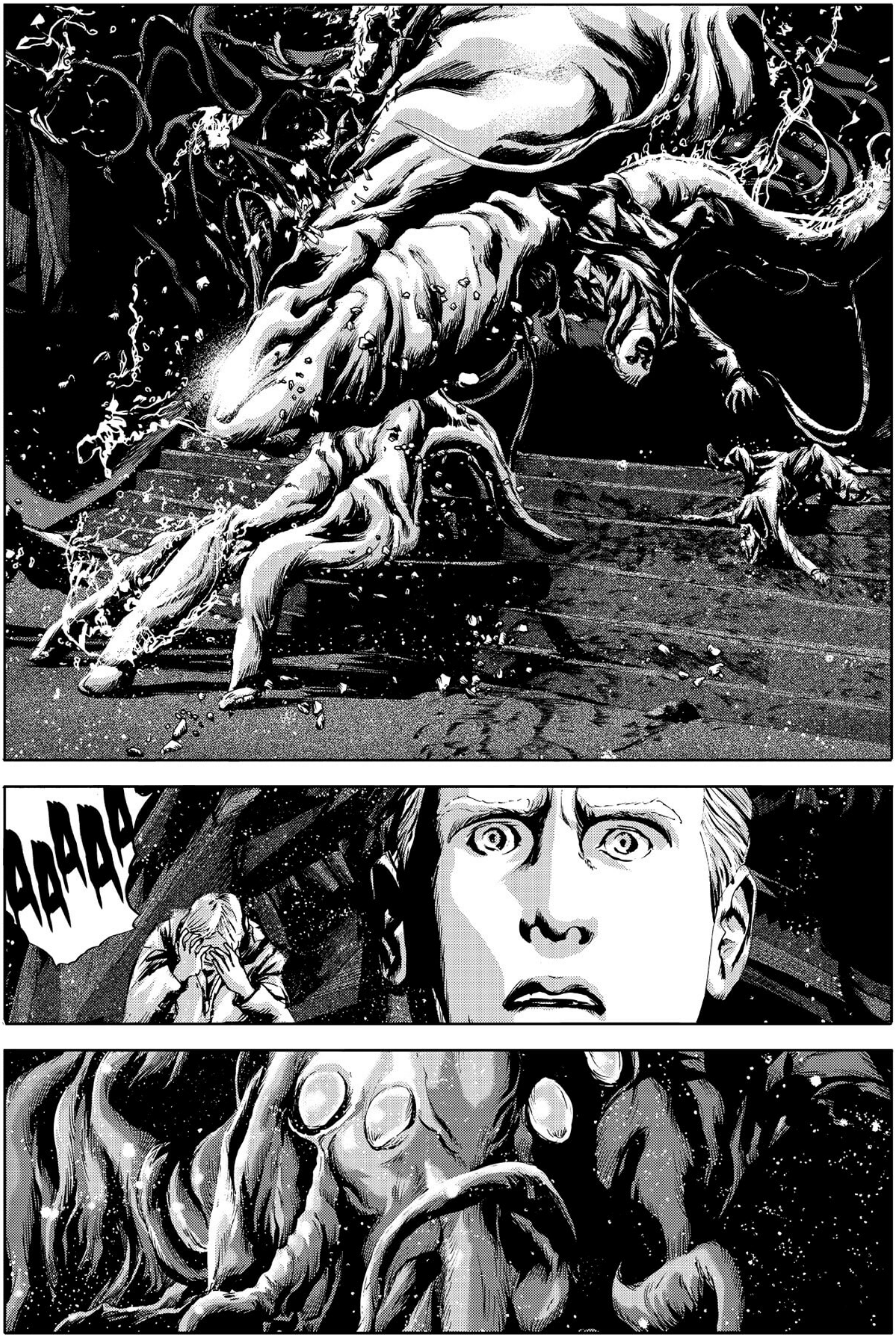

LORD, WHAT IS IT...?!
IT'S GOT HAWKINS ...!
NO...!

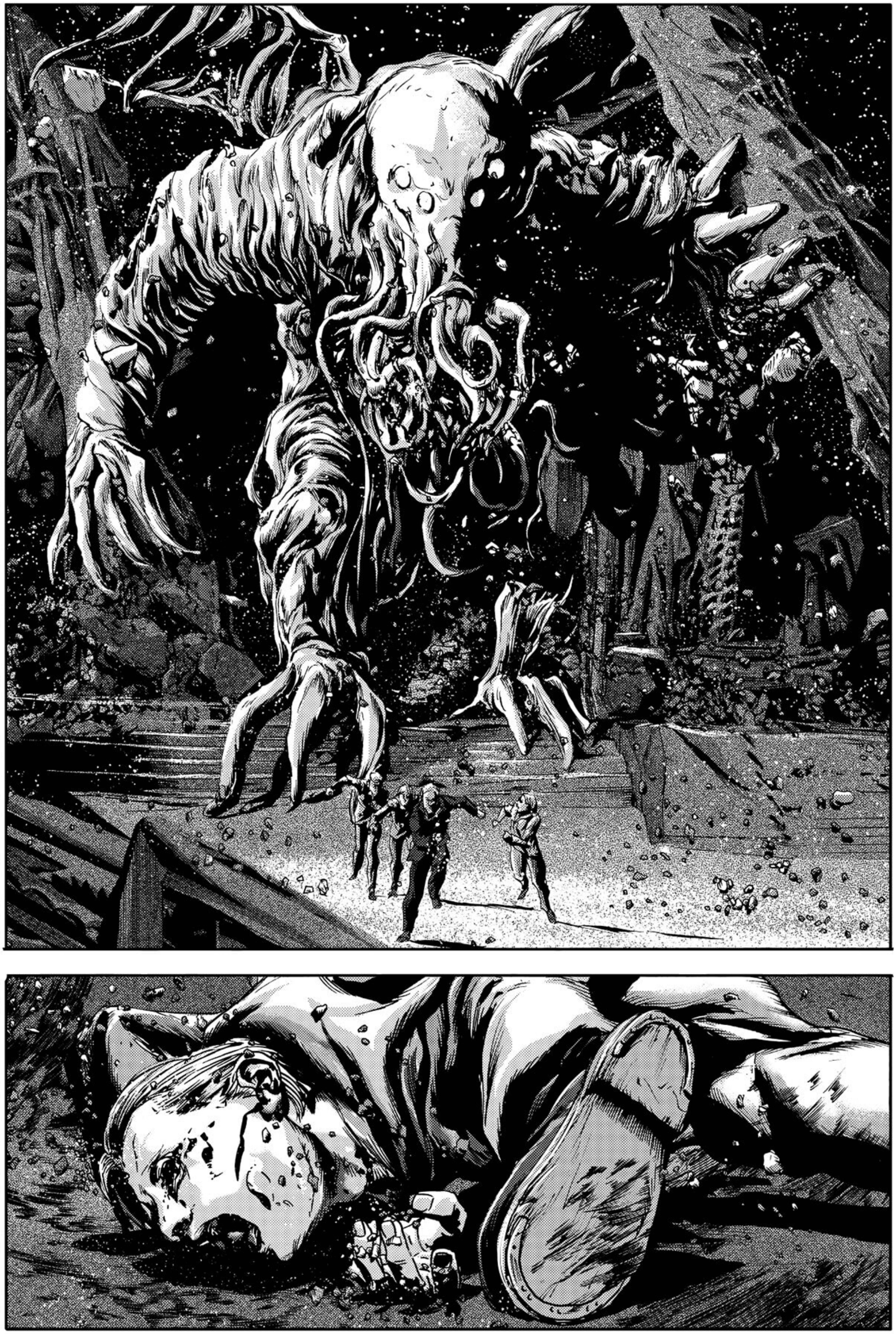


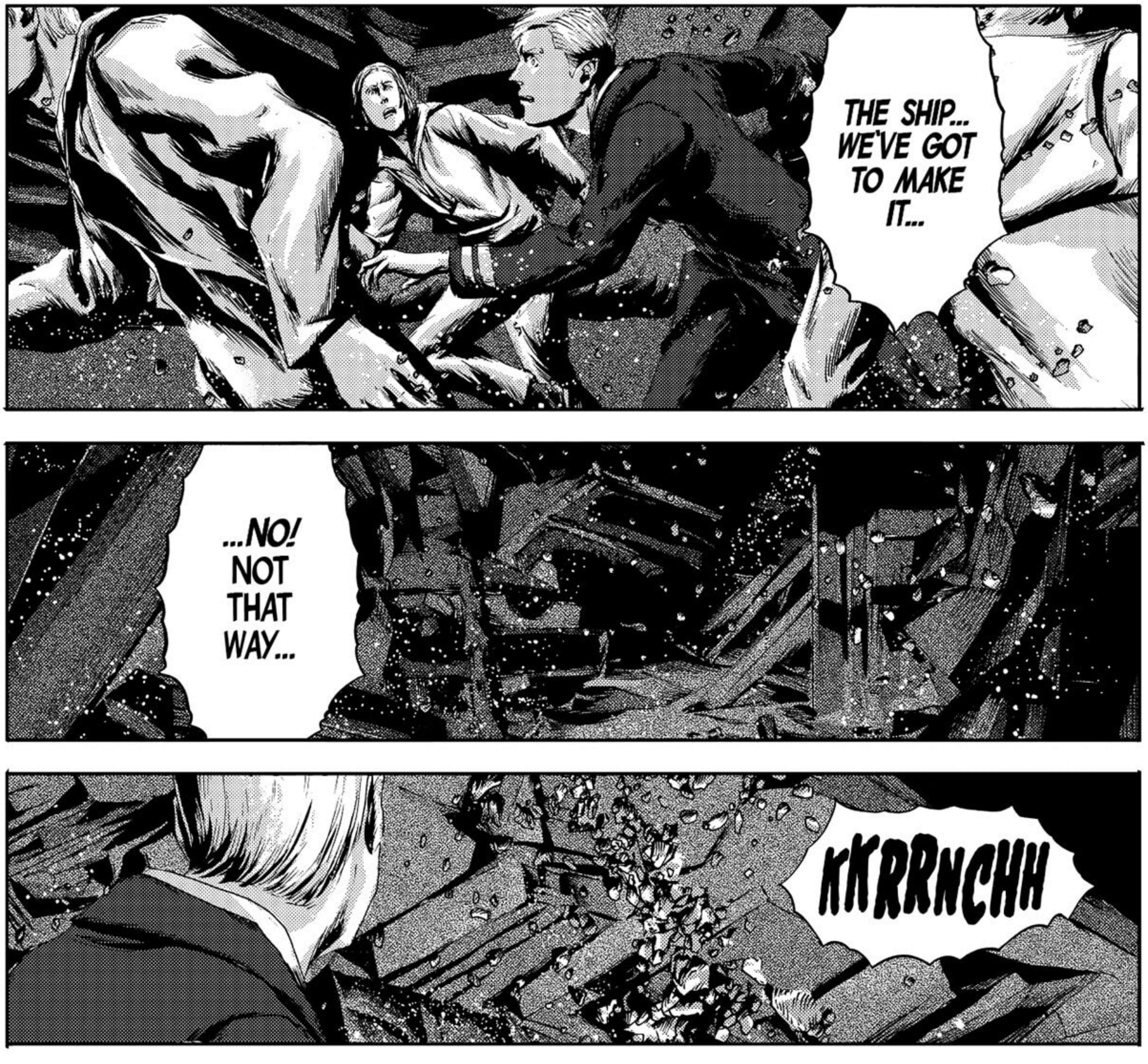

HWWKK
GGHHKK

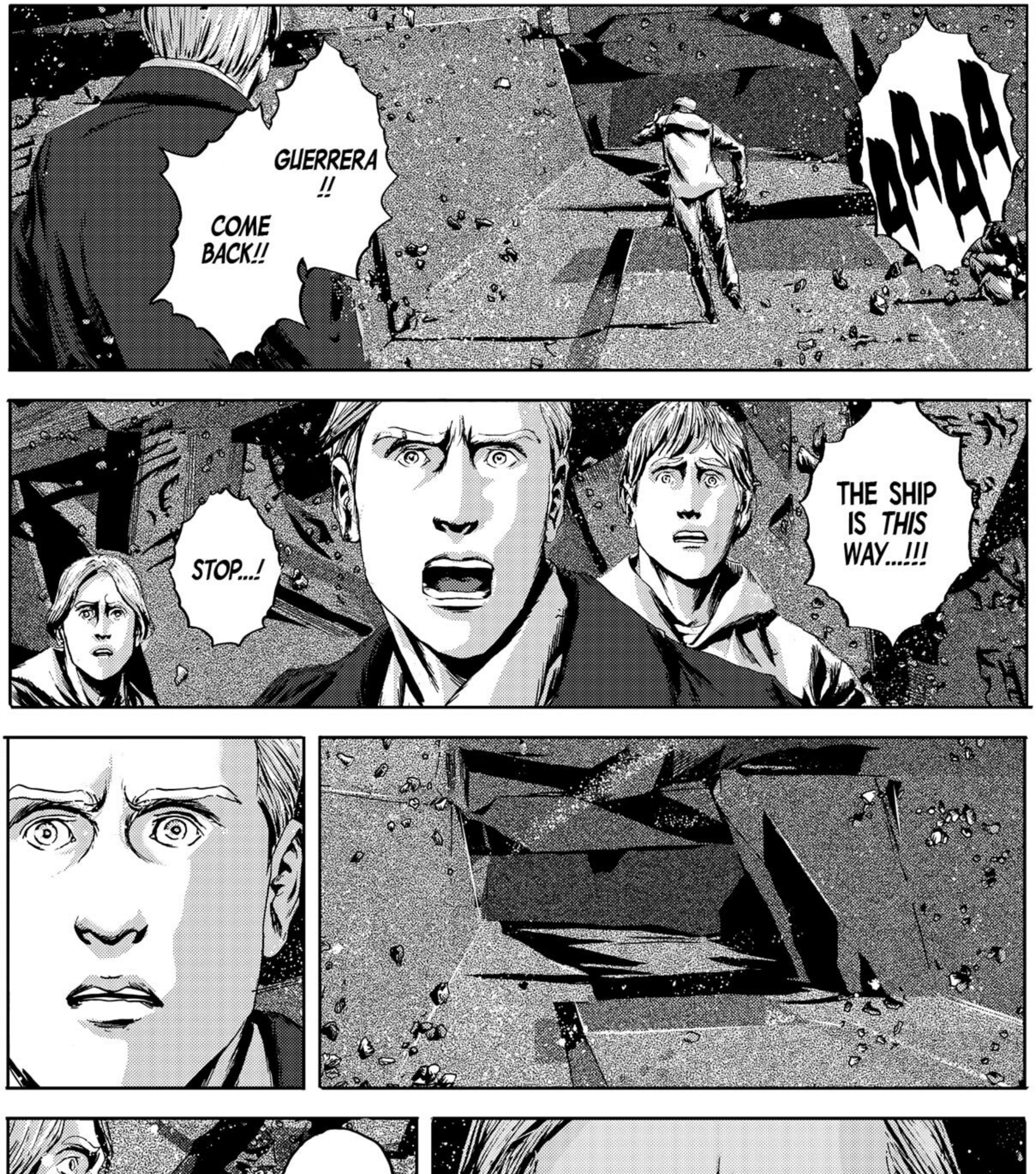


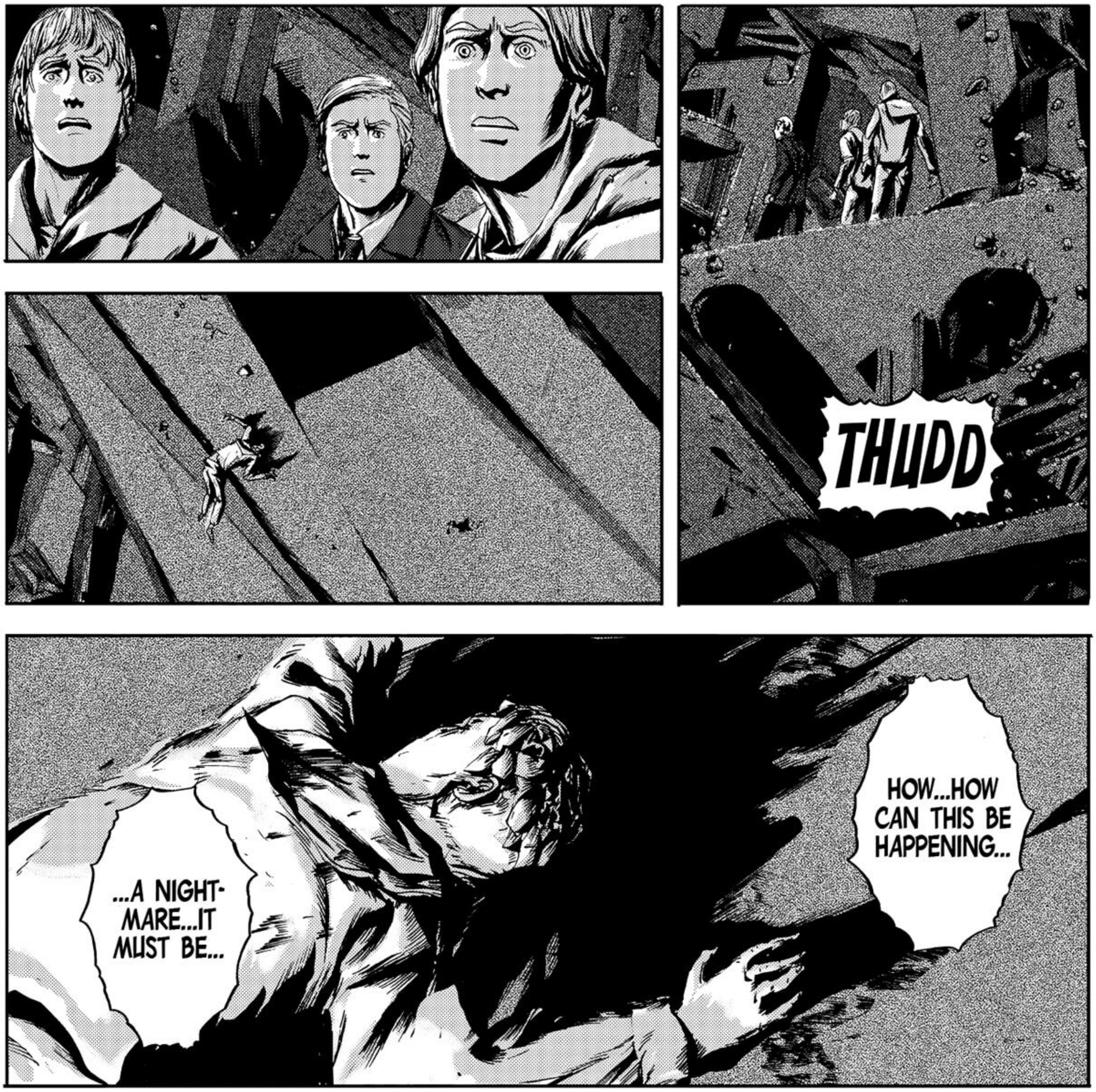


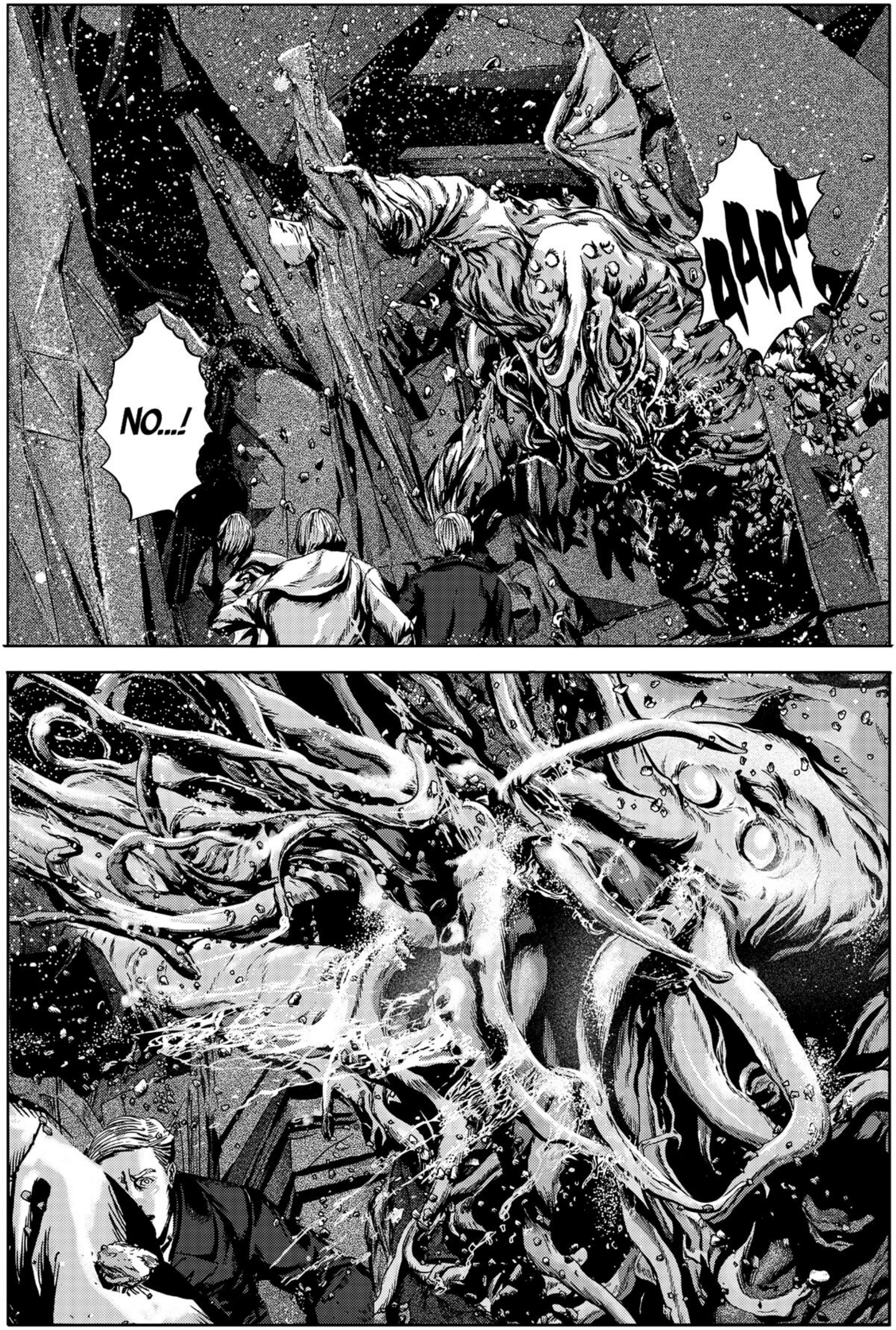

AAAAAA

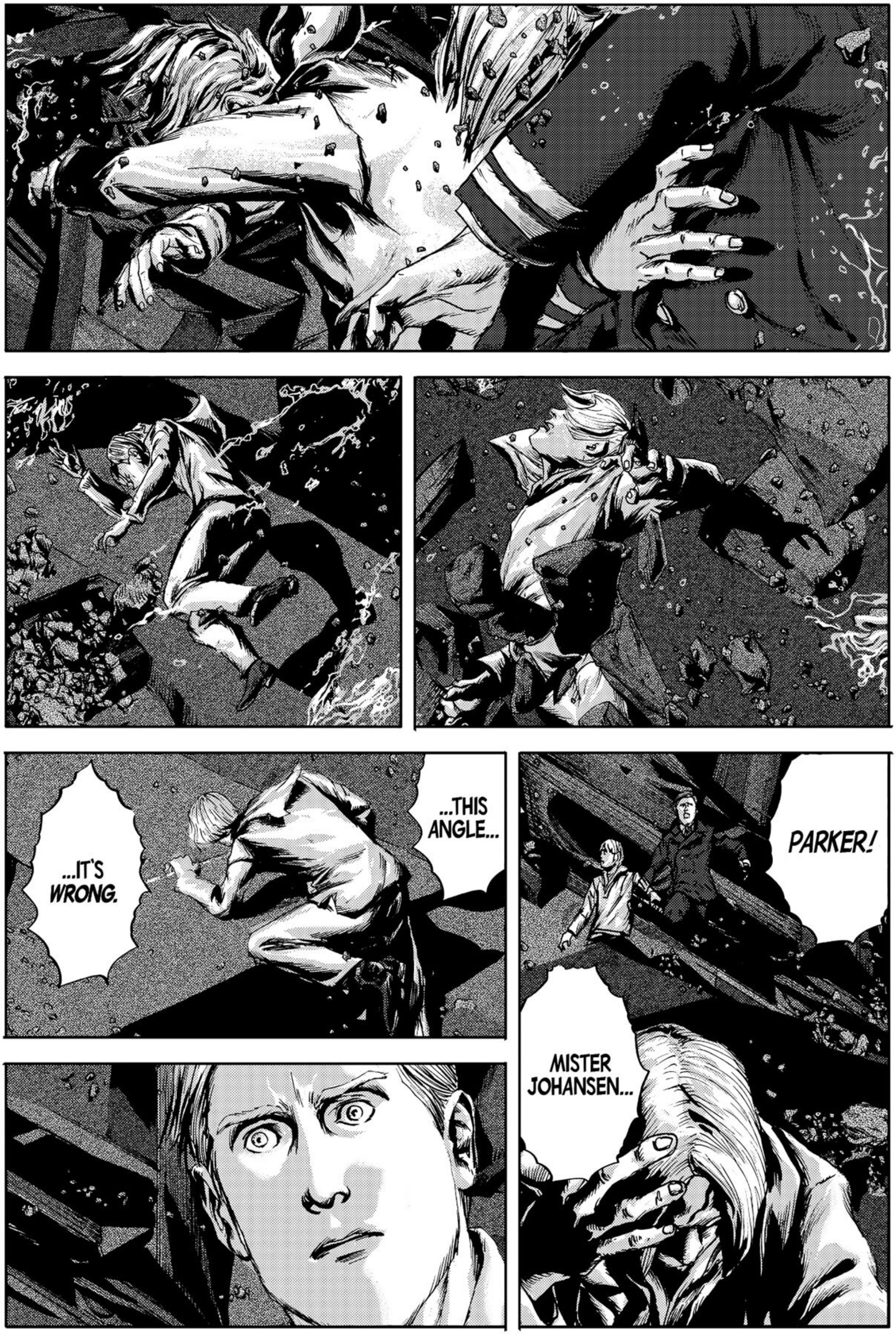


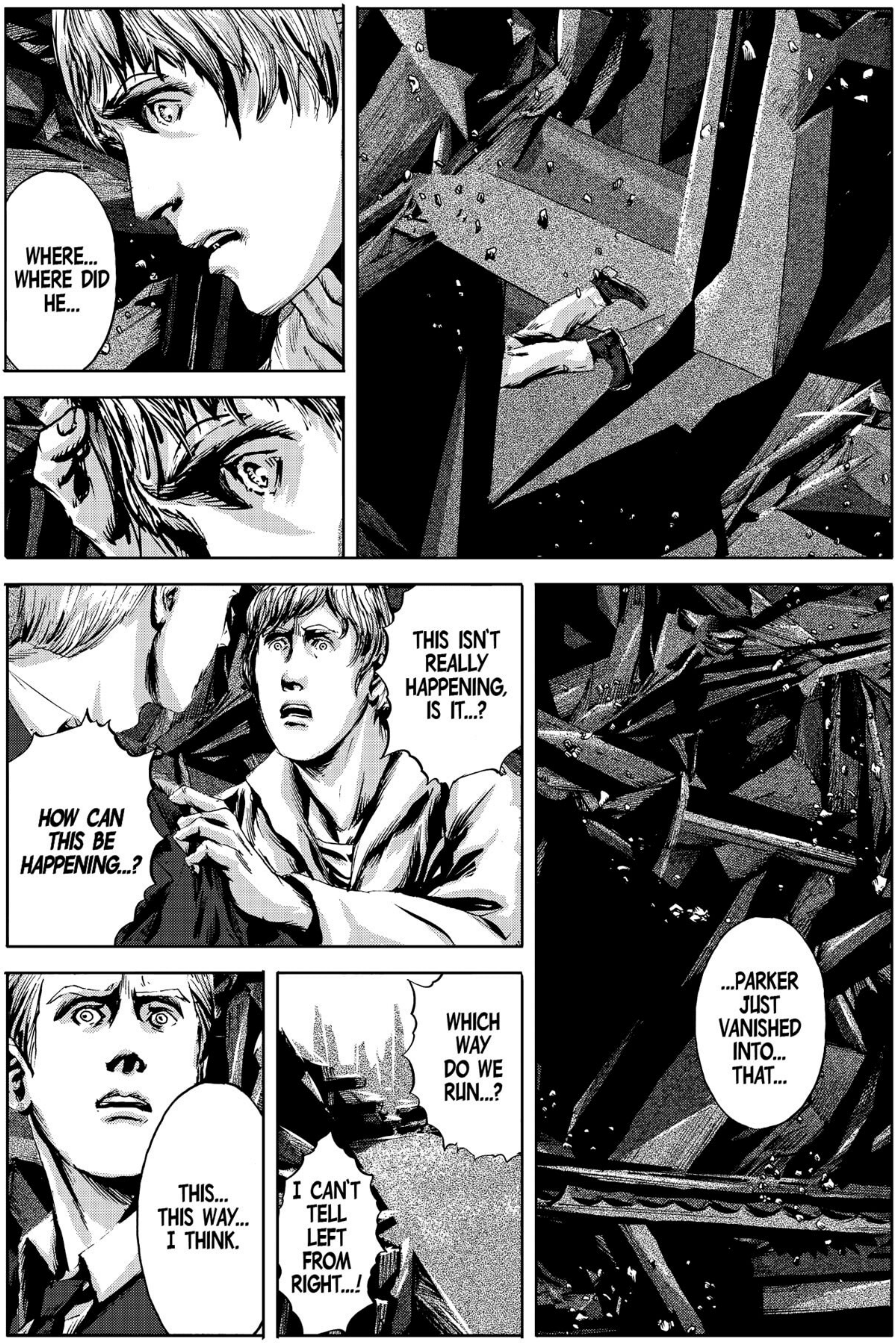

THE SHIP... WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT...
...NO! NOT THAT WAY...
KKRRNCHH
THAT... THING...
...IT'S FOLLOWING US!!!

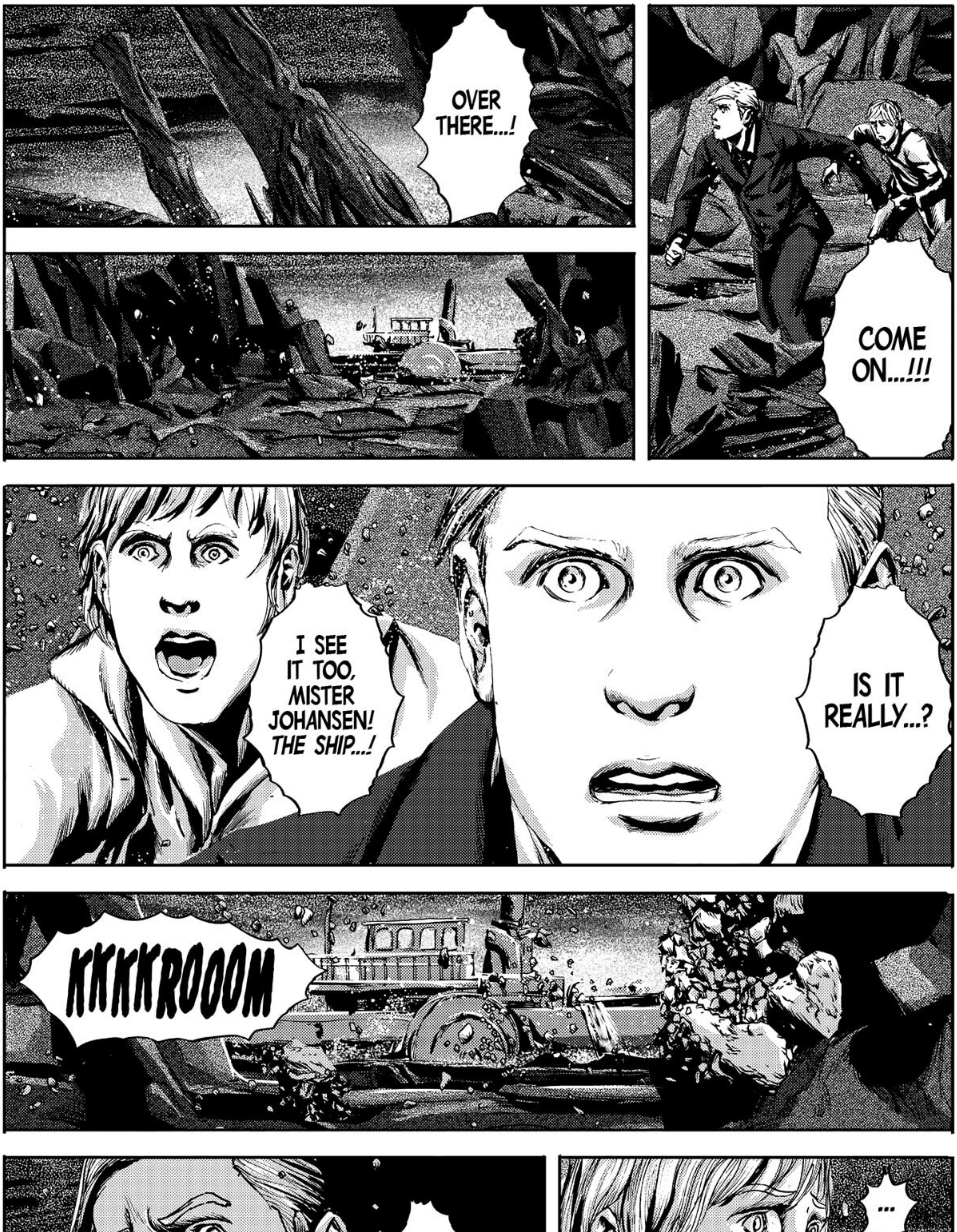

GUERRERA!! COME BACK!!
AAAA
STOP...!
THE SHIP IS *THIS* WAY...!!!
HE...HE FELL...
...FELL UP...?!
GUERRERA...?

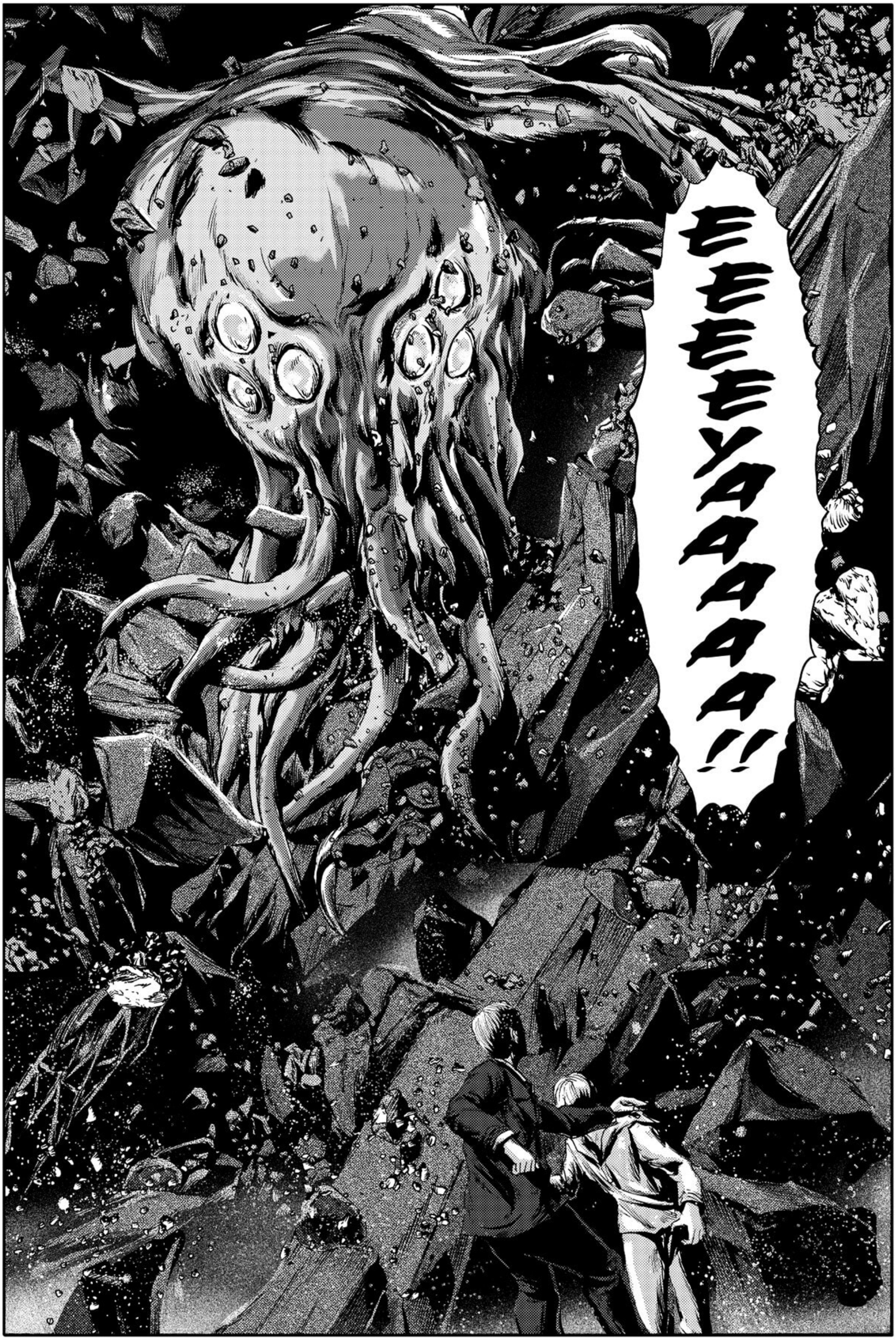

THUDD
HOW...HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING...
...A NIGHTMARE...IT MUST BE...
RUN, MISTER JOHANSEN! RUN...!


AAAP
NO...!


PARKER!
MISTER JOHANSEN...
...THIS ANGLE...
...IT'S WRONG.


WHERE... WHERE DID HE...
...PARKER JUST VANISHED INTO... THAT...
THIS ISN'T REALLY HAPPENING, IS IT...?
HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING...?
WHICH WAY DO WE RUN...?
I CAN'T TELL LEFT FROM RIGHT...!
THIS... THIS WAY... I THINK.

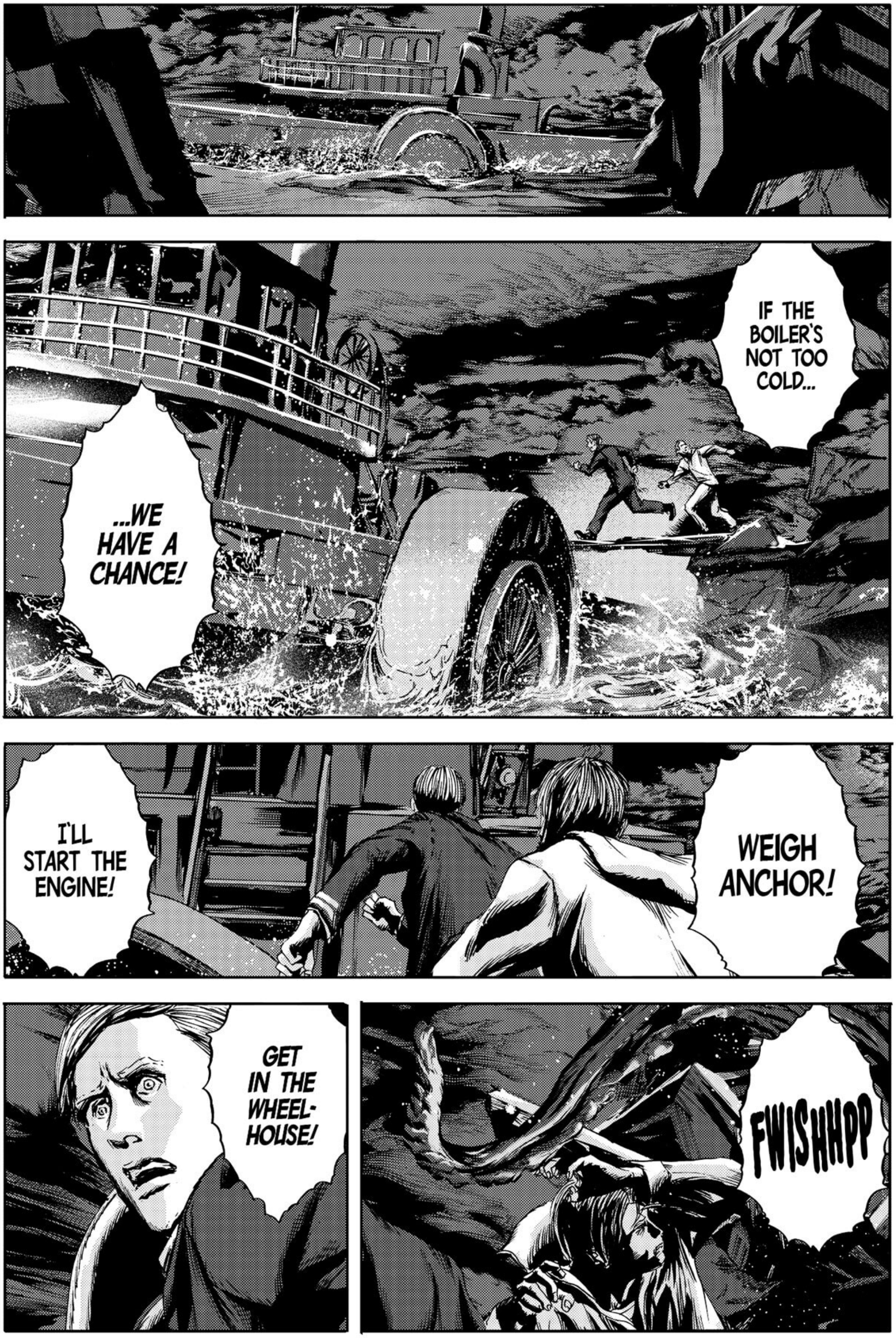

COME ON...!!!
OVER THERE...!
IS IT REALLY...?
I SEE IT TOO, MISTER JOHANSEN! THE SHIP...!
KKKKROOOM
...
...

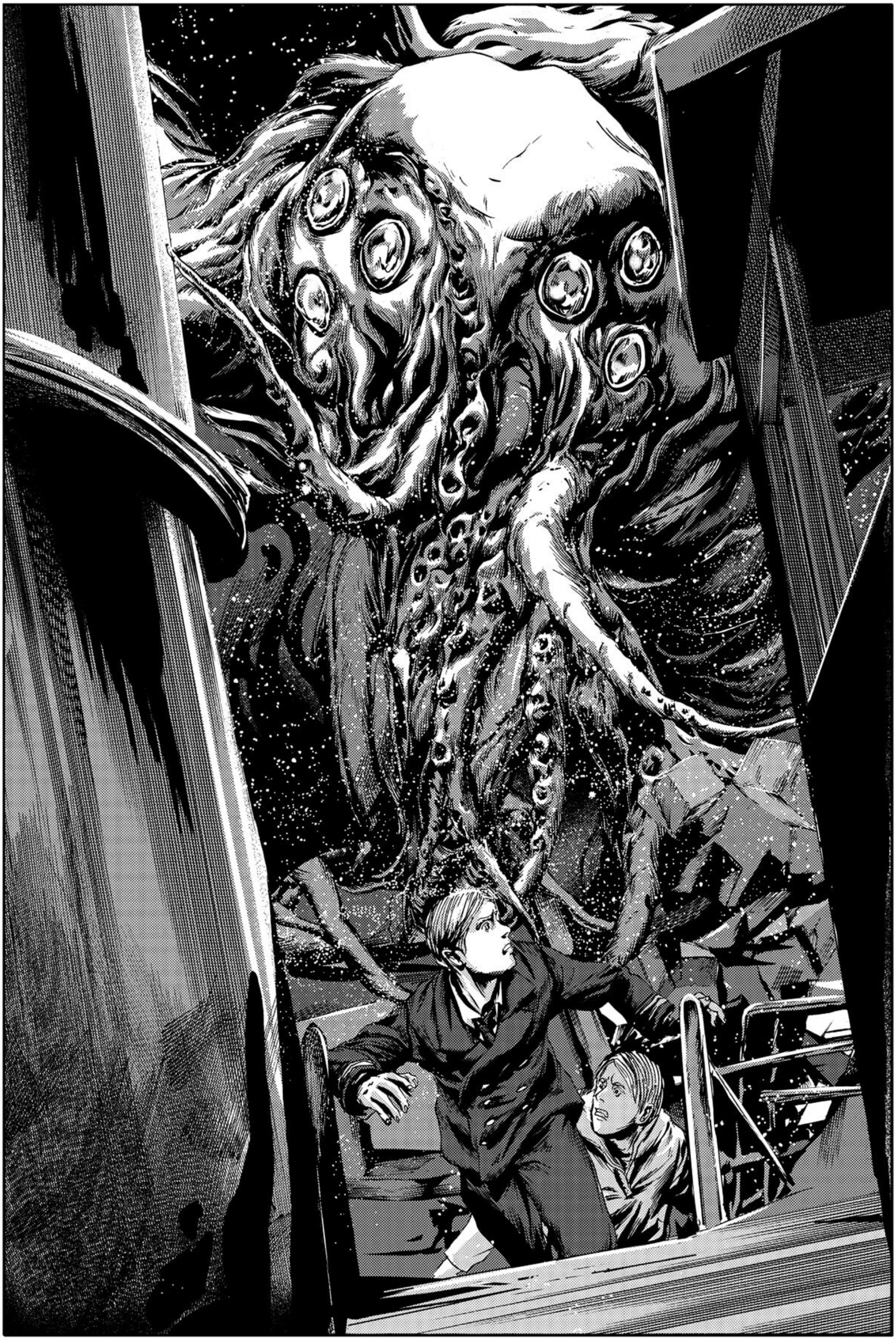

EEEEEYAAAAAA!!

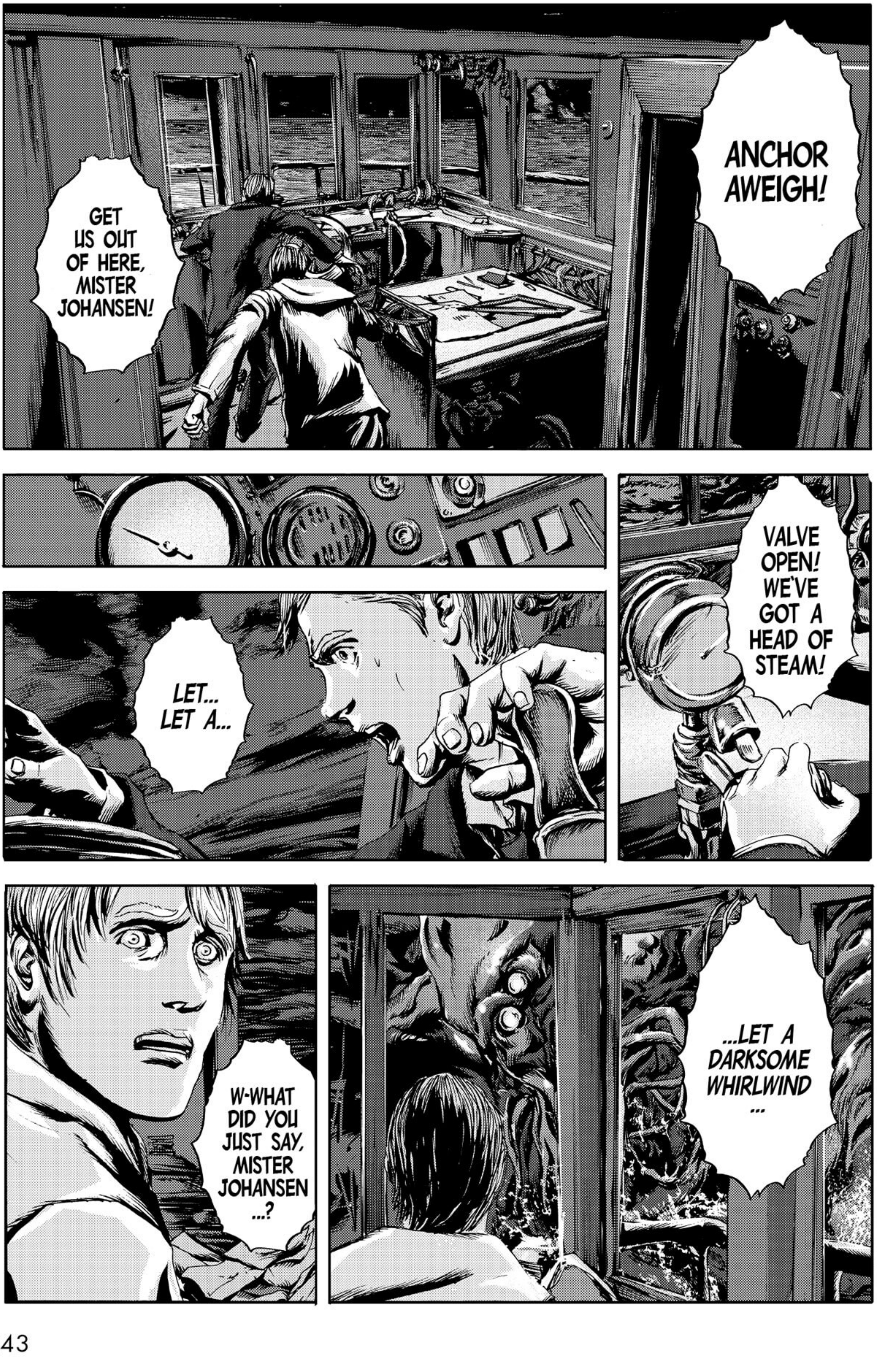
Final Chapter

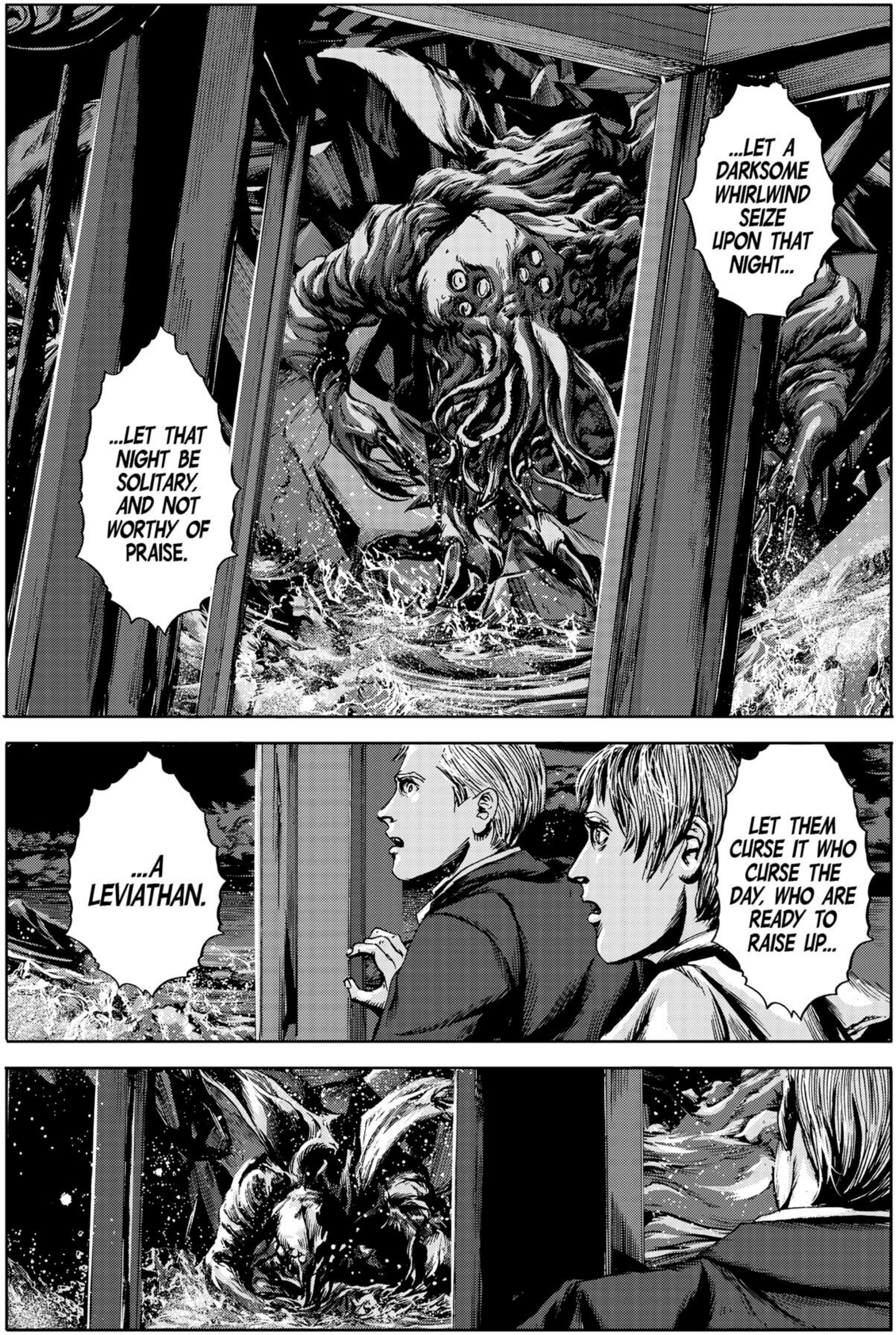
GREAT OLD ONES

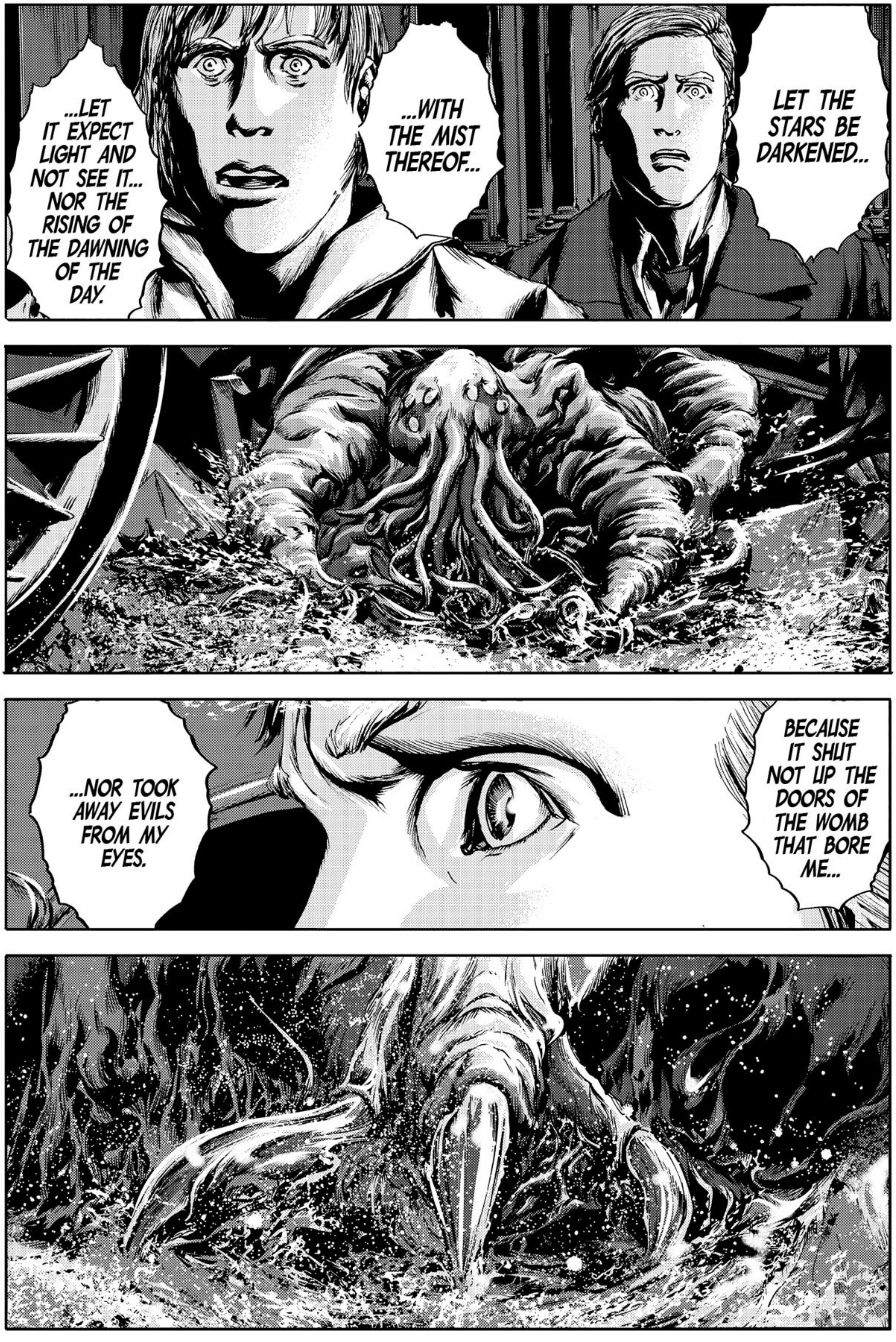
古き神々

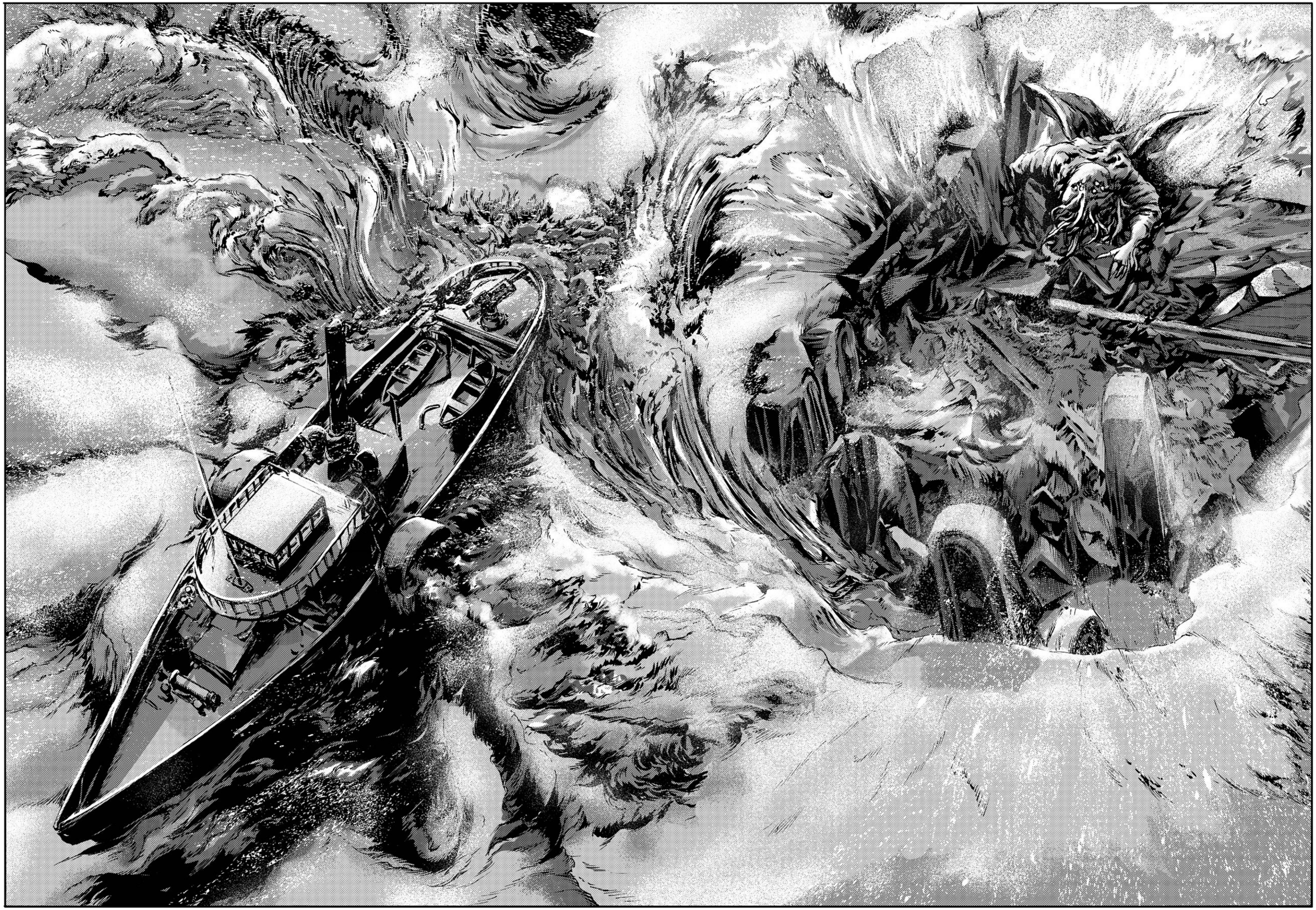

IF THE BOILER'S NOT TOO COLD...
...WE HAVE A CHANCE!
WEIGH ANCHOR!
I'LL START THE ENGINE!
FWISHHPP
GET IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE!

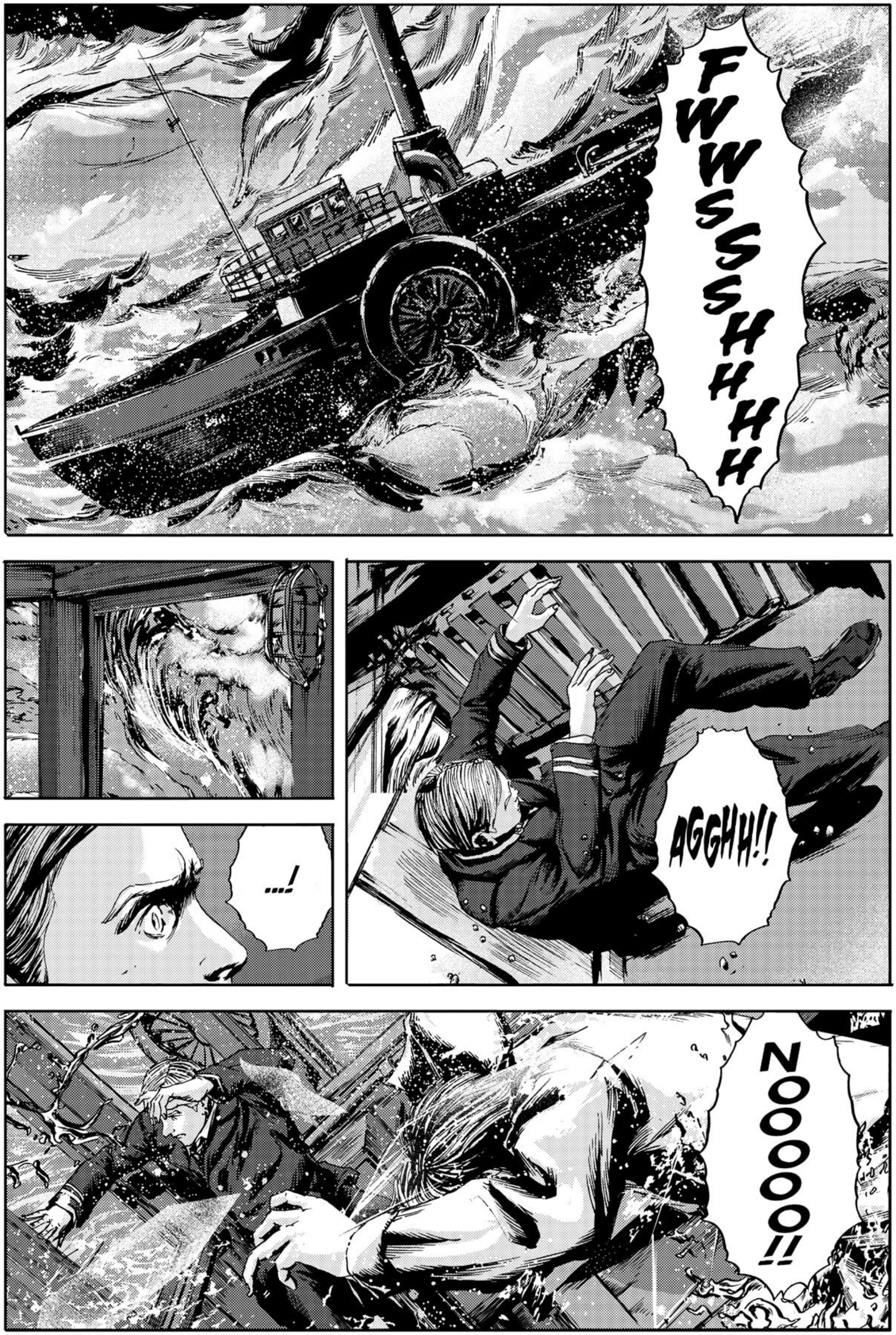


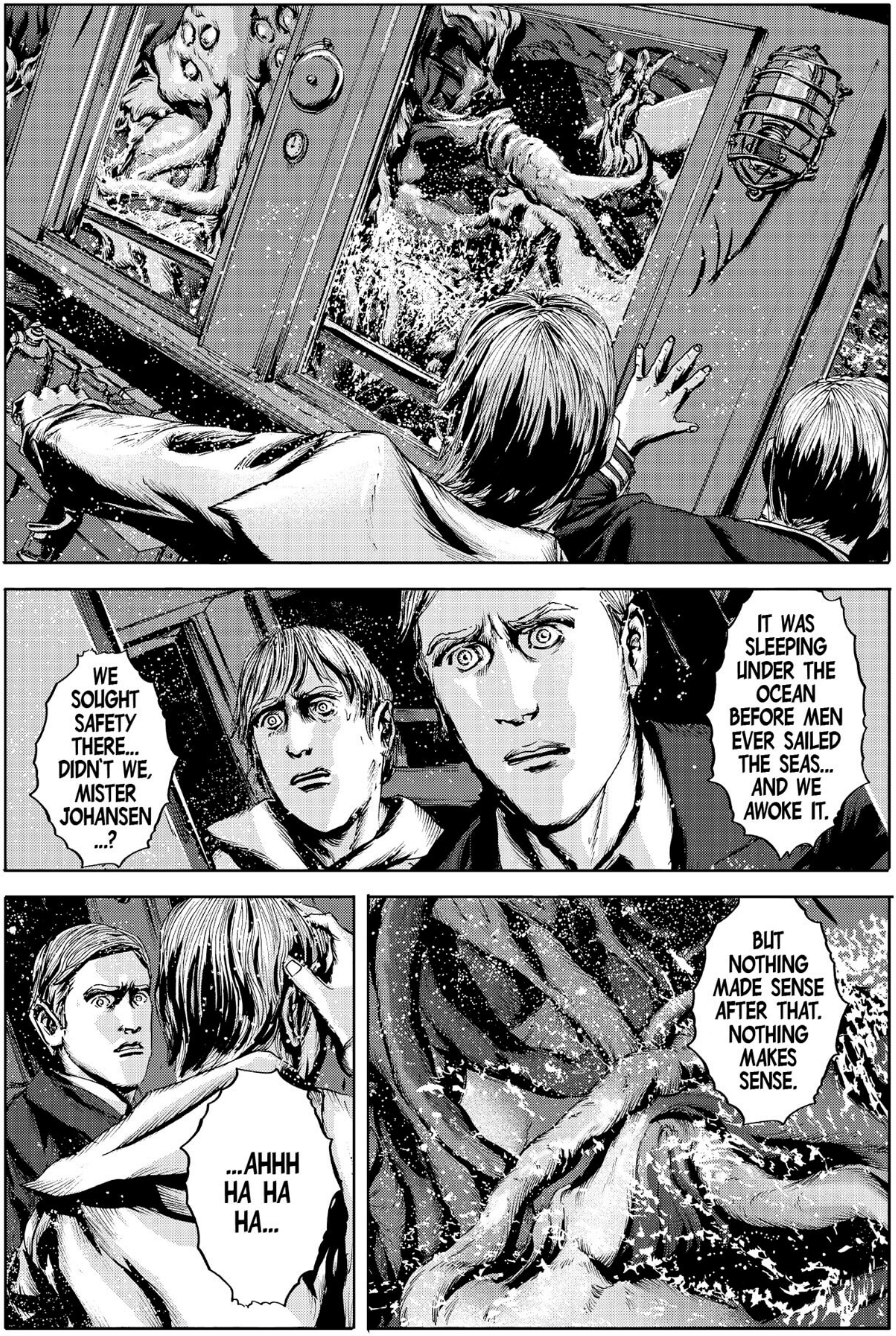

ANCHOR AWEIGH!
GET US OUT OF HERE, MISTER JOHANSEN!
VALVE OPEN! WE'VE GOT A HEAD OF STEAM!
LET... LET A...
...LET A DARKSOME WHIRLWIND ...
W-WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY, MISTER JOHANSEN ...?

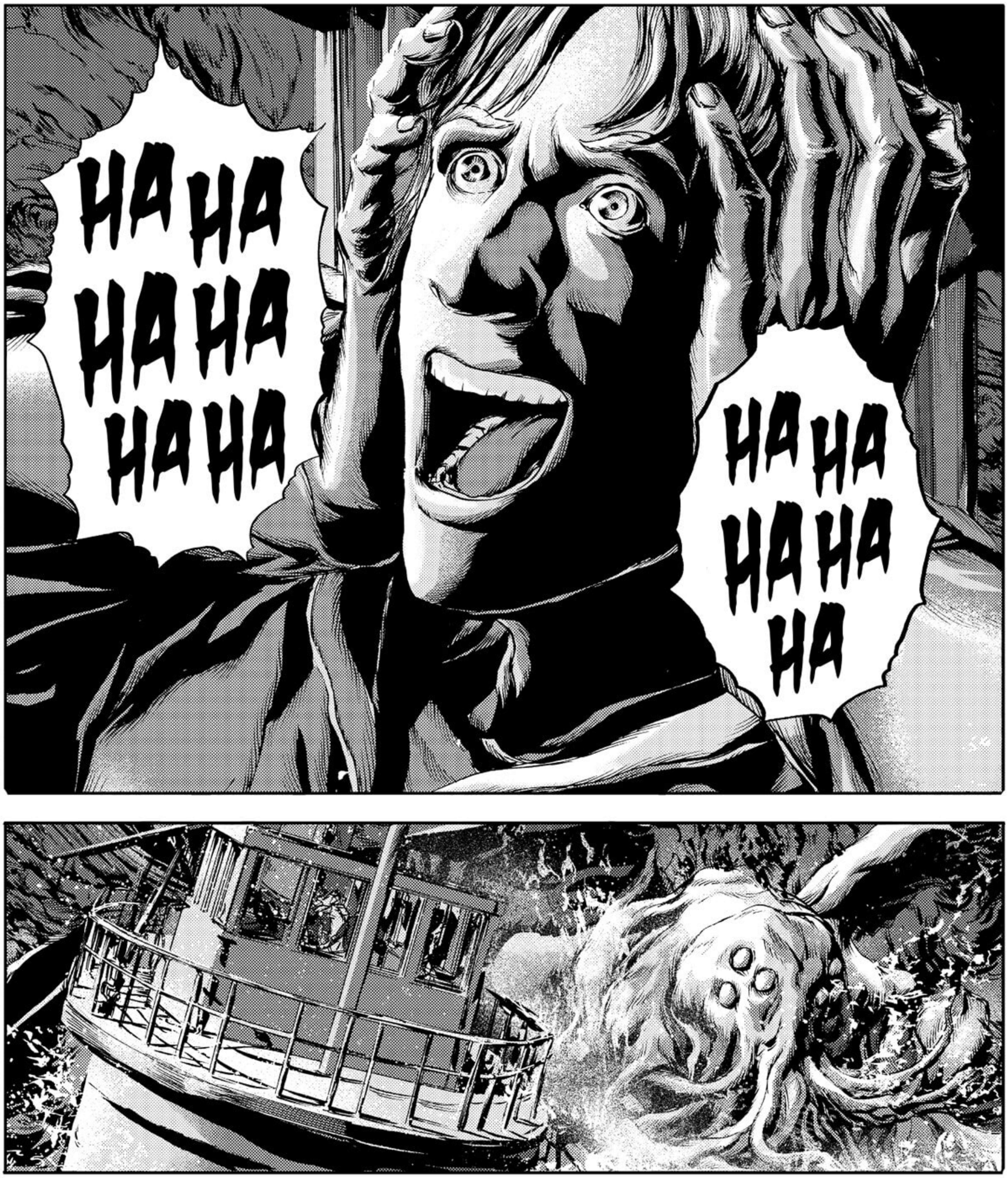

...LET A DARKSOME WHIRLWIND SEIZE UPON THAT NIGHT...
...LET THAT NIGHT BE SOLITARY, AND NOT WORTHY OF PRAISE.
LET THEM CURSE IT WHO CURSE THE DAY, WHO ARE READY TO RAISE UP...
...A LEVIATHAN.

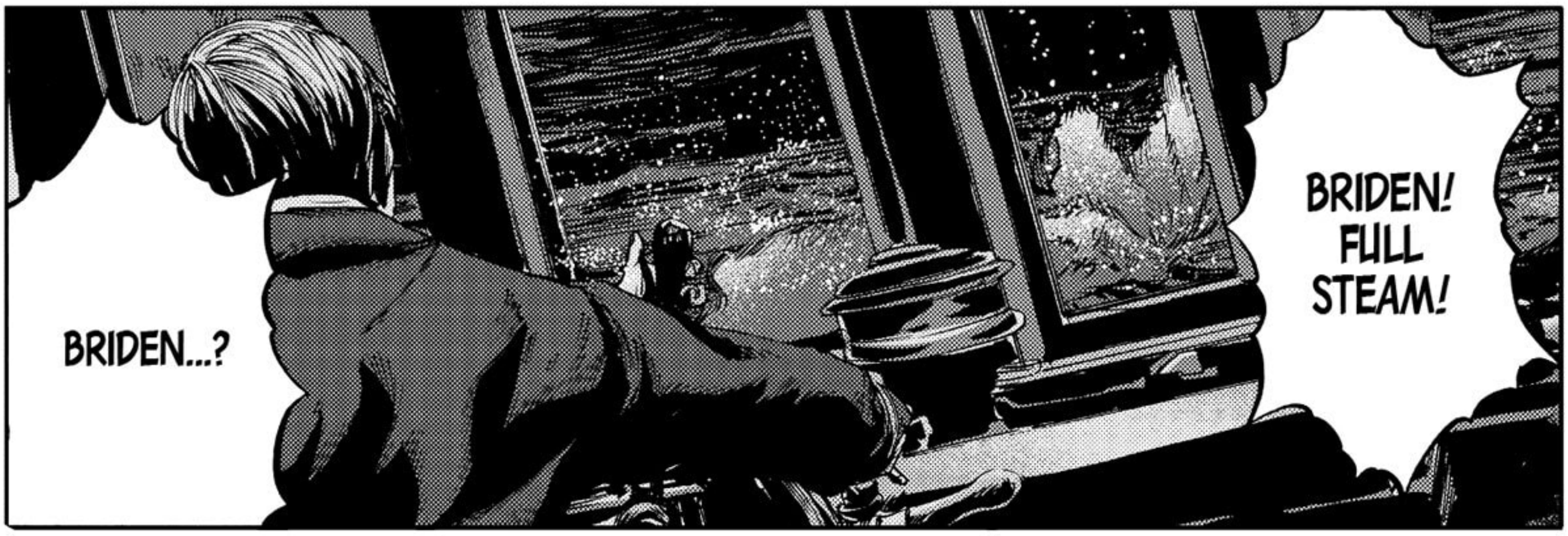

LET THE STARS BE DARKENED...
...WITH THE MIST THEREOF...
...LET IT EXPECT LIGHT AND NOT SEE IT... NOR THE RISING OF THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.
BECAUSE IT SHUT NOT UP THE DOORS OF THE WOMB THAT BORE ME...
...NOR TOOK AWAY EVILS FROM MY EYES.

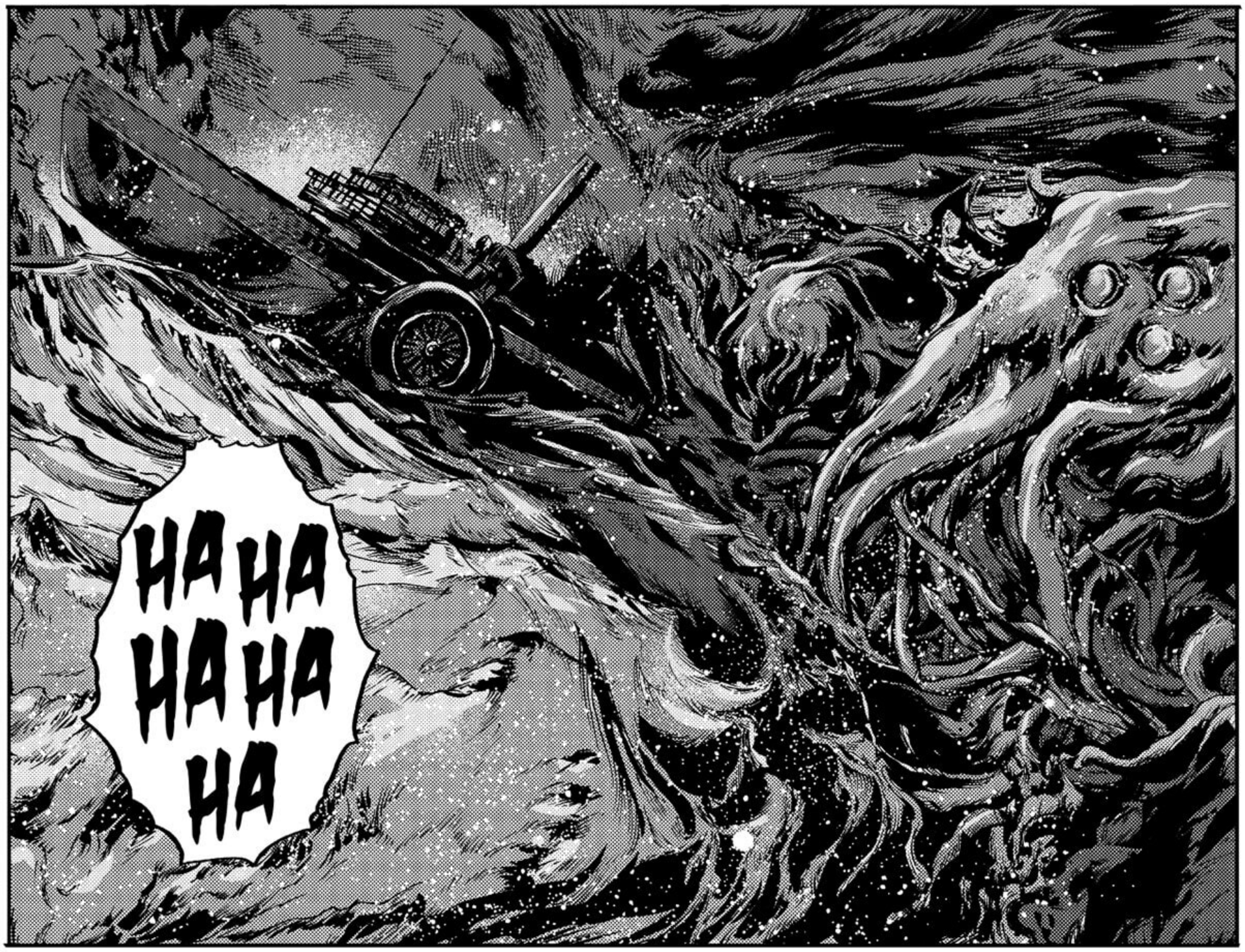


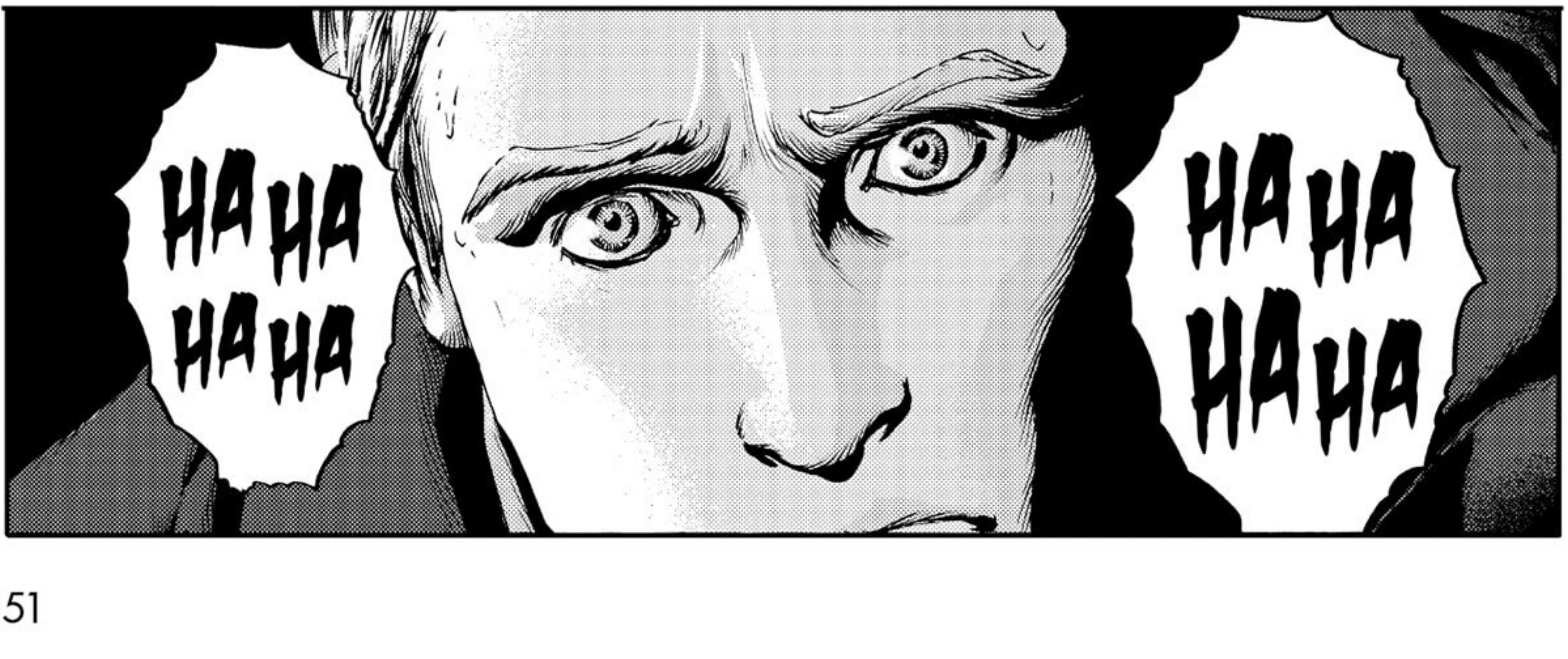

FWWSSHHHH
AGGHH!!
...!
NOOOOO!!

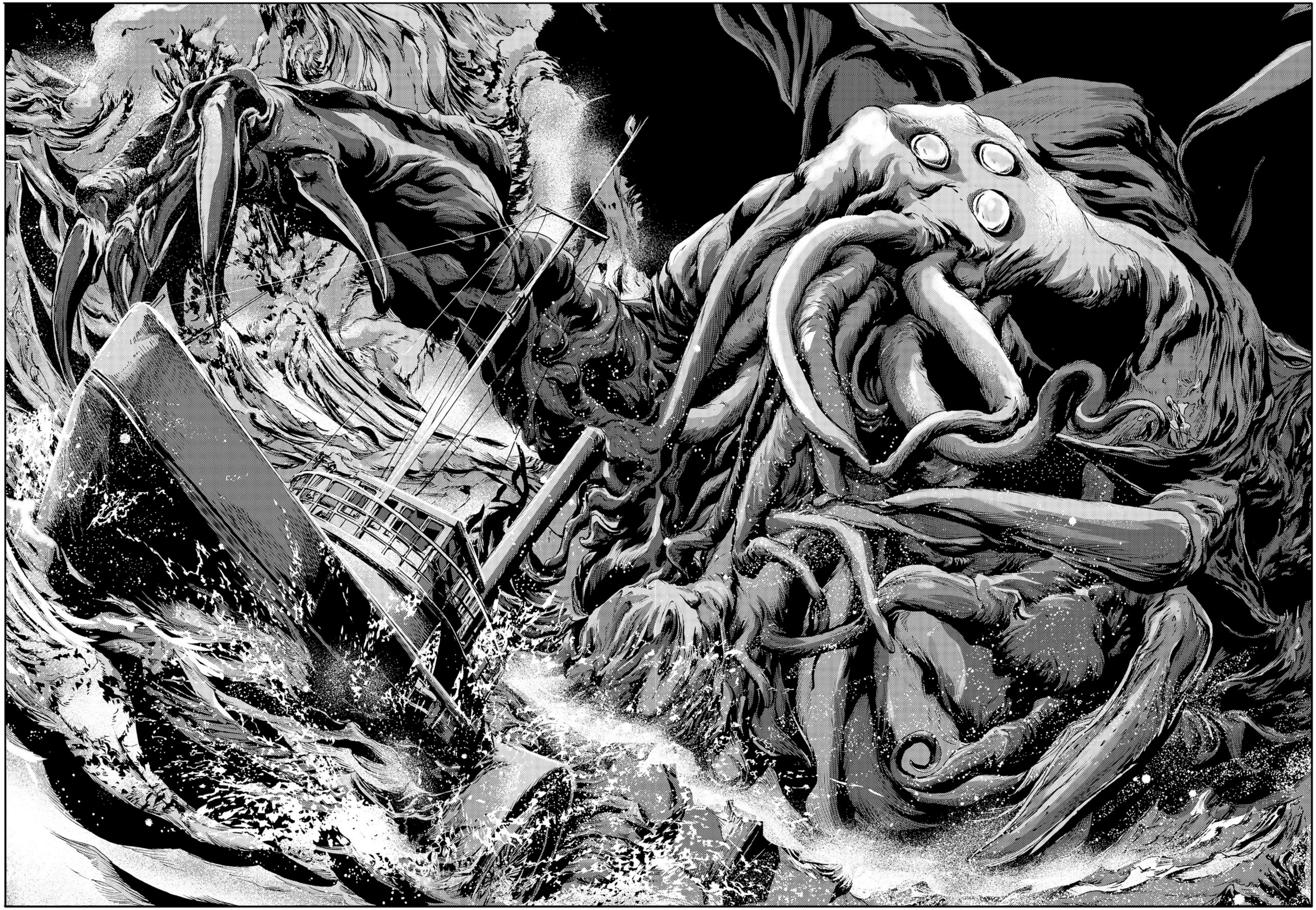

IT WAS SLEEPING UNDER THE OCEAN BEFORE MEN EVER SAILED THE SEAS... AND WE AWOKE IT.
WE SOUGHT SAFETY THERE... DIDN'T WE, MISTER JOHANSEN ...?
BUT NOTHING MADE SENSE AFTER THAT. NOTHING MAKES SENSE.
...AHHH HA HA HA...

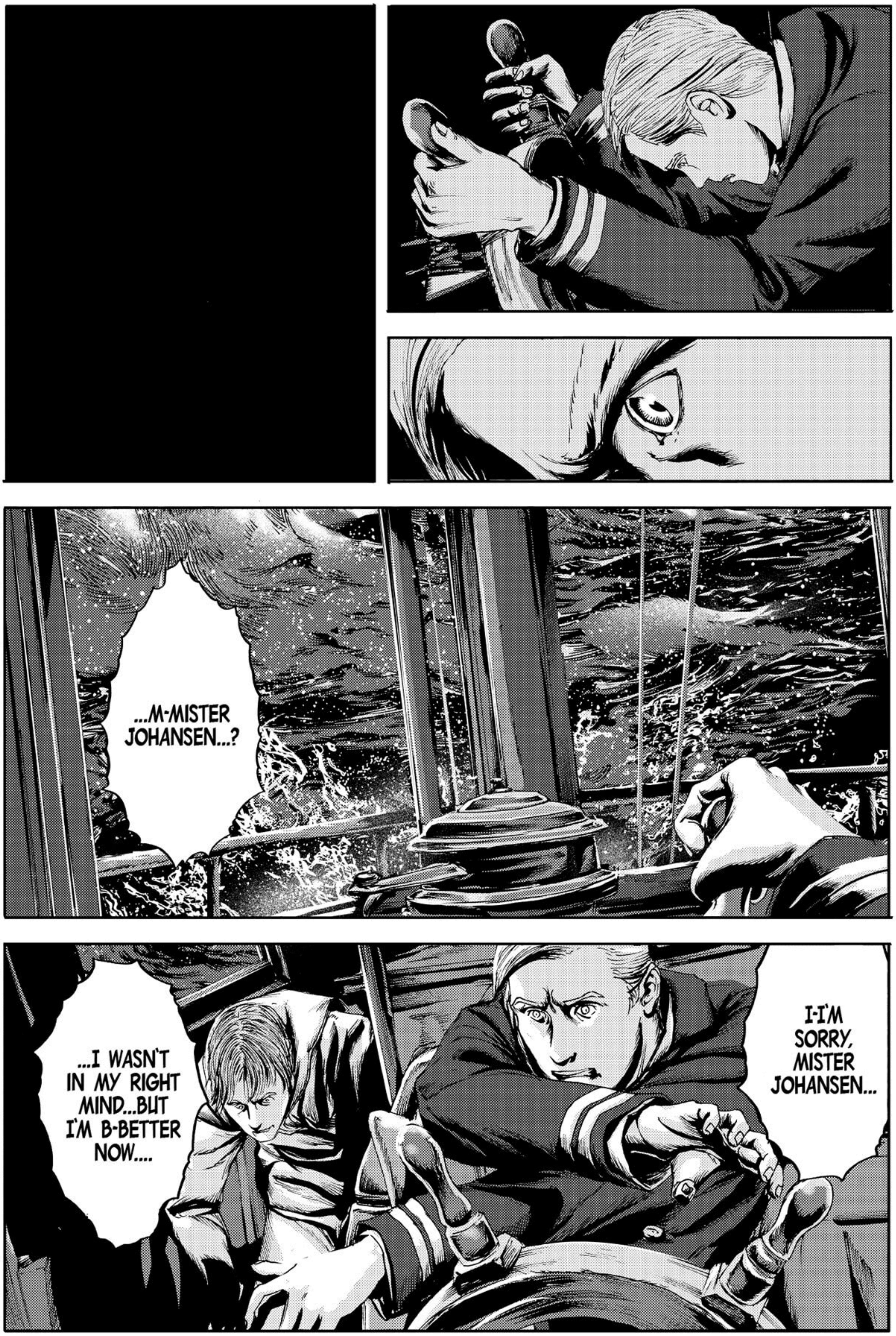

HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
IT'S FOLLOWING US...

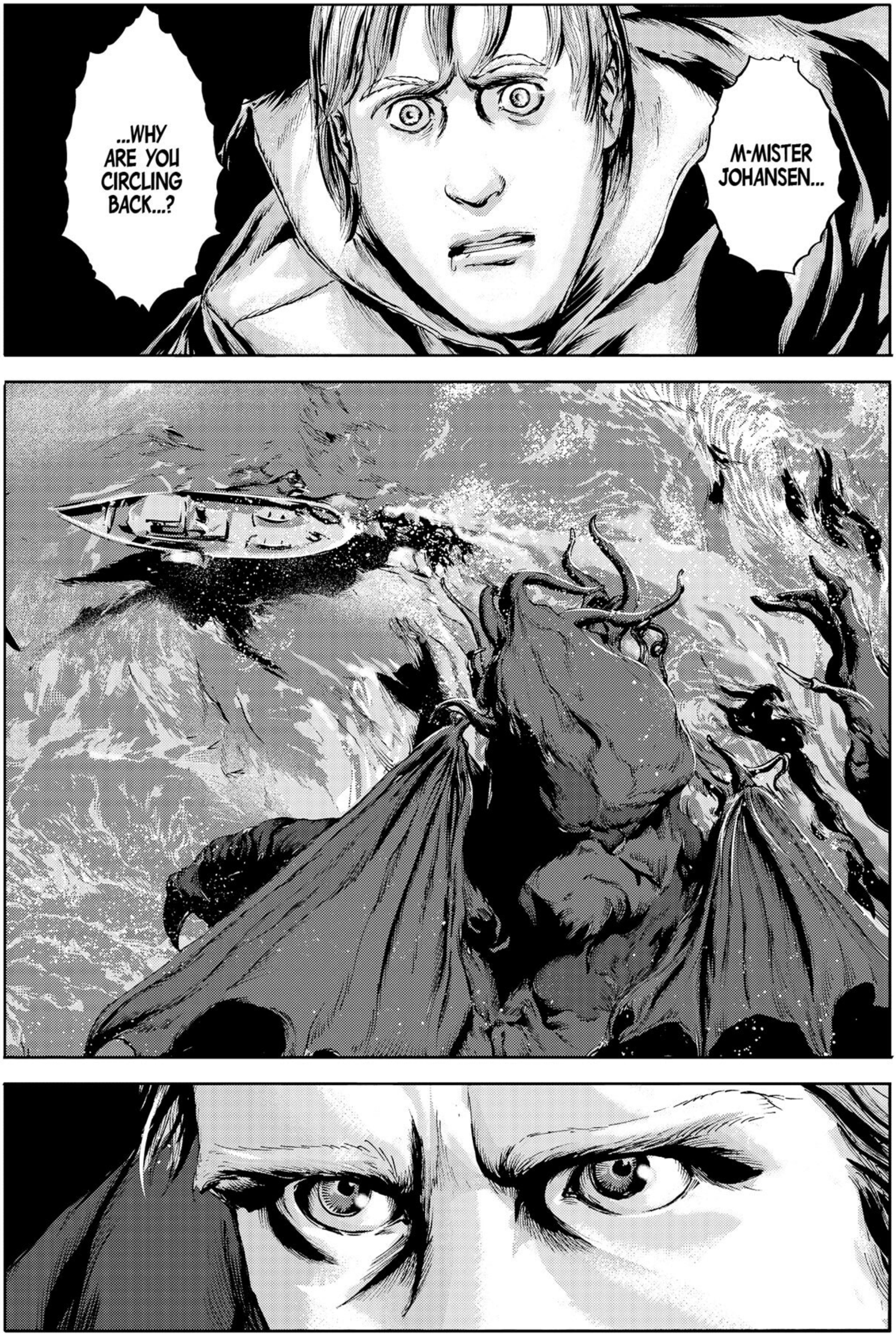

BRIDEN! FULL STEAM!
BRIDEN...?

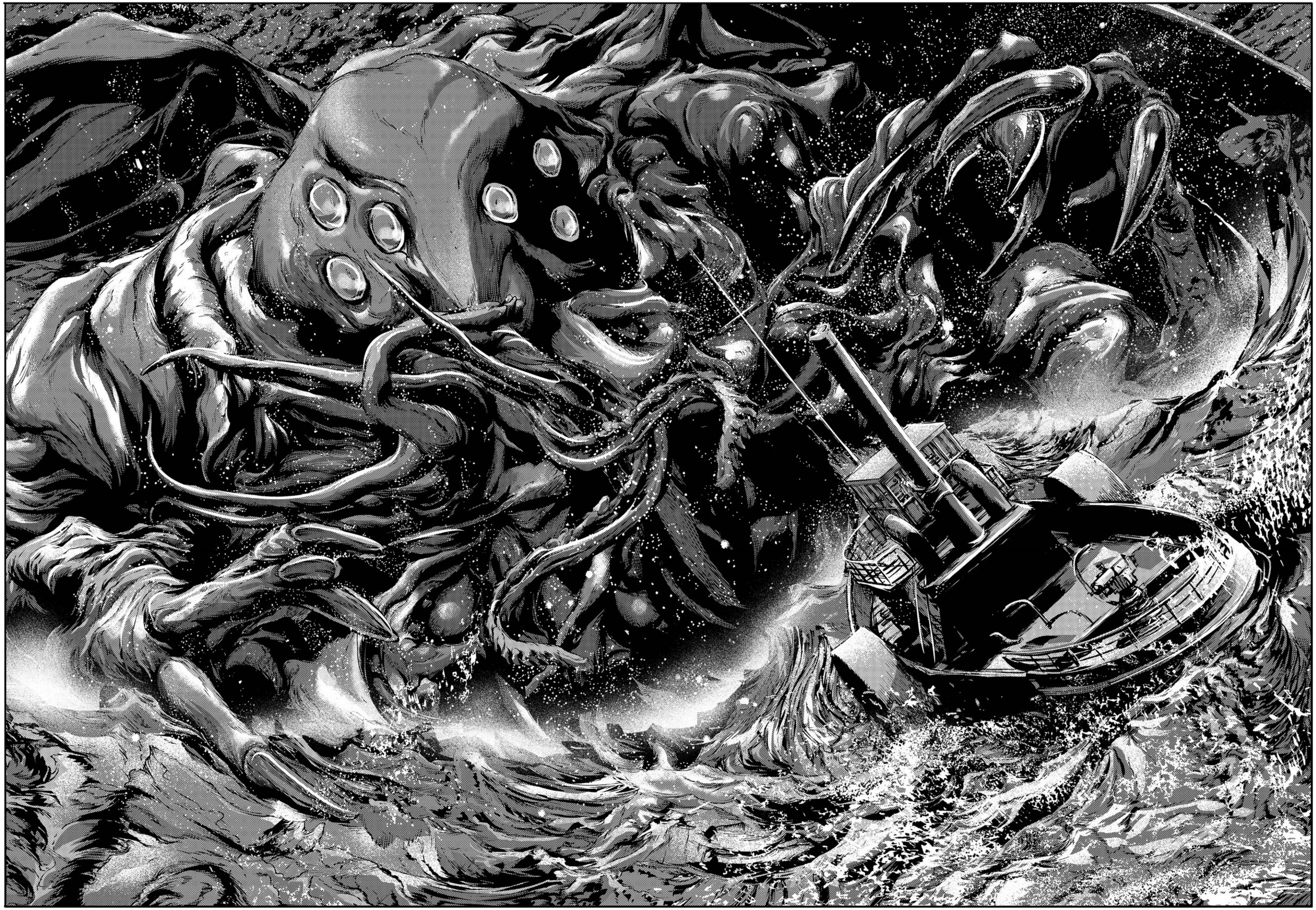

HA HA HA HA HA

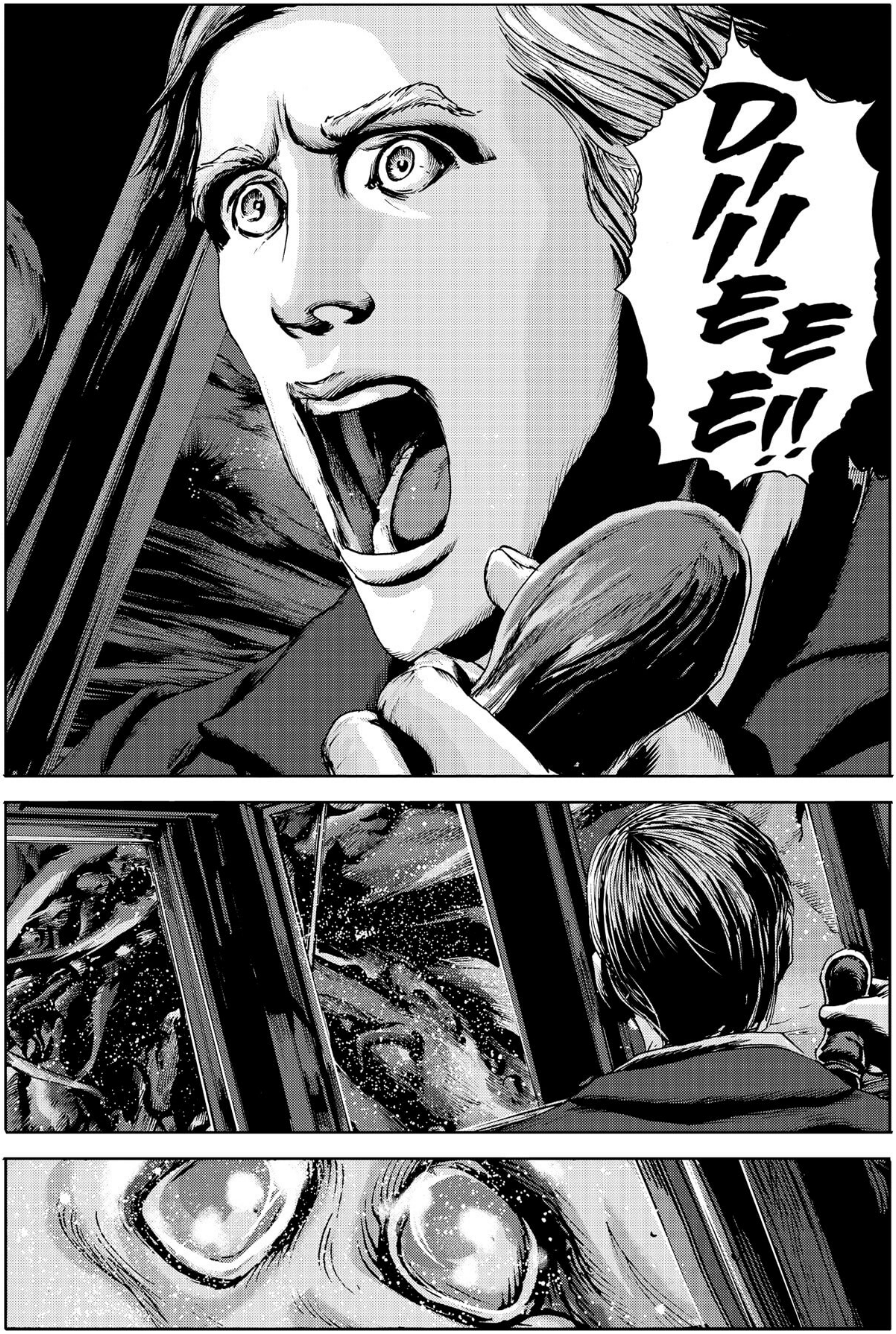

HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA

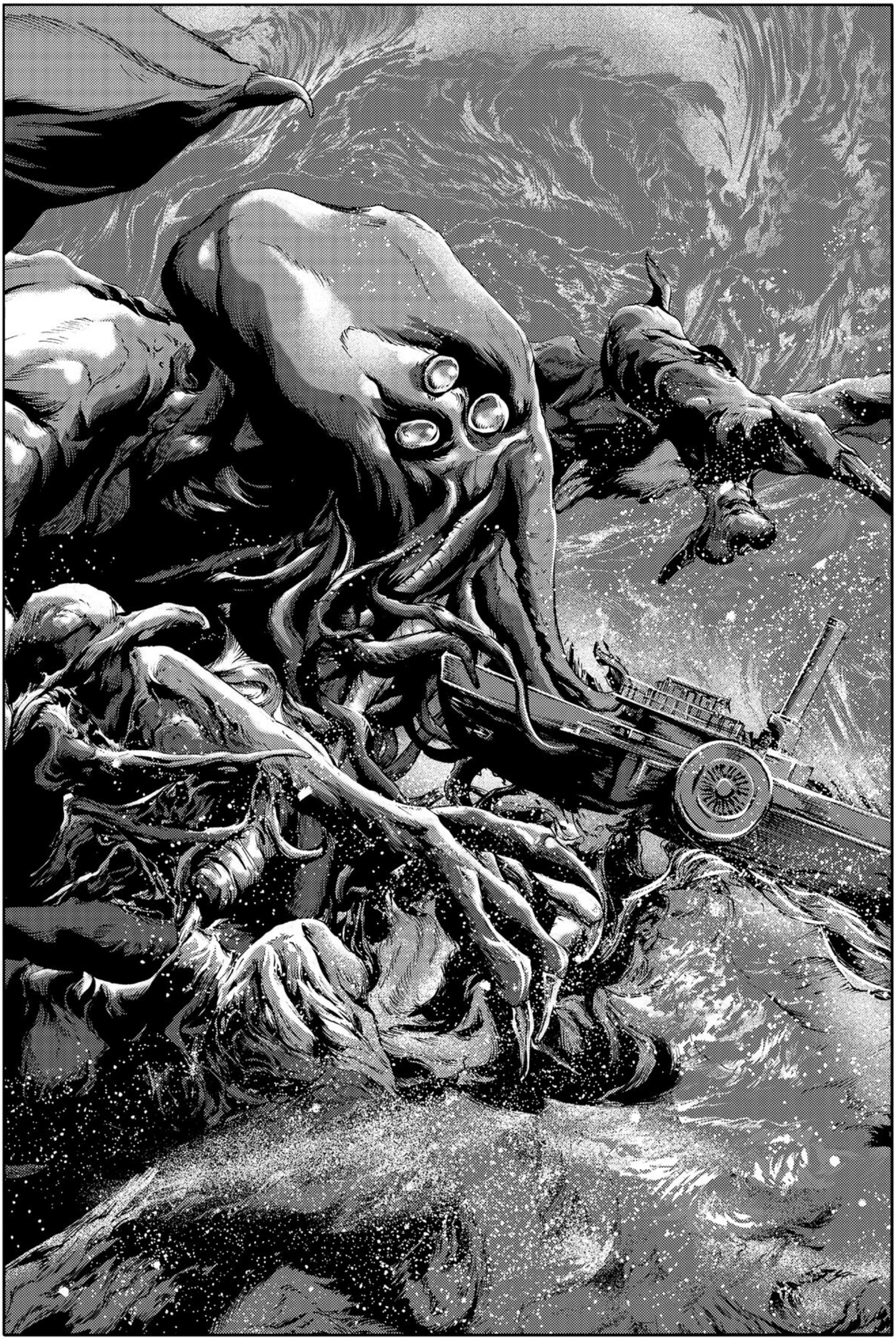


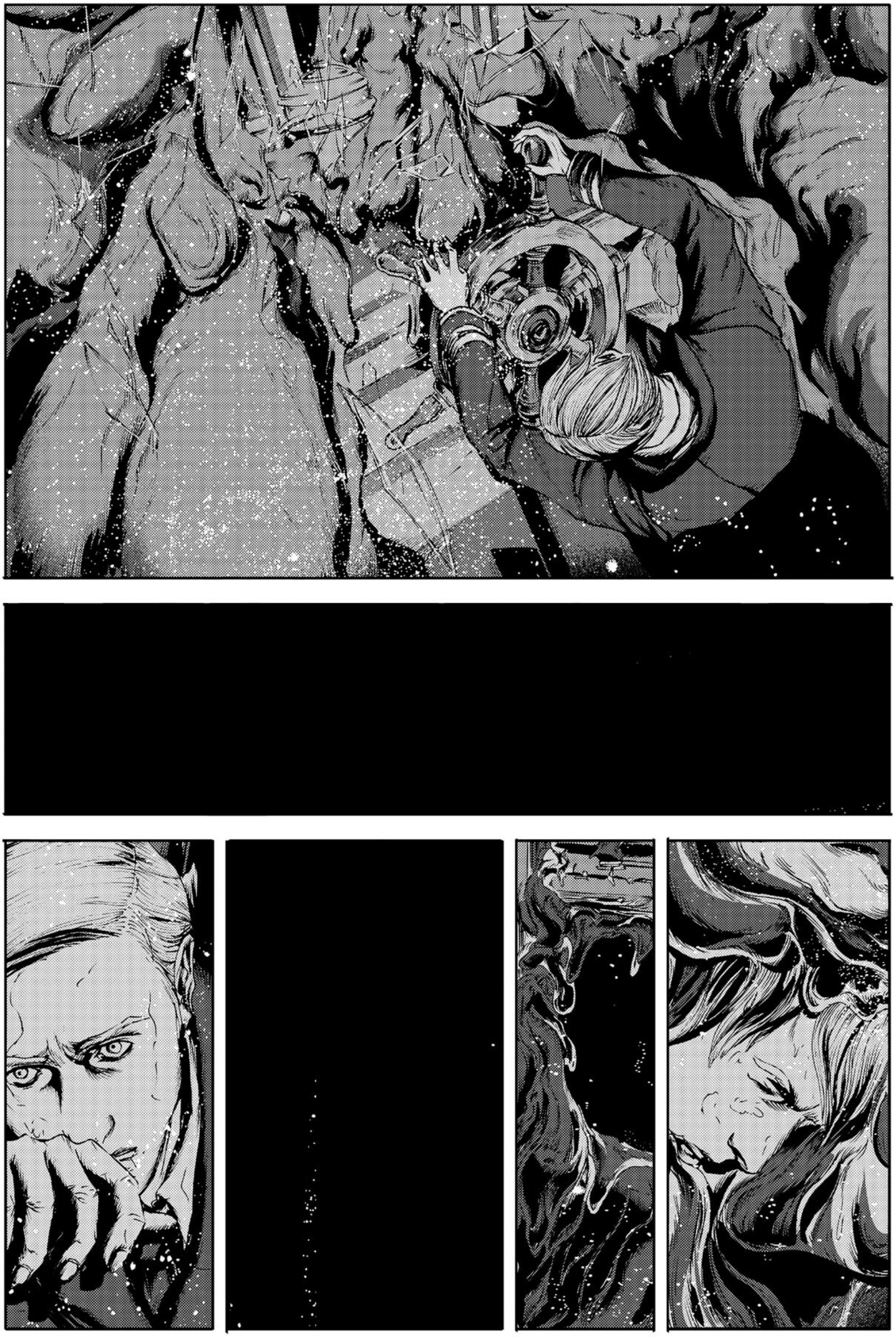

...M-MISTER JOHANSEN...?
I-I'M SORRY, MISTER JOHANSEN...
...I WASN'T IN MY RIGHT MIND...BUT I'M B-BETTER NOW....

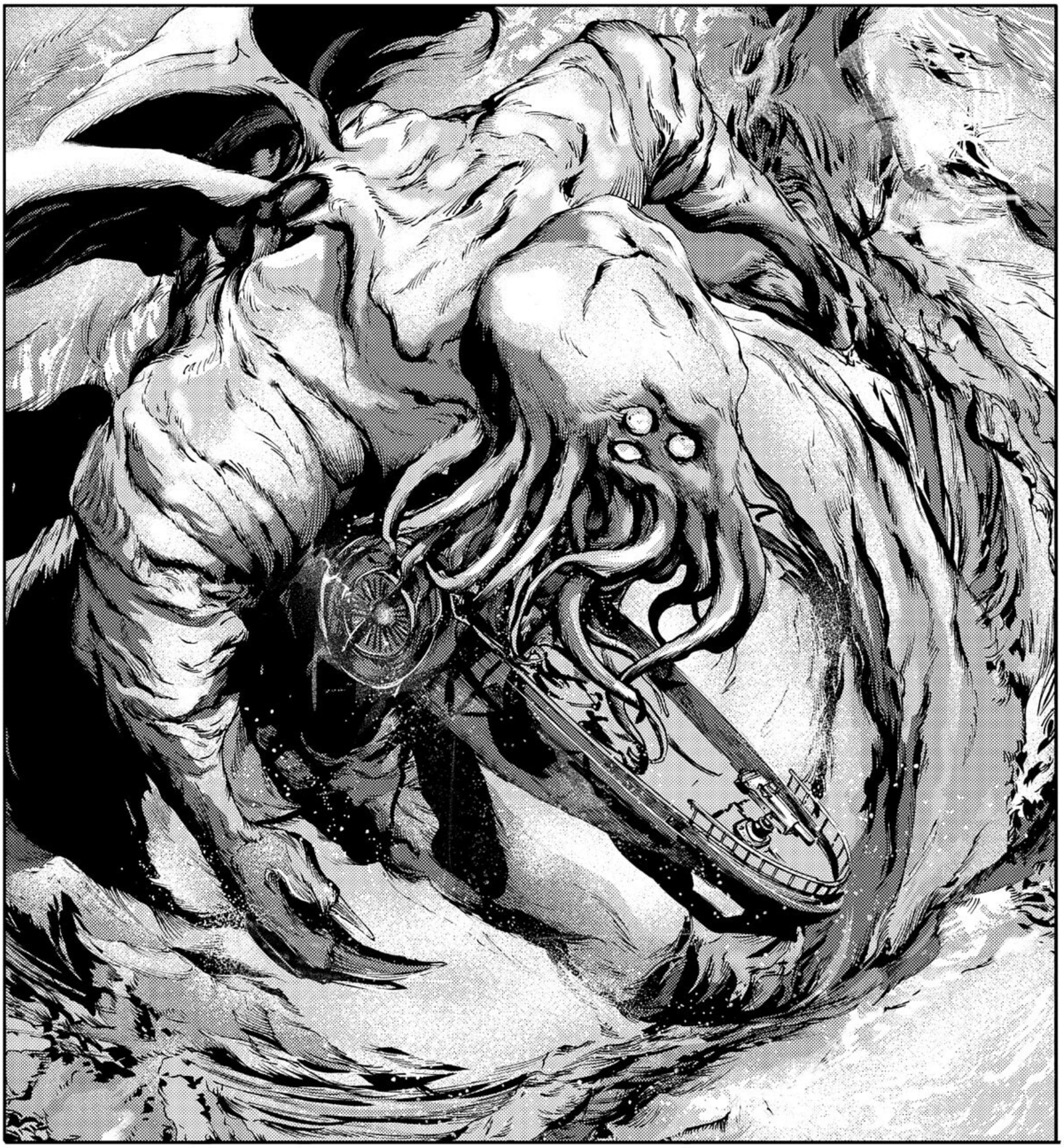

M-MISTER JOHANSEN...
...WHY ARE YOU CIRCLING BACK...?

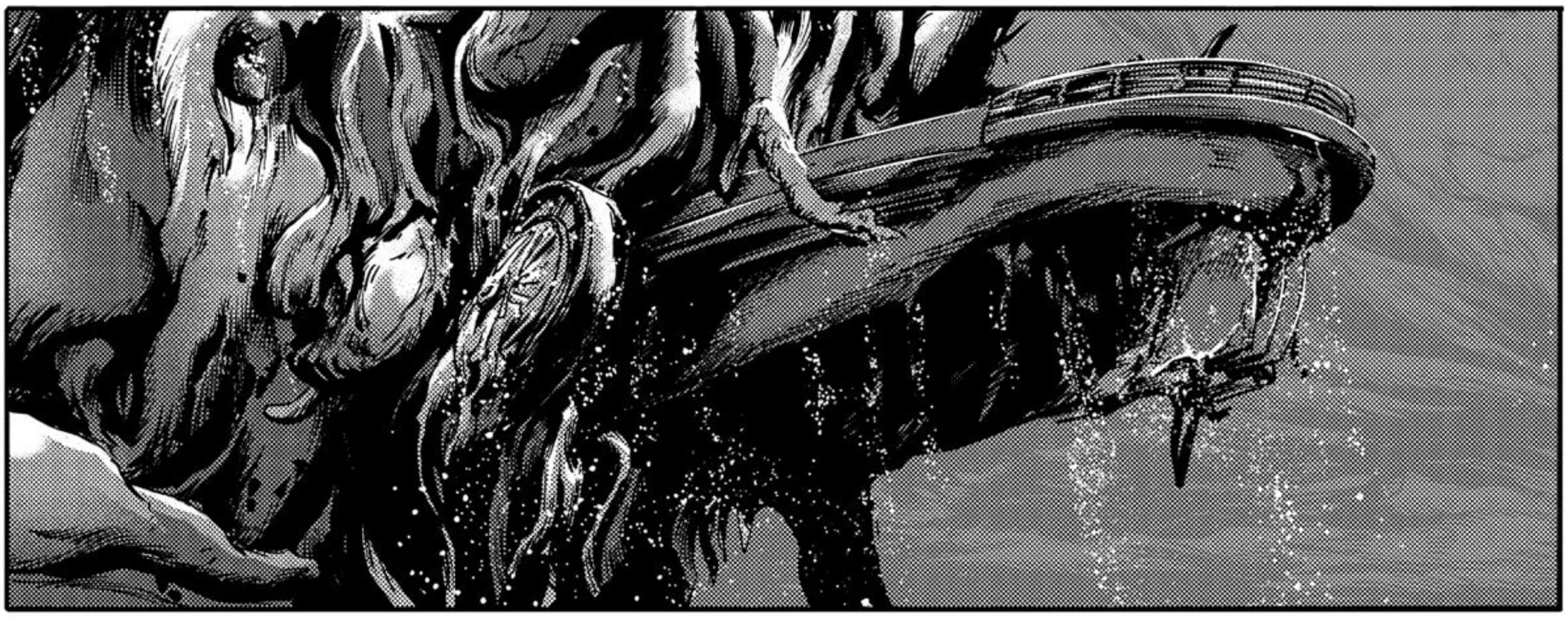


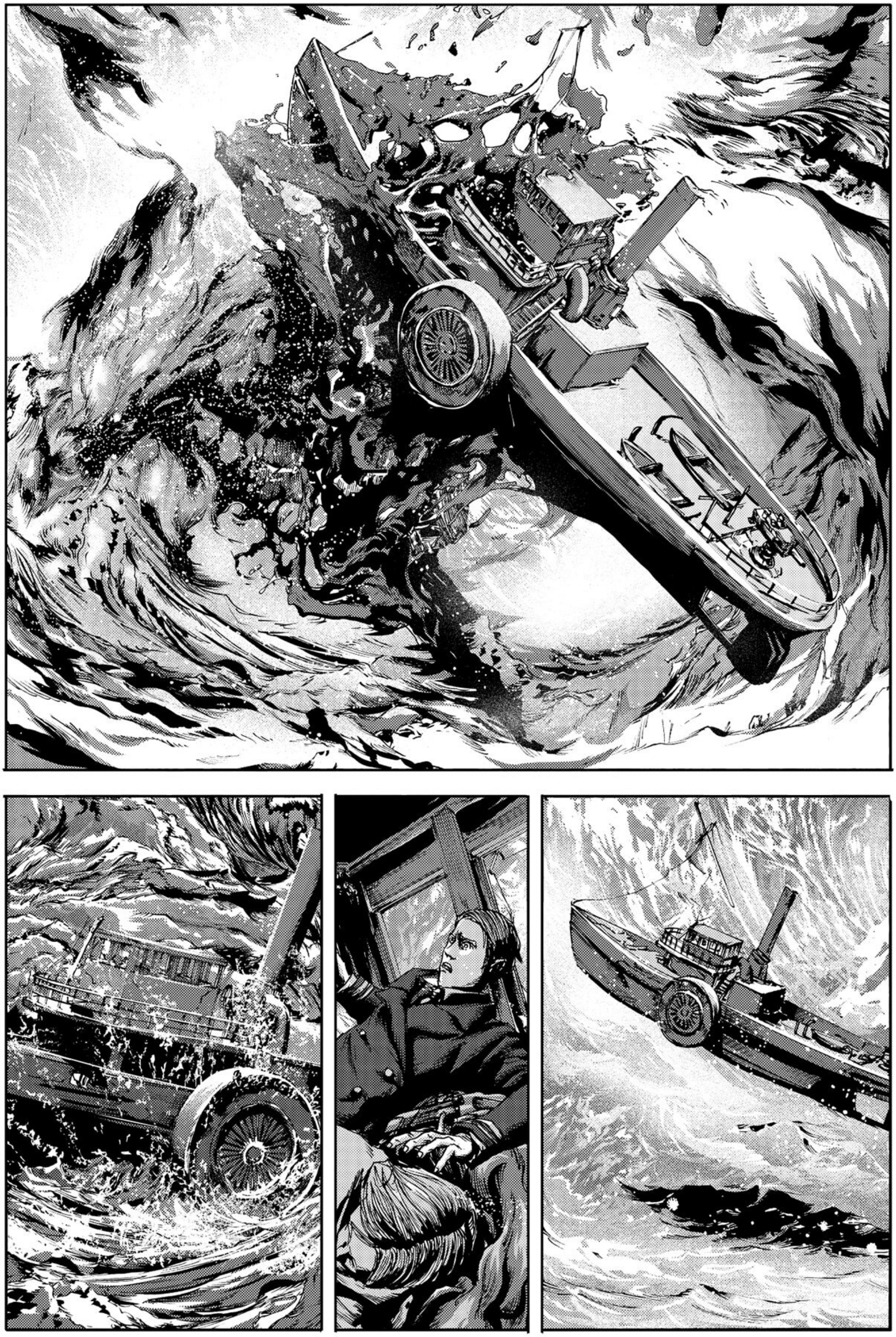

DIIIIEEE!!

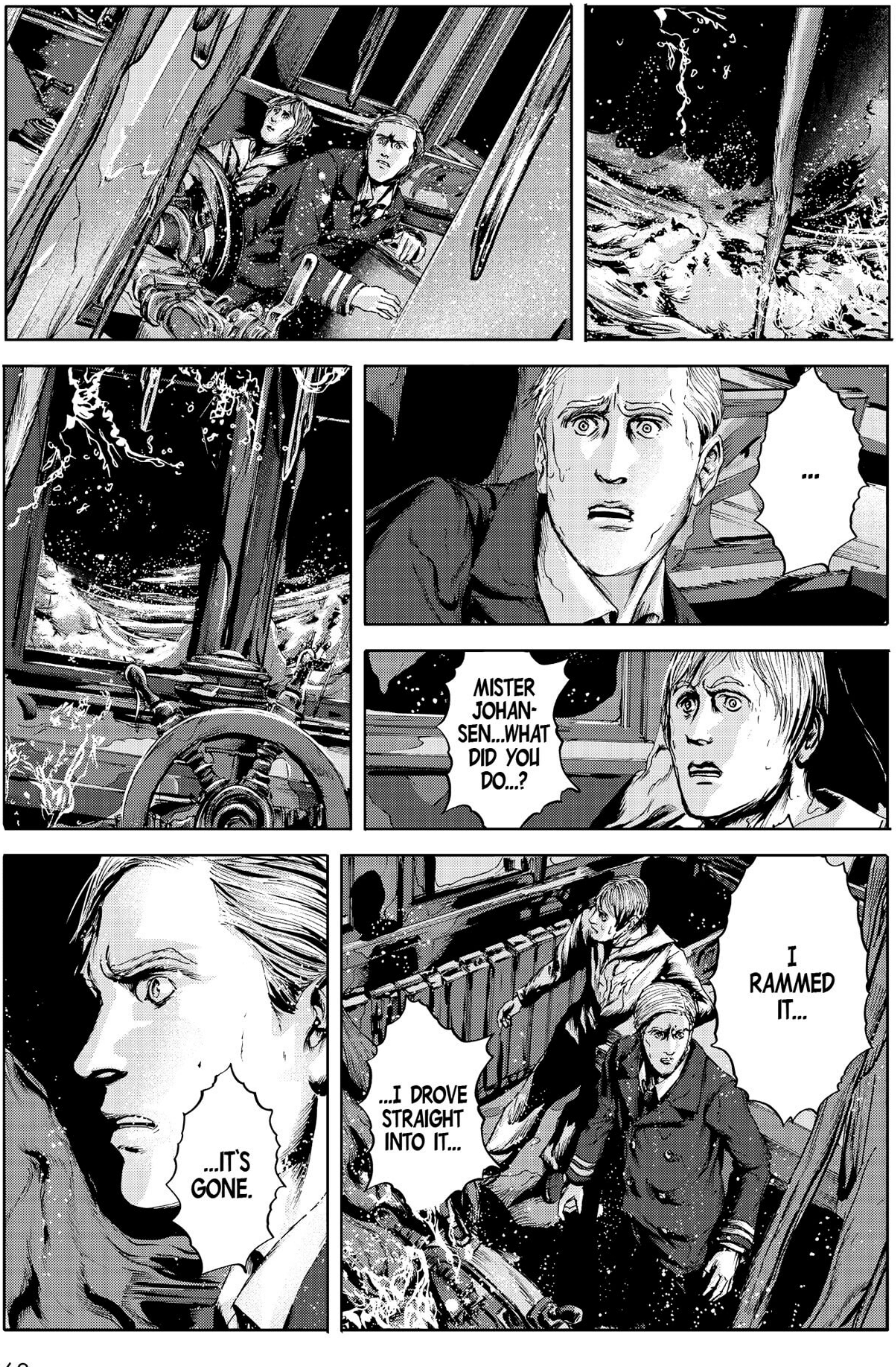


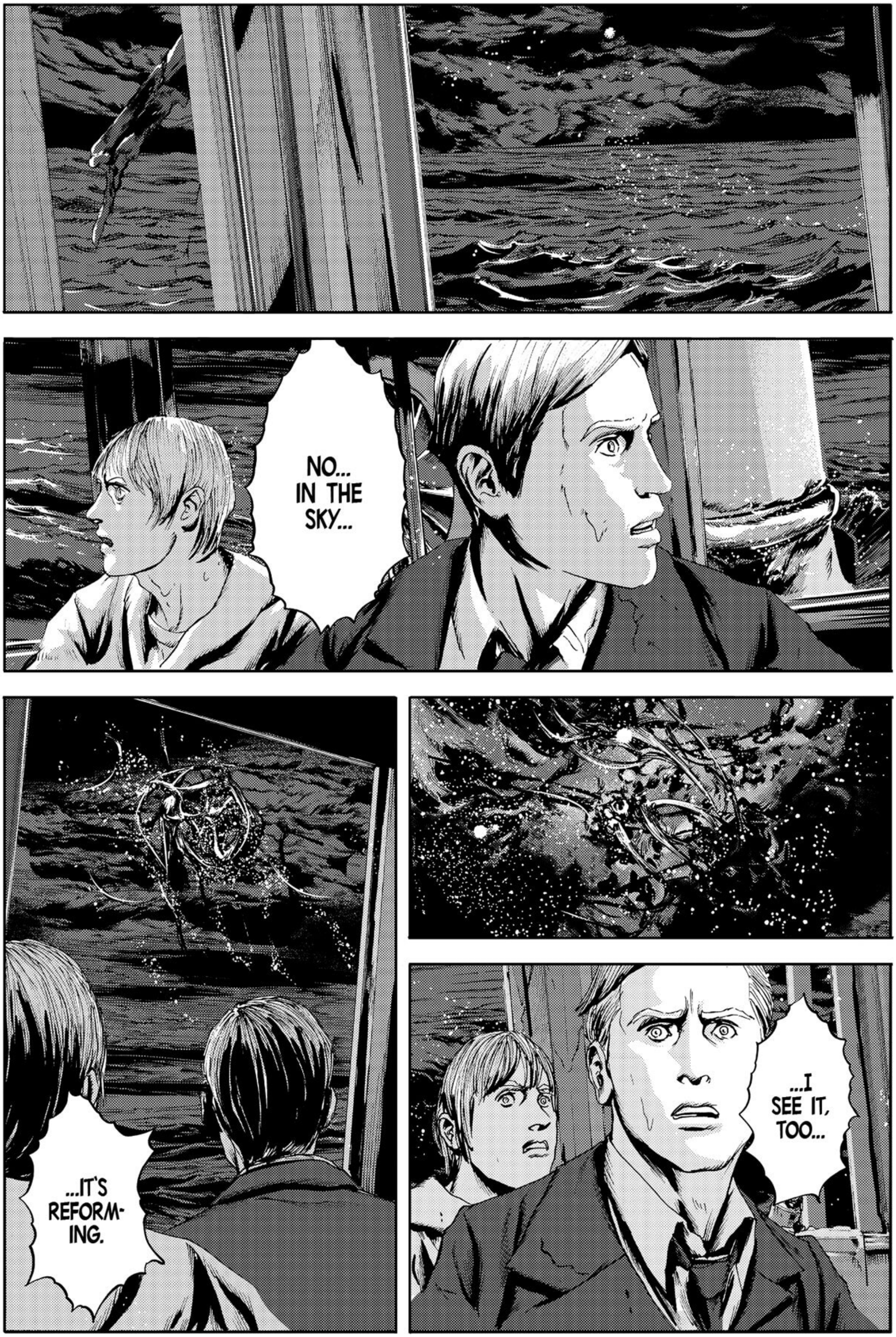


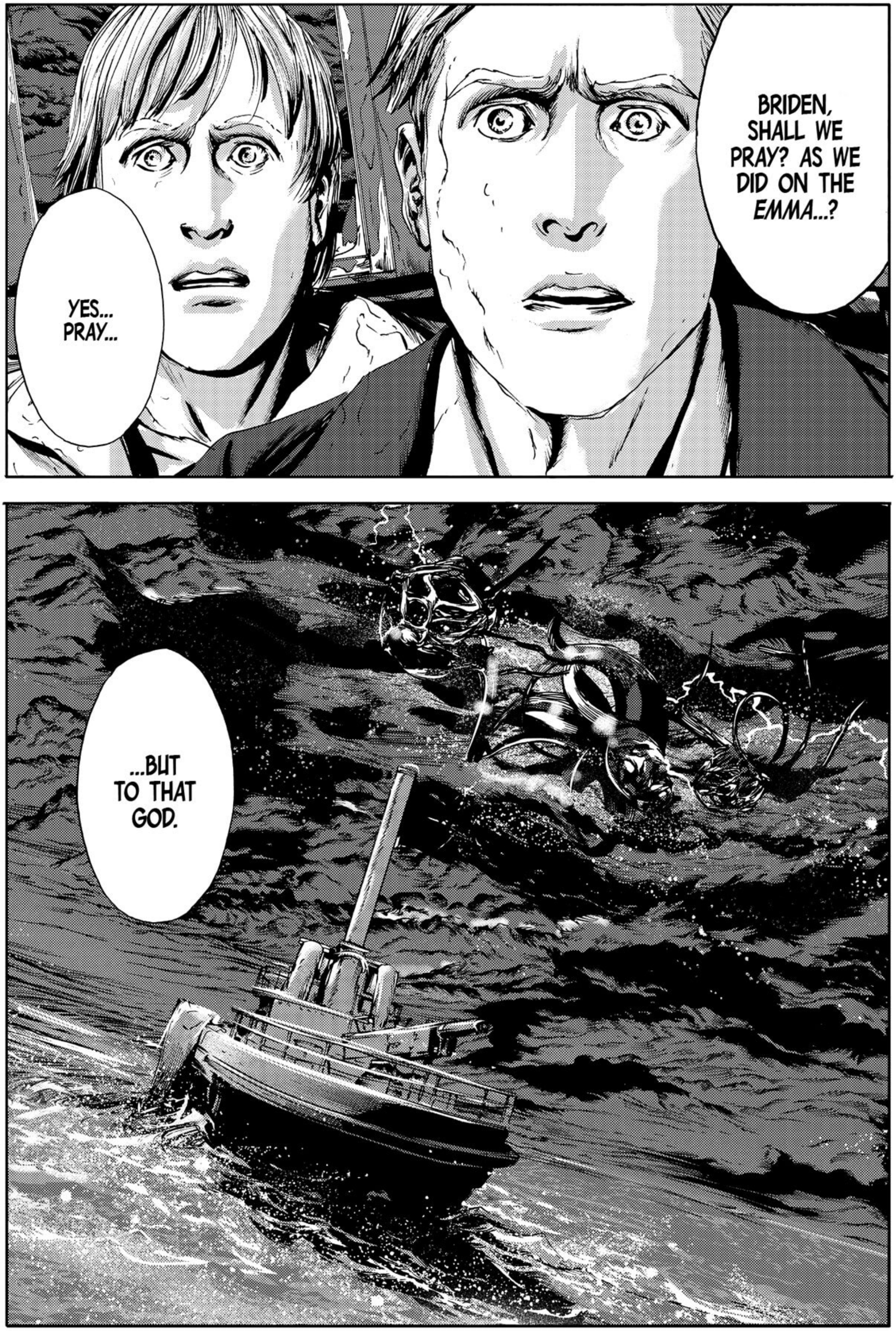


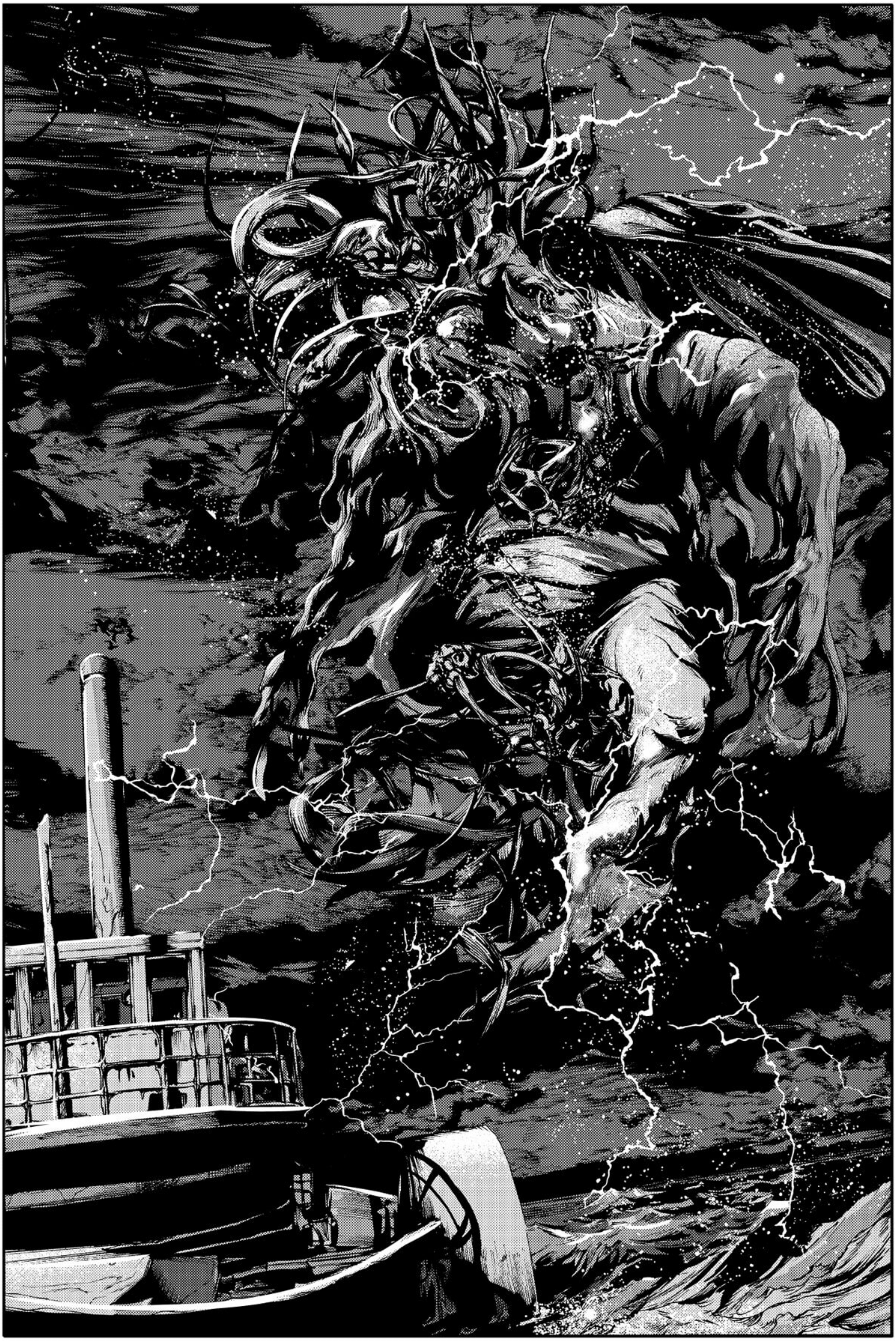


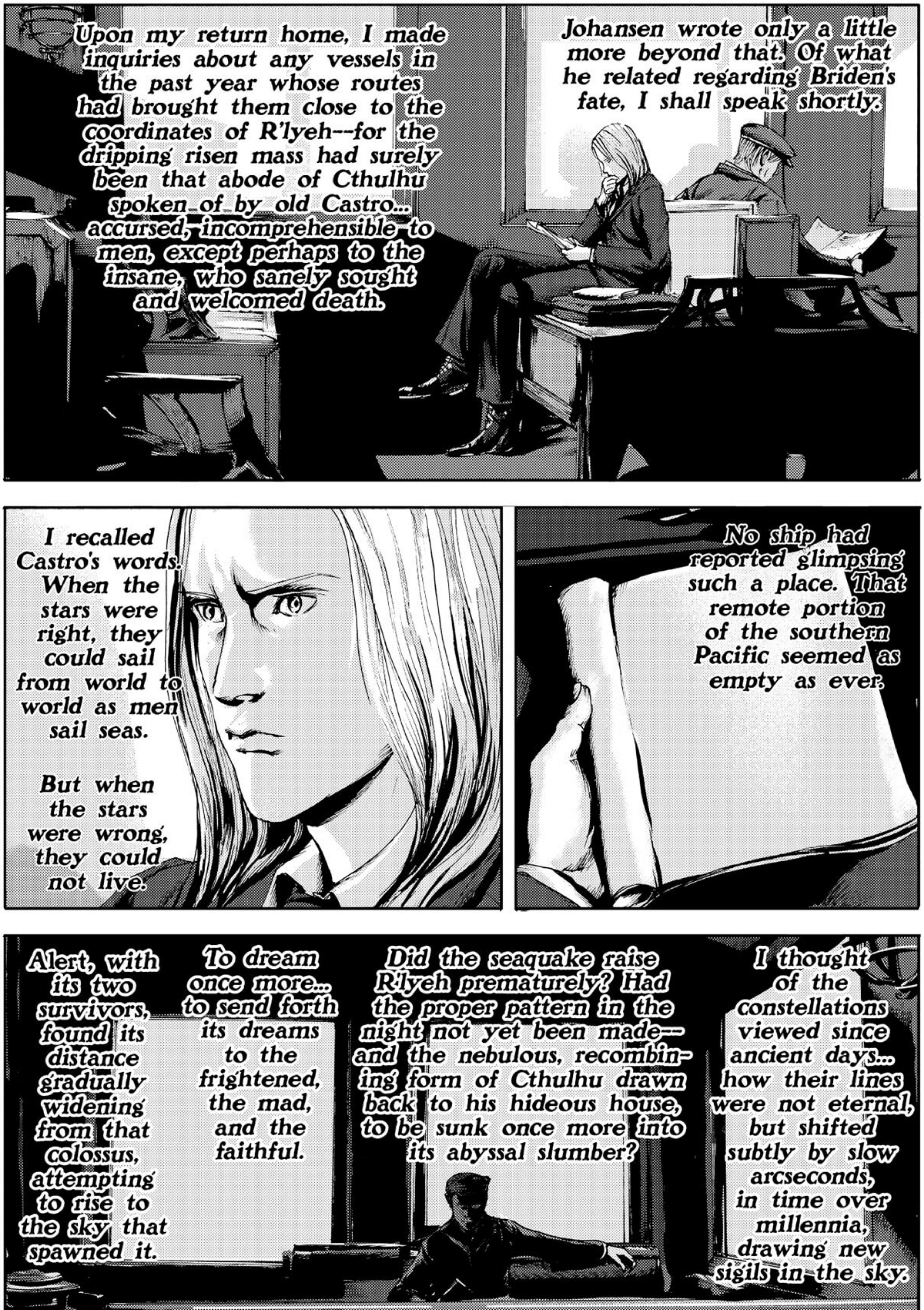


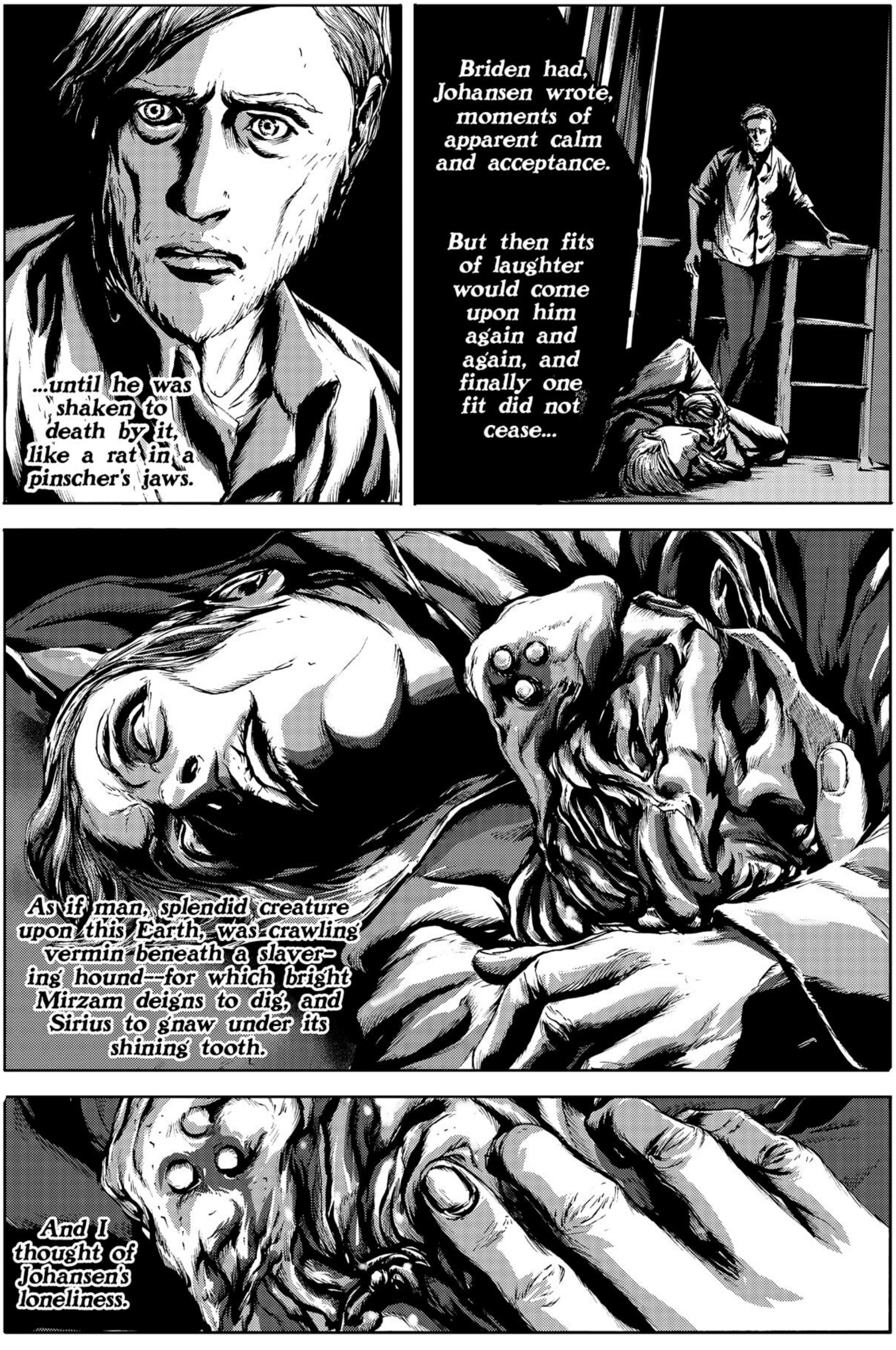

...
MISTER JOHANSEN...WHAT DID YOU DO...?
I RAMMED IT...
...I DROVE STRAIGHT INTO IT...
...IT'S GONE.

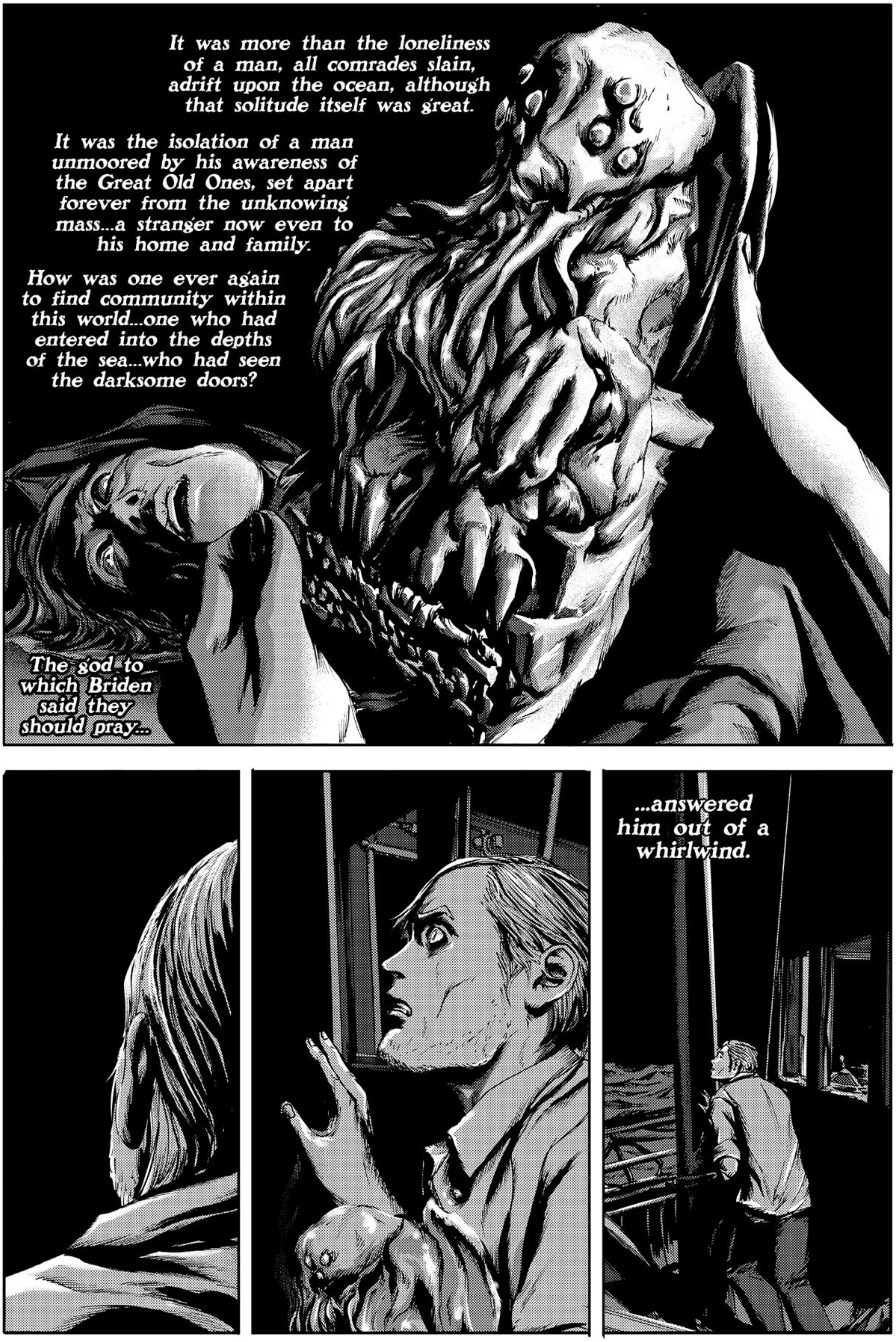

NO... IN THE SKY...
...IT'S REFORMING.
...I SEE IT, TOO...

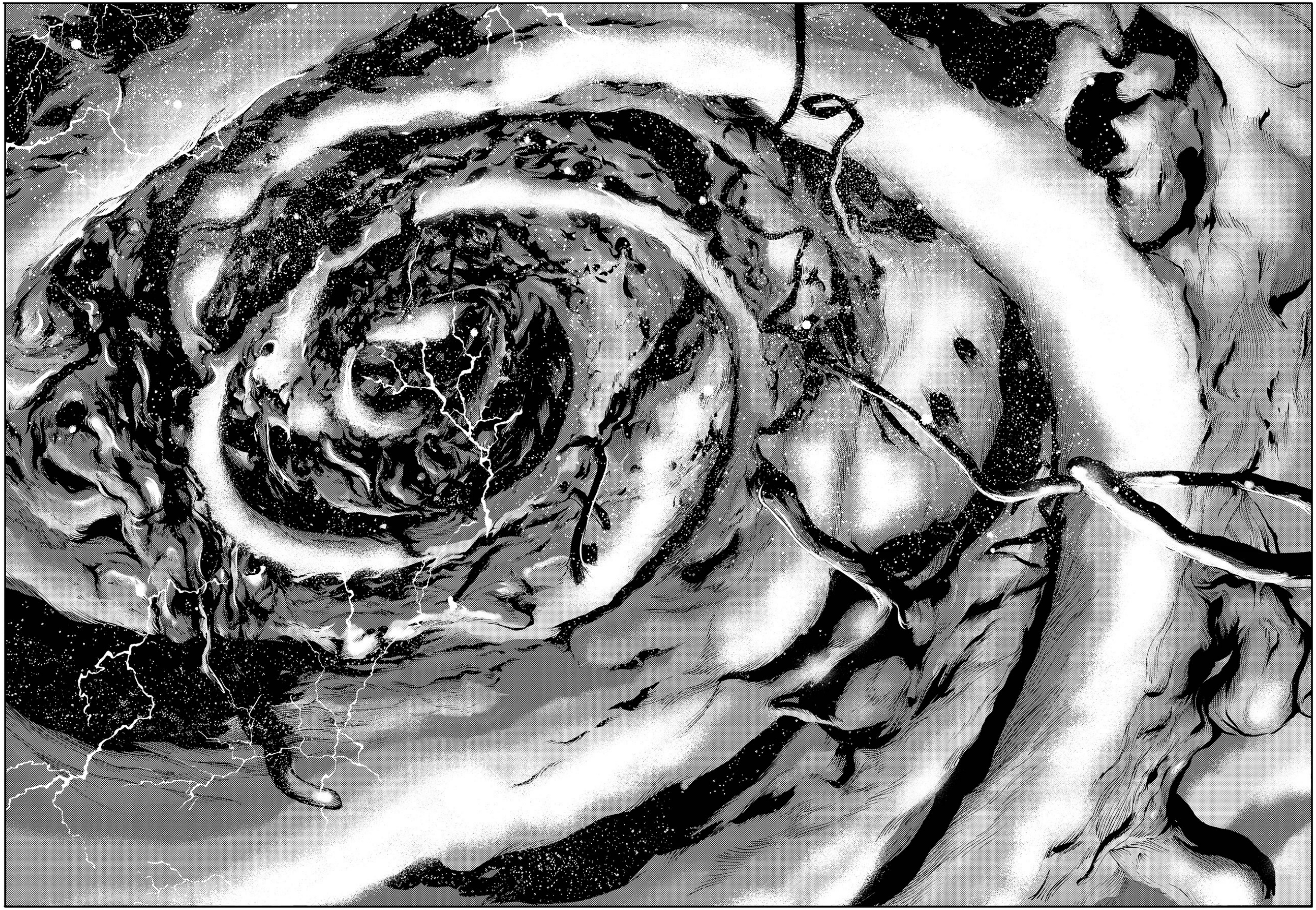

BRIDEN, SHALL WE PRAY? AS WE DID ON THE *EMMA*...?
YES... PRAY...
...BUT TO THAT GOD.

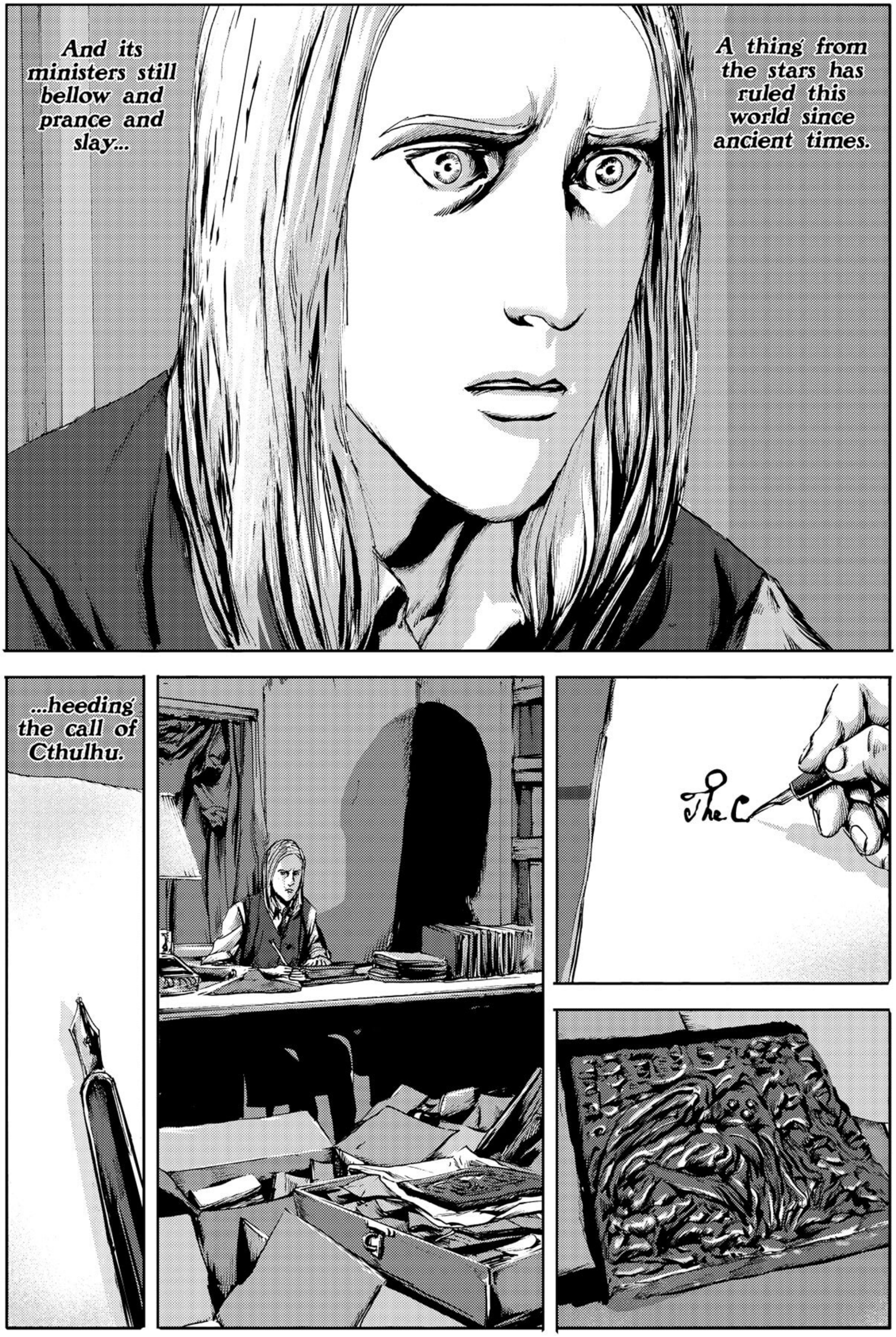


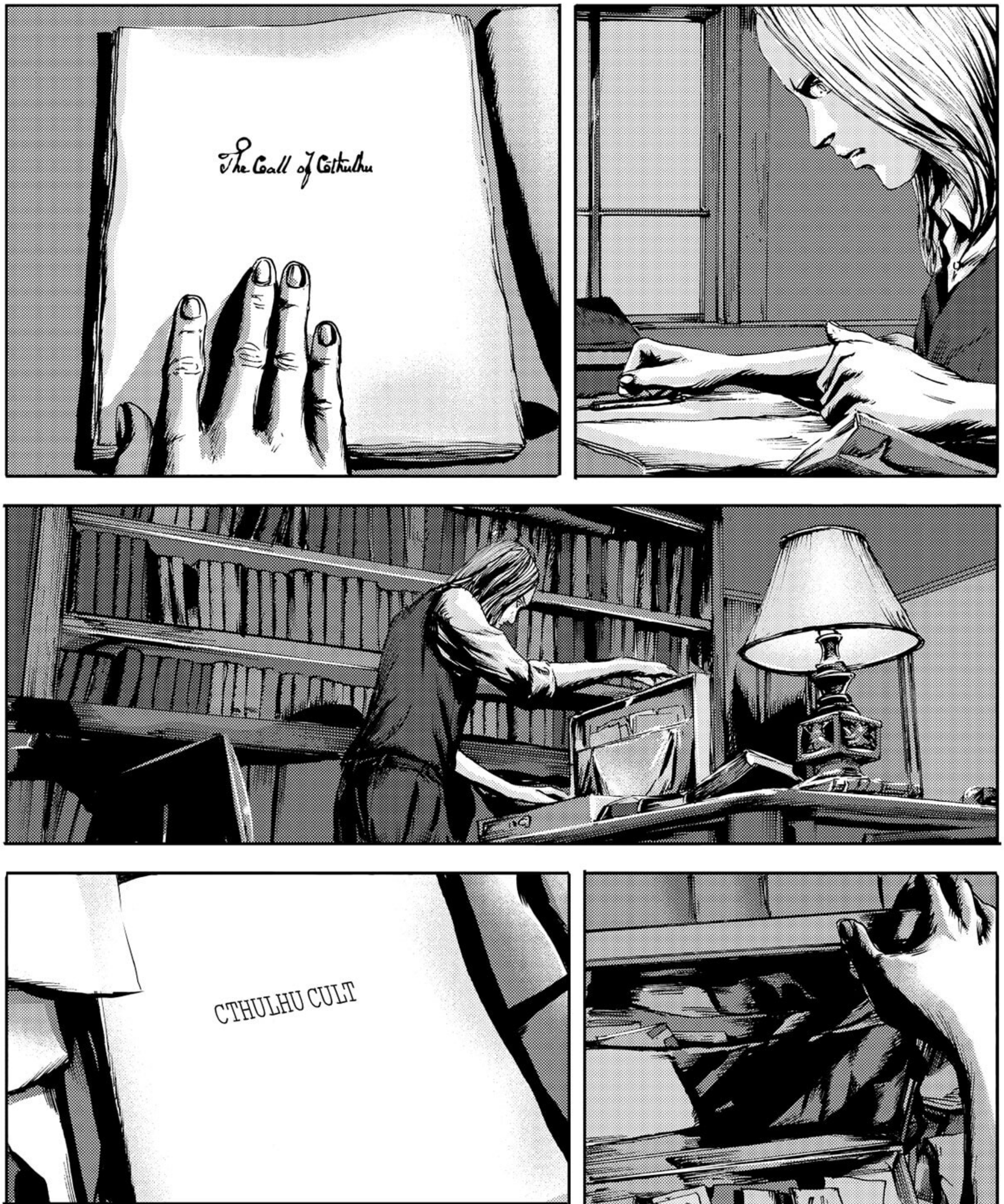

Johansen wrote only a little more beyond that. Of what he related regarding Briden's fate, I shall speak shortly.
Upon my return home, I made inquiries about any vessels in the past year whose routes had brought them close to the coordinates of R'lyeh--for the dripping risen mass had surely been that abode of Cthulhu spoken of by old Castro... accursed, incomprehensible to men, except perhaps to the insane, who sanely sought and welcomed death.
No ship had reported glimpsing such a place. That remote portion of the southern Pacific seemed as empty as ever.
I recalled Castro's words. When the stars were right, they could sail from world to world as men sail seas.
But when the stars were wrong, they could not live.
I thought of the constellations viewed since ancient days... how their lines were not eternal, but shifted subtly by slow arcseconds, in time over millennia, drawing new sigils in the sky.
Did the seaquake raise R'lyeh prematurely? Had the proper pattern in the night not yet been made--and the nebulous, recombining form of Cthulhu drawn back to his hideous house, to be sunk once more into its abyssal slumber?
To dream once more... to send forth its dreams to the frightened, the mad, and the faithful.
Alert, with its two survivors, found its distance gradually widening from that colossus, attempting to rise to the sky that spawned it.

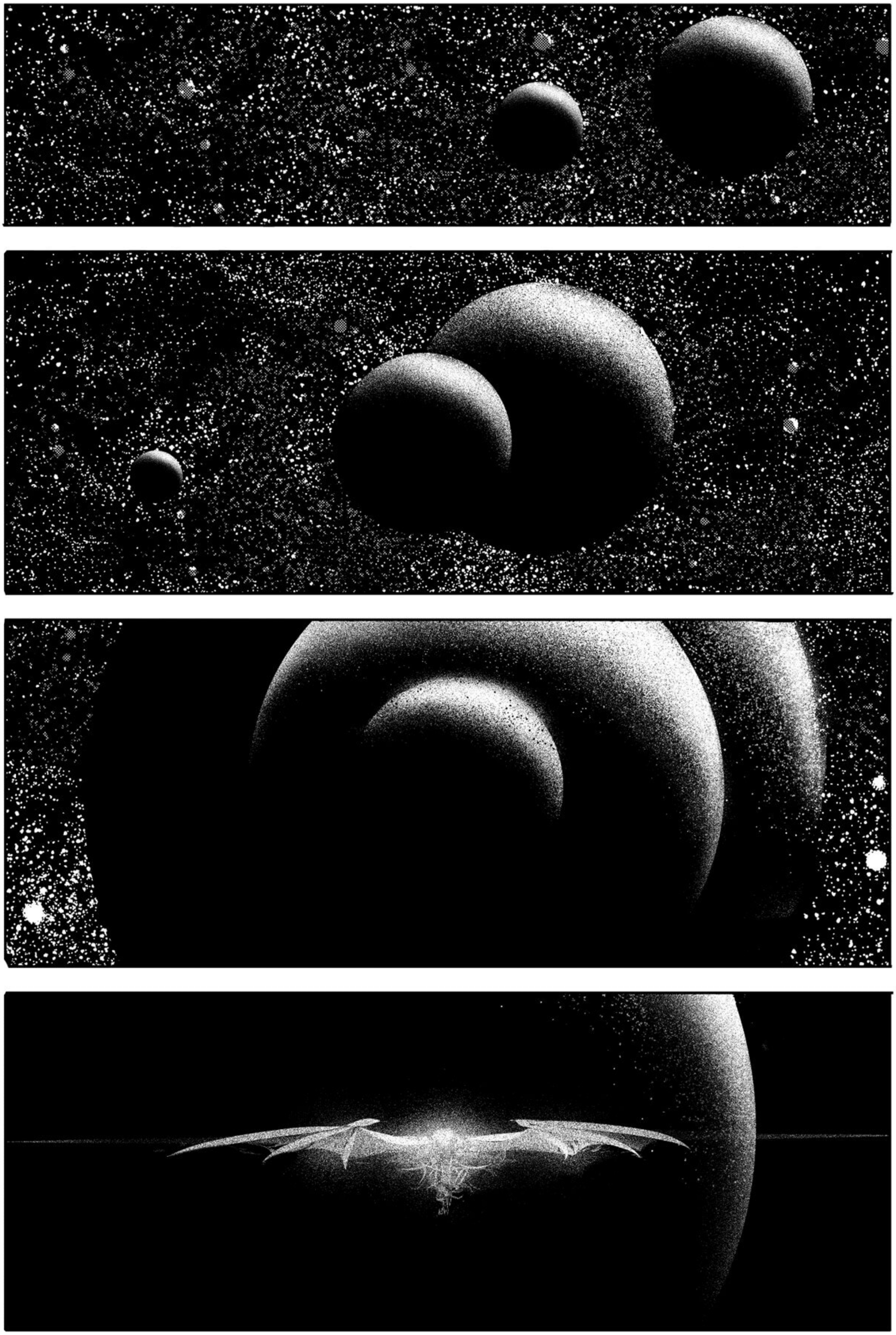

...until he was shaken to death by it, like a rat in a pinscher's jaws.
Briden had, Johansen wrote, moments of apparent calm and acceptance.
But then fits of laughter would come upon him again and again, and finally one fit did not cease...
As if man, splendid creature upon this Earth, was crawling vermin beneath a slavering hound—for which bright Mirzam deigns to dig, and Sirius to gnaw under its shining tooth.
And I thought of Johansen's loneliness.

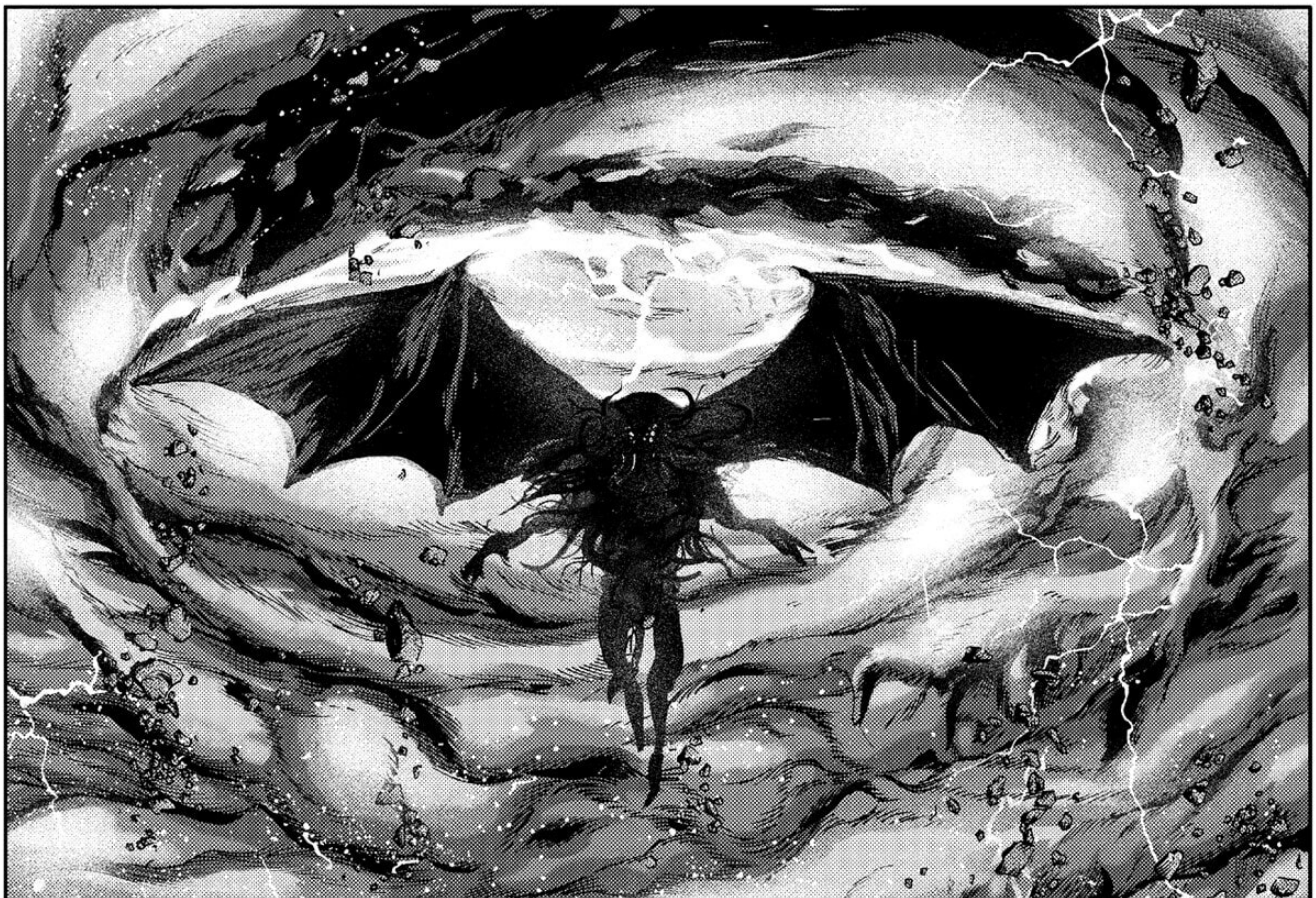

It was more than the loneliness of a man, all comrades slain, adrift upon the ocean, although that solitude itself was great.
It was the isolation of a man unmoored by his awareness of the Great Old Ones, set apart forever from the unknowing mass...a stranger now even to his home and family.
How was one ever again to find community within this world...one who had entered into the depths of the sea...who had seen the darksome doors?
The god to which Briden said they should pray...
...answered him out of a whirlwind.

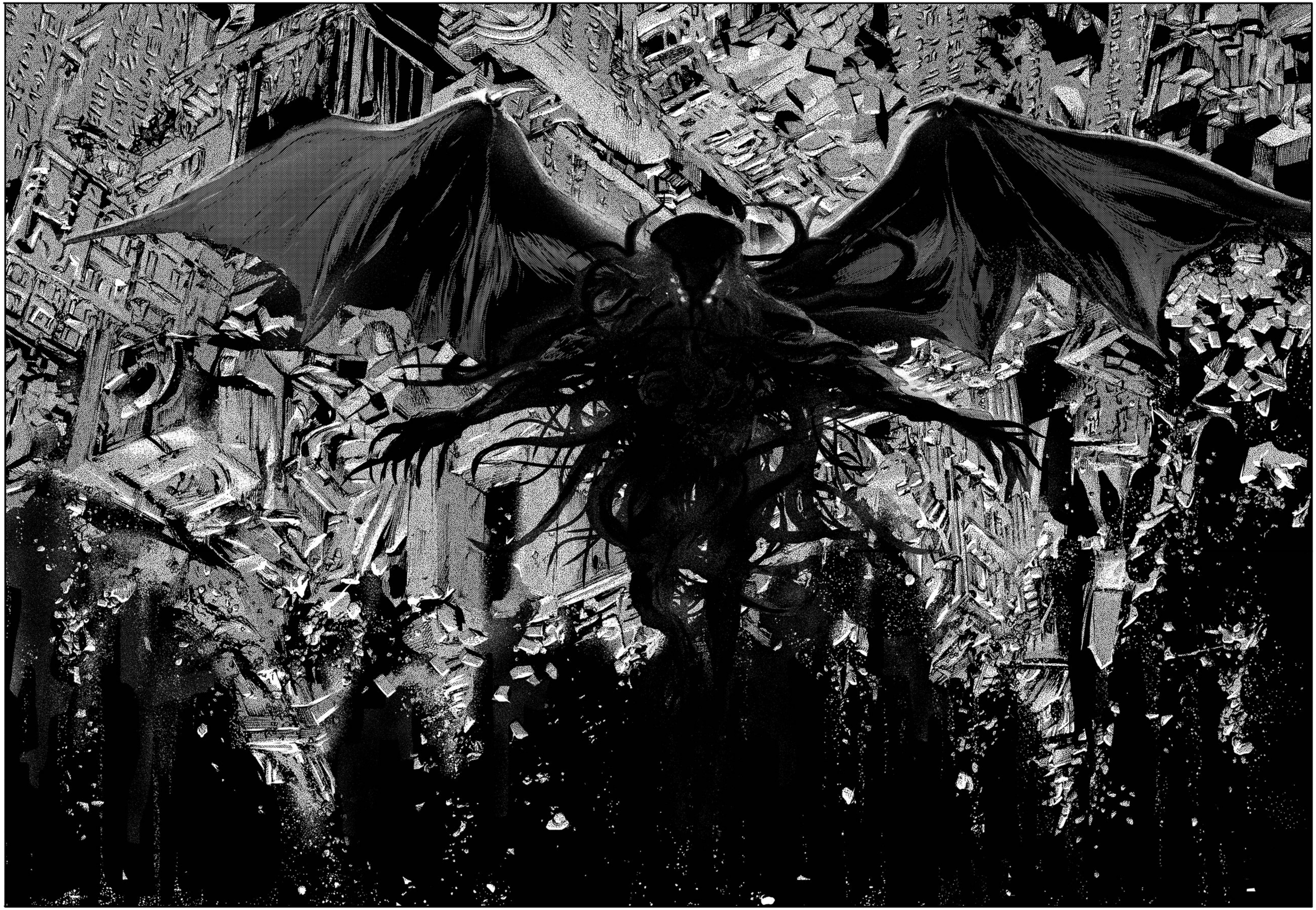


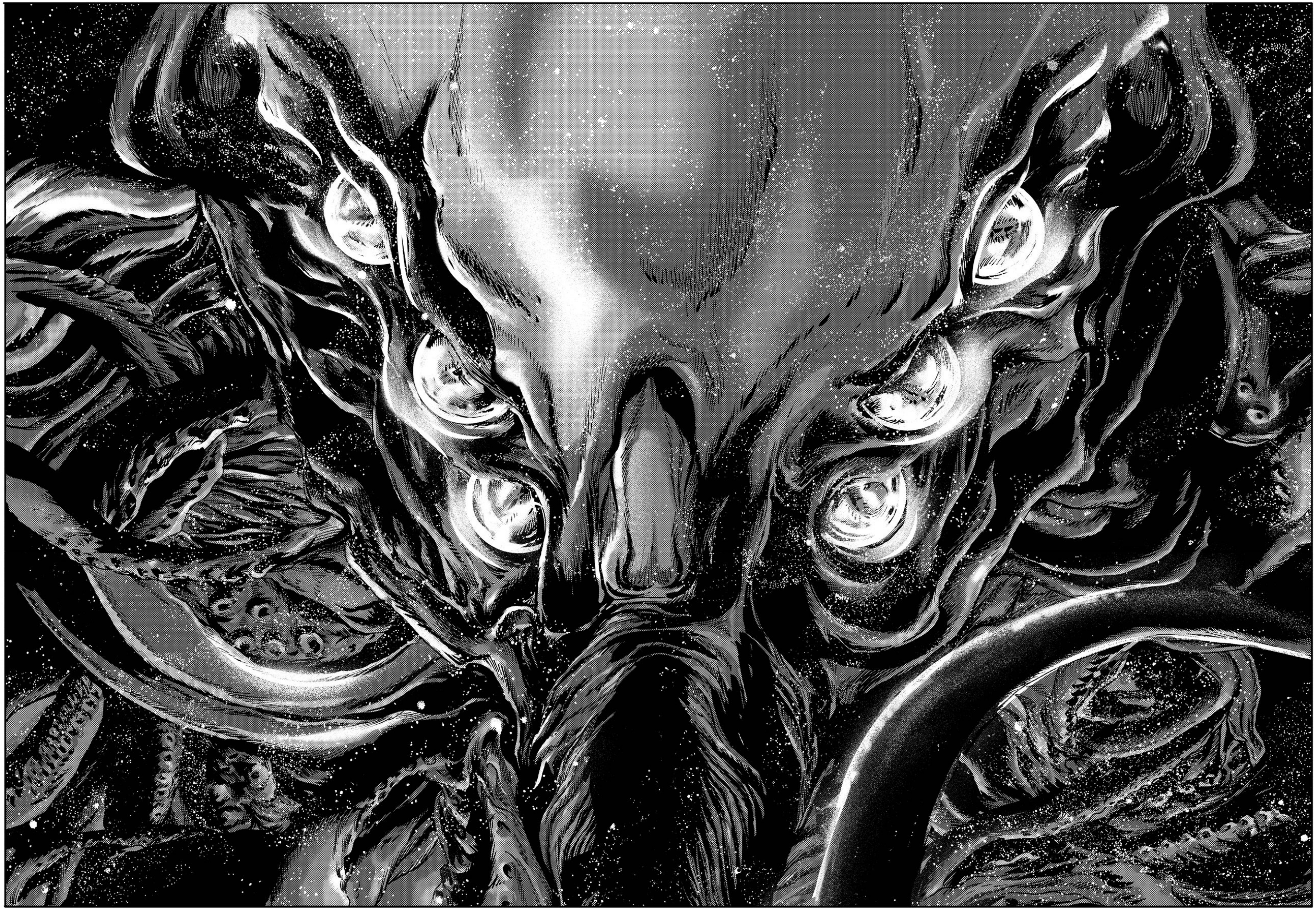

A thing from the stars has ruled this world since ancient times.
And its ministers still bellow and prance and slay...
...heeding the call of Cthulhu.
The C

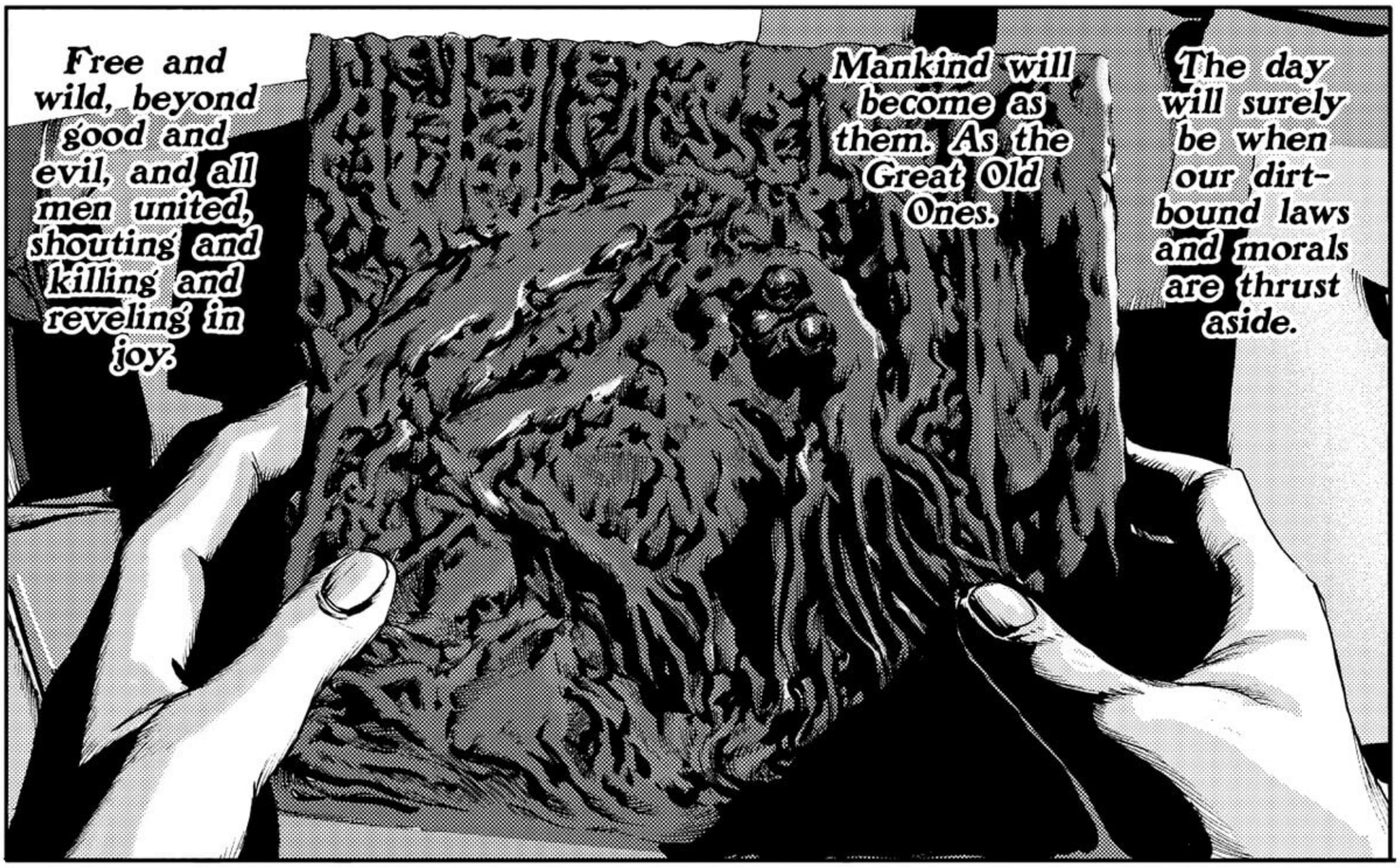

The Call of Cthulhu
CTHULHU CULT
Cthulhu cult

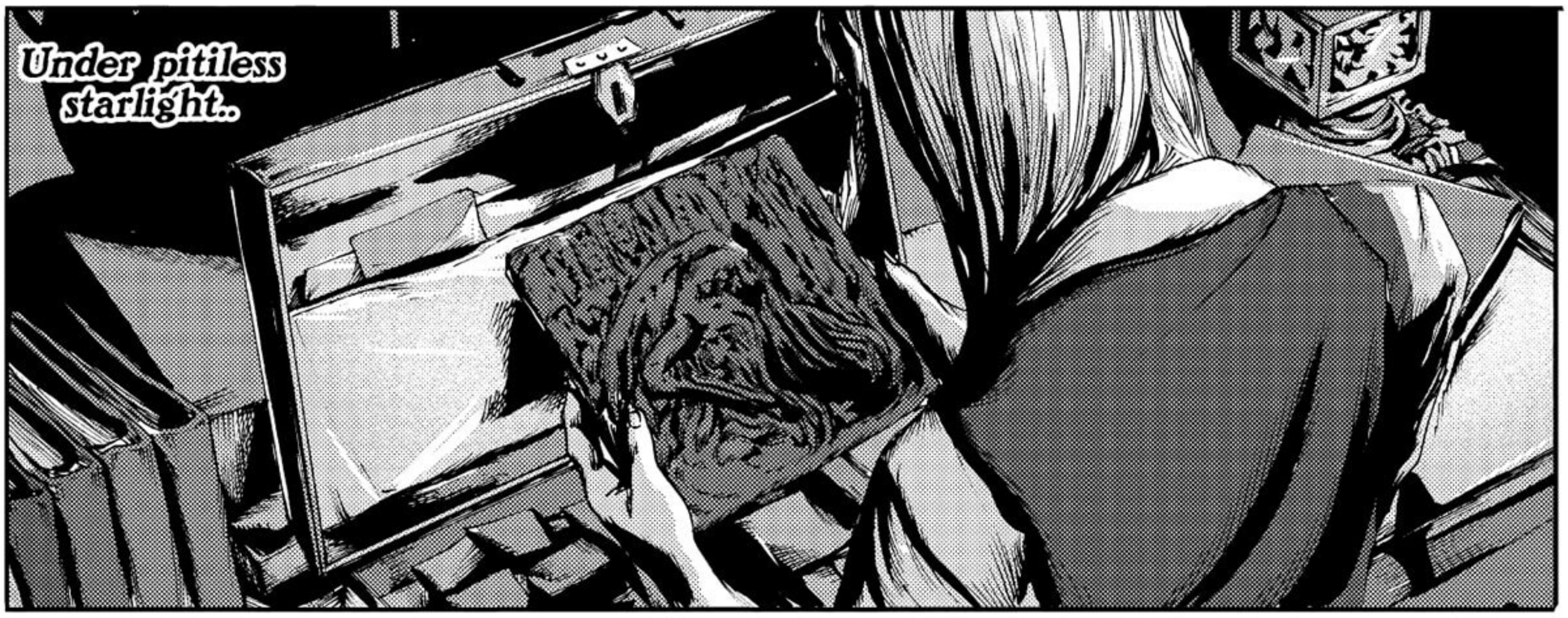


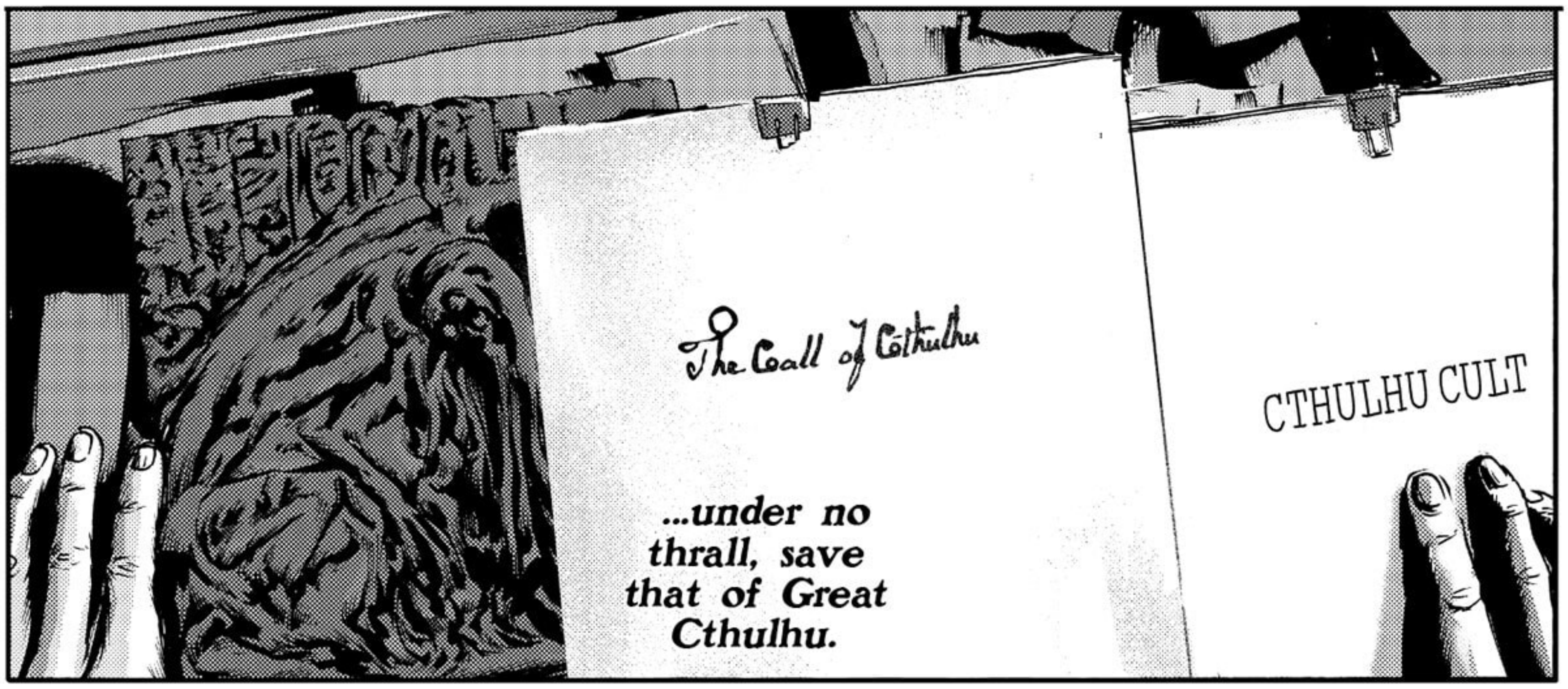


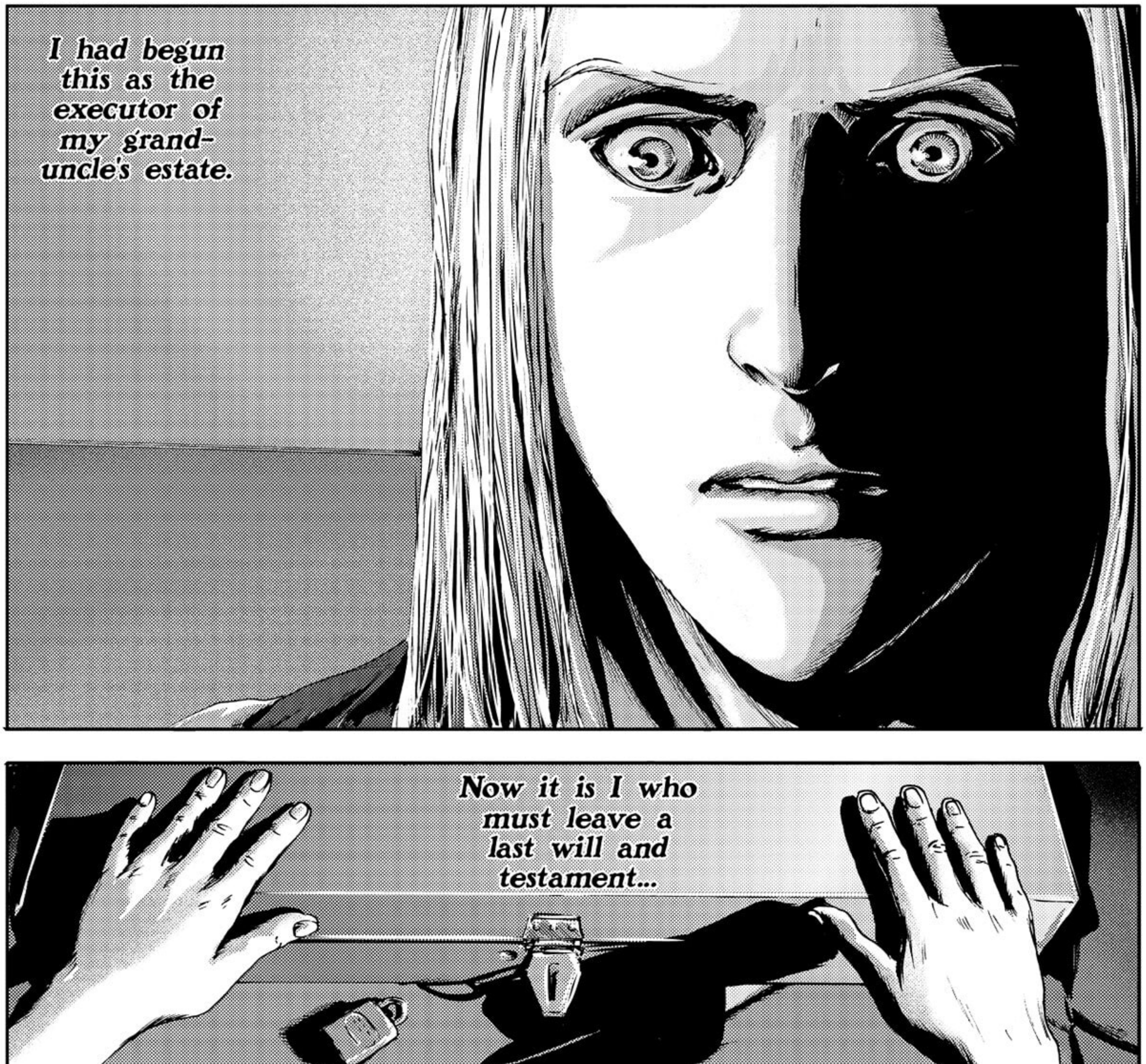


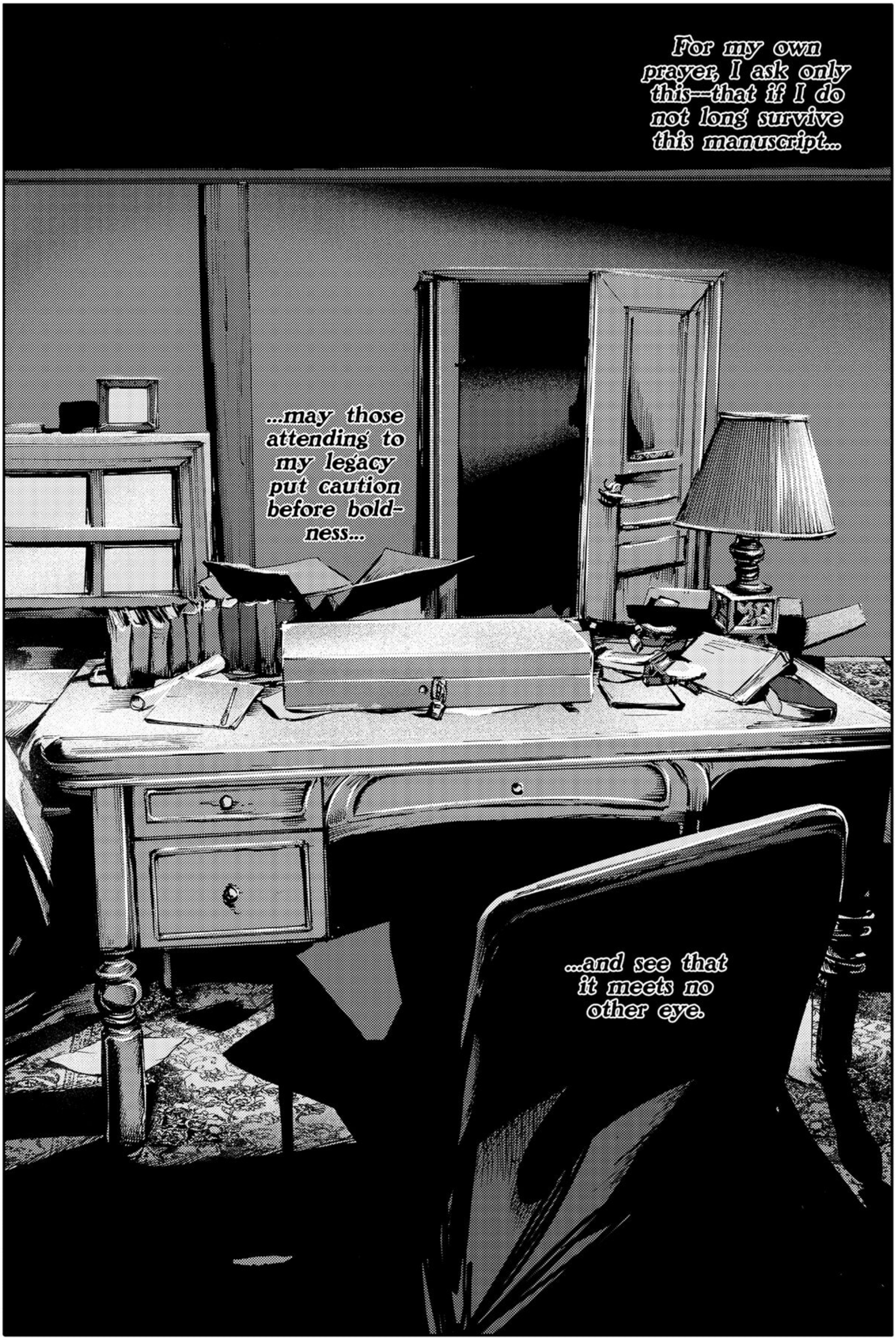



The day will surely be when our dirt-bound laws and morals are thrust aside.
Mankind will become as them. As the Great Old Ones.
Free and wild, beyond good and evil, and all men united, shouting and killing and reveling in joy.


Under pitiless starlight..


CTHULHU CULT
The Call of Cthulhu
...under no thrall, save that of Great Cthulhu.


I had begun this as the executor of my grand-uncle's estate.
Now it is I who must leave a last will and testament...
...a mortsafe for my sanity.
...as I believe that I shall surely soon be dead--as my grand-uncle, as poor Johansen.
...It will be locked away here...


For my own prayer, I ask only this—that if I do not long survive this manuscript...
...may those attending to my legacy put caution before boldness...
...and see that it meets no other eye.

THE CALL OF CTHULHU

THE END

ABOUT THE CREATORS

H.P.ラヴクラフト

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

Born 1890 in Providence, Rhode Island, USA. Although he contributed several stories to pulp magazines such as *Weird Tales*, Lovecraft's only book published during his lifetime was *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, in 1936. He died in poverty and illness the next year, at the age of 46. After his death, his friend August Derleth collected and organized Lovecraft's works into what is now called the Cthulhu Mythos. Lovecraft's sensibility of existential dread is known as "cosmic horror" and has become a major influence on writers of weird and fantastical fiction. He has become a popular author in translation worldwide and has achieved cult-like status, with annual conventions devoted to his legacy, and his stories adapted into both live-action and animated film and television, graphic novels, and games. In 2005 Lovecraft's work was released in a new edition by the Library of America, an imprint first established with the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation to preserve American literary heritage.

田辺剛

GOU TANABE

Born 1975 in Tokyo, Japan. In 2001, Tanabe's manga Sunakichi won the Four Seasons Award Auxiliary Prize from Kodansha's Afternoon magazine, judged by Kaiji Kawaguchi (*Zipang, Eagle: The Making of an Asian-American President*). Beyond his original series Mr. Nobody, Tanabe is particularly well known for his adaptations. In 2002, Tanabe's manga of Maxim Gorky's "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl" received an Honorable Mention in the 4th annual Enterbrain Entertainment Award. His other manga include "The House with the Mezzanine," originally by Anton Chekhov, Kasane, originally an early-20th century silent horror film, and Saudade, and an adaptation of a story by the late Garon Tsuchiya (*Old Boy*). Tanabe's first of several adaptations of H.P. Lovecraft was in 2004, based on Lovecraft's 1921 short story "The Outsider." In 2018 Tanabe's *H.P. Lovecraft's The Hound and Other Stories* was nominated for an Eisner Award at San Diego Comic-Con; the same year Tanabe won a Jury Selection award from the Japan Media Arts Festival for his *H.P. Lovecraft's At the Mountains of Madness*. The English edition would in 2020 be nominated for both an Eisner and New York Comic-Con's Harvey Award. In 2024 Tanabe received his third consecutive Eisner nomination, for his *H.P. Lovecraft's The Shadow Over Innsmouth*.

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SARAH TERRY

Digital Art Technician
BETSY HOWITT

English-language version produced by Dark Horse Comics

H.P. LOVECRAFT'S THE CALL OF CTHULHU

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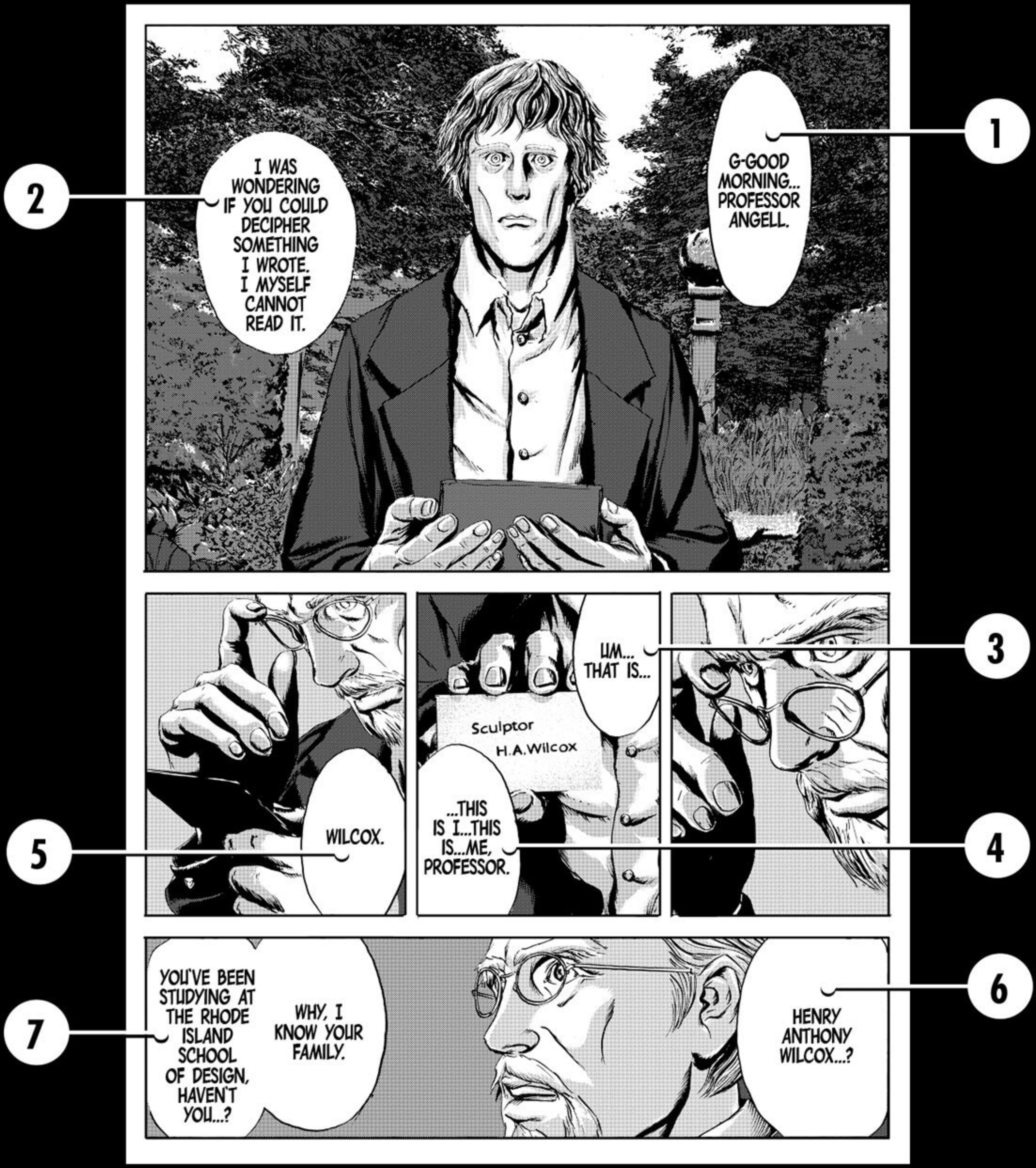
CAN YOU READ THIS . . . ?

You can decipher this manga by simply turning it around! Gou Tanabe's manga adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's stories was drawn in the traditional Japanese comics style, whose page and panel order reads the opposite of the Western order, right-to-left.


1
G-GOOD MORNING... PROFESSOR ANGELL.
2
I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD DECIPHER SOMETHING I WROTE. I MYSELF CANNOT READ IT.
3
UM... THAT IS...
Sculptor
H.A.Wilcox
4
...THIS IS I...THIS IS...ME, PROFESSOR.
5
WILCOX.
6
HENRY ANTHONY WILCOX...?
WHY, I KNOW YOUR FAMILY.
7
YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING AT THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, HAVEN'T YOU...?

FROM THE ARTIST OF THE EISNER-NOMINATED *H.P. LOVECRAFT'S AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS*

What links together two bands of worshippers, one deep in the Arctic snows, one hidden in the bayous of Louisiana, is more than their shared practice of blood sacrifice. It is the inhuman phrase they both chant: *Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn—"In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."* Now these nightmares will disturb the sanity of Francis Thurston, a young man pursuing an investigation into the cult of Cthulhu that leads to the most forsaken spot in the vast Pacific...and to Earth's supreme terror, the risen corpse-city of R'lyeh.

First published in 1928, *The Call of Cthulhu*, rendered in chilling detail by modern manga horror master Gou Tanabe, is the most famous of all of H.P. Lovecraft's stories, and was the namesake of the acclaimed role-playing game system set within the Cthulhu Mythos.

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